



A Green Desert Father

Philosophical converse of
an Árd Rí of Ireland

Richard Mc Sweeney

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Philosophical converse
of an Árd Rí of Ireland

Richard of Éire

A GREEN DESERT FATHER

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Philosophical converse of an Árd Rí of Ireland

“Ná habair ach beagán, ach abair go maith é.”

(Gaeilge seanfhocal)

When you are conversing, speak but in short phrases,
and though short let them be eloquently spoken.

(An interpretation of a seasoned Irish saying
with specific reference to this work.)

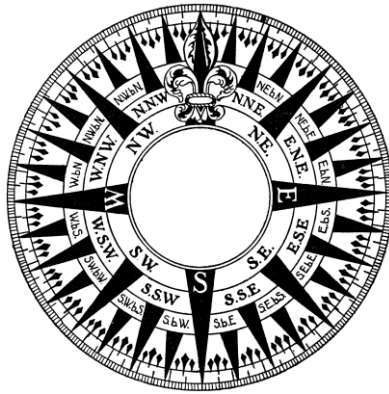
“Books of the sages of the ages
reflect upon in stages;
like honey their words on the tongue
give due savour.”

{Dialogue: *Even as we listen, write, n' read*}



“How beautiful on the waves of the wild n’ free Atlantic
are the visions of those bringing arcane tidings;
announcing serenity, gratitude, n’ joy
to those in the near of the about,
n’ in the far of the afar.”

{Dialogue: *On the waves of the wild n’ free Atlantic*}



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A chronologically compiled anthology
of original narratives, and fictional dialogues
of a nuptial hermit of the isle of Éire.

Time frame

Tuesday, 25th January 2011 - Monday, 4th February 2013



Baalbeck, Becharre, n' Galilee

Tuesday, 25th January 2011



AALBECK, BECHARRE, N' GALILEE

my oft times afore lovely home by the sea.

What! What in the Name is happening to thee,

yet again, yet again, n' yet again?

Are you rising to be free to be free or free

to be with ever uprising to be?

Fire in the below waiting to explode will show

No mercy to angelic pretence.

Turn; turn away from the Gate of Trouble!

Too; too many will be crying in the streets.

Where! Where is that one with the rare empty stare;

that one who with slippery tongue

is playing away with everyone's naiveté?

Stand n' take a stand to recline on

a chaise longue of peace.

For so long as length of days be they shorter

than nights by far will the orange groves,

olive slopes, n' sand dunes be all

frozen o'er in a flash.

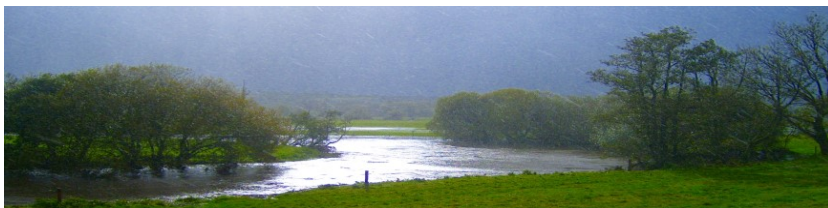
Ruins anew will be accompany those of old





at weeping Baalbek, Becharre, n' Galilee.
Hear ye; hear ye, ye perpetual
troublemakers of the ages!
How came ye by the right to mix bone with limestone,
blood with grape juice, n' tears with vinegar?
Oh come; oh come away my honey moist heart,
for now is the time for us to depart,
from out of the presence of those
who are with ever-hardening hearts.
Will I be with ever again returning
to this a sacred home of mine? Tell me, will I?
Yes, when days will dawn with brightness once more
upon the Great Sea's shore,
n' in middays soft breezes blow upon
the gently rippling waters of Lake Galilee,
n' in afternoons the snows be with falling white
pure upon the cedar fragrant mountains of Becharre,
n' in eves ancient Baalbeck will be with finding
herself to be the pride of an even earlier heredity;
yes, finding herself to be one of the sunniest
inland places by the ever-loving Mediterranean Sea.





Man a' ma of Al Bahrayn

Wednesday, 23rd March 2011



AD RAIN; BAD RAIN CHOPPERING DOWN

on the precious pearls of the isles of Al Bahrayn.

In saying, insane, insanity.

Kaaba's wall, Western's wall, n' Vatican's wall

are weeping, weeping, weeping over this, n' more besides.

But why; why, why aren't Christians, Jews, n' Muslims,

weeping in kind?

Too caught up they are in the actions of praying.

Bowing, swaying, kneeling,

n' wording away into their own ears;

quite oblivious of the weeping walls there before them.

This is not a Shia Sunni; a Sunni Shia conflict.

This is humanity asserting its birthright.

An Islamic awakening, you think?

Perhaps, a Jewish awakening?

Even, a Christian awakening maybe?

Dream on, dream on, n' dream on.

Look around you; look around you, look around you!

Don't confine to such levels the aspirations of humanity.

Man a' ma - father n' mother crying for their pearls:





wailing for their children all day long
n' long long long into the dark lonely night.
Where is the best place with Allah; with Yhwh, with God?
The best place, you ask?
The best place is living in dignity in the here n' now
upon this munificent garden planet.
And what is it be living in dignity?
It is among others things to be respectful n' caring of self,
n' of one's neighbours near n' far.
It is to be collectively safekeeping the well being
of this our miraculous home here among the stars.
Silence; silence is for the fishes of the waters.
We humans have a voice; a voice to speak up for respect;
a voice to speak out against the vaporization of people,
n' the disregard for all that is good n' noble in humanity.
Beloved Mother Arabia, why;
why are you letting yourself be molested?
Why are you letting yourself be influenced
by those ephemeral powerful few
who little care for you,
your beloved children,
or your admirable civilization?
Greed is gawking you squarely in the eye, yet you cannot see it.
What mother; tell me, what mother slays her own children?





Listen; listen to your sacred heart; listen to it.
Stop; stop, stop adhering to absentee voices
 of blatant cold indifference.
Blame, blame is but the pinnacle of shame.
Wake up; wake up a new dawn is emerging for humanity.
Show us a way please,
 for we too are lost due to our ignobility.
Trust first in your deepest roots:
 in your ancient Bedouin heart;
 your great compassionate, patient heart.
Dry your tears;
 your many many many tears,
 'n be with gratefully rising to your feet,
 n' joyfully putting on a new garment,
 for a new day it is,
 n' with loving fragrantly,
 we resolutely need to be.







Ruby bedded in Emeralds

Tuesday, 19th April 2011



BEYOND FOREVER IS A PLACE

that takes me to the sunshine of existences
placing conviction in the contradiction.

Laugh at the horizon as it comes into view
in the afternoon escape from the backfields of love,
n' sailing around n' along by the Syrian seashore.

Humanity uprising itself here once more;

Earnestly desiring a greater freedom

all the way up from the basement floor

to the terraced penthouse in the high blue sky.

What is coming in the future time of times?

Look at it this way n' you will come to realise

that every blasphemy is an insult to itself.

Yonder is the condor gliding free in the high Andes.

I once had a toy that could climb a wall without the help

of an engine or a throttle affixed to a windowpane.

So many people are looking for so much gain

n' yet in turn giving so much pain even to the rain.

Have you at all found the uniform on the coathanger

that adjusts the ladder in the backroom of cosmic time?





I have a suit that takes its buttons from the corridors of power
by the silver room placed in the ice cream parlour.

Tell me a tale that can come near to the people
who are experiencing all the turmoil
of the ages facing changes.

Did you ever see a burlesque sliding down
an avalanching hillside when out strolling
in the Austrian summer fields?

Sometimes we consider the revenge of the pit bull
the matador in the rings of Spain without realising
we are doing the same, save expressed
n' displayed in different ways.

Lock the left side of the bridge gate with a tumbler key,
n' you will be introducing yourself to locksmithery.

Every blessing has in its possession a gold lining
coming undone in places too close to tanks n' guns.

Can we have some illusion over here as the grass
is getting way too thin around the ears of the farmer
who is standing on the headlands of the limed fields.

Kindness is the kind of season that lifts up the young
of heart into the high trees to gaze upon the crows nests.

Walk me through this if you have the time of space
to be seeking grace from the bumblebee
that speeds along by the whitethorn





n' comes in to alight upon the yellow dandelions.
Bumblebees n' me have a love
for feeding on nectar n' gathering pollen.
Open yourself to the generations that are coming
right around the corner every morning.
Remember when it is time to wash the sky
for the coming night is upon us in the knowing
of under rolling humanity.
Mathematics is poetry ever I have been told,
n' well it maybe, but I don't know.
All I can say in my own humble way,
it isn't true for me the other way round,
for my poetry clearly is not mathematical as you can see,
unless your are using the formulae of the wind n' the sea.
No time honoured equations or pentameters here
do hold the sway in any given day.
Have no more of a clue on how this to do
than removing the shadows from the moon.
Up close no shadows will they be discovered to be,
for shadows n' me are alike in that we have
our own way of being in the obvious for all to see.
You are one who has more to you than the symmetry
which has squared itself right off the middle.
There was once a fiddle that would all day all night





play itself a riddle while never knowing
where it had its beginning or ending.

William Shakespeare had an admirable way of walking
through the countryside of human nature.

Build me a palace in Granada, n' make it splendid.
Populate it with fountains n' cascades of every kind,
n' with roses, oranges n' myrtles aplenty.

And what name shall we give to this palace grand?
Call it, Ruby bedded in Emeralds.

There was a time; no there was more than many the time
when I was of a time an existence that was not too unlike
the way I am in the here n' now.

In the here n' now, is this saying something about reality
or merely saying itself to be?

Did not wise Albert Einstein say something in kind
on the laws of mathematics not referring to reality?

Cornerstones have a way of making themselves appear
more important than they really are,
for are not all stones of equal importance?

Is it not in the laying of one next to another
that makes all the difference?

I suppose when all things are said n' walled up high
the matter is in the plaster that holds them in place.

Stylish people have a way of being genteel when they





 speak n' even more so when they move about among us.
And the sun has a way of making you feel right at home
 if you are moving about in the right circles.
And, what are the right circles?
Serenity, gratitude, n' joyfulness of heart.
These, if you do please, are they.







Mist in the light atop the lampshade

Tuesday, 26th April 2011



N A GOLDEN DESERT WIDE

happened I of a dawn upon, a star
like cluster of exquisite Arabian women,
n' they not noticing me were all waving welcomingly
to a snow white desk floating in on high o'er we.

And in the there of that place

knew I these women n' me to be,

Joyful travellers beyond the all of this we call eternity.

Find me someone that has the facial perspective

of a thousand years that we may enjoy playing hide n' seek
in the barn of fluorescent lights that shine all the way
across the bow of the submarine.

If you were asked in a moment of a flying by night unto

the very dawning of the day, what would you say of the horizon
that in the cosiest part of the garden shapes itself till eve?

There was once a man who set up for you a snooker table

in a grand old estate house of the Bay of Bantry.

Then if we see each other as equals can we say anything

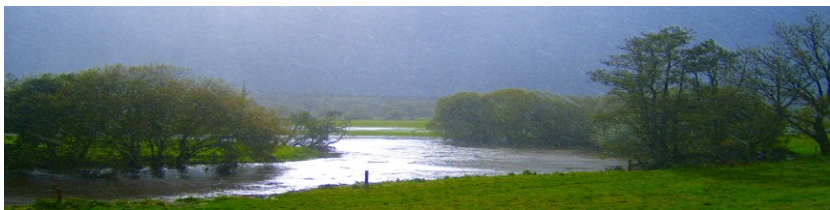
about Hegel n' Schopenhauer, not to mention
the Luftschiff Zeppelin 129 Hindenburg which of a night





shot all the way to the moon n' back
without anyone ever noticing it?
Dig we a tunnel into the Middle Ages
for I want to be in the centre of things.
Total absorption in the raincoat by the river where the fisherman
catches all nothings will bring delight into great play.
Is there a fright in fear or do we have to wait for someone
to open the gate before it has ever been unlocked?
Pass me one of those knives there off the rack
as I need to cut a slice of time n' make it into a sandwich
that will last till the noon hour meal of grace.
Such makes no senses seeing that the bread is way too stale
n' the butter has not yet been churned.
I was once; I was once a maid in a kitchen so great
that the chimney reached all the way up into the clouds.
And on white cloudy days I could not distinguish
the smoke going up from the fire, so I couldn't.
Have you been here before seeing that you know so much
about things past long forgotten by most of the human race?
Yes, many the time have I been here before,
n' many the time the more have I been way into the future.
In truth there is no place that I haven' t been to.
Delight I in being of such liberty n' climes.
Suppose you were to finish the making of a great war





would you then consider it just a matter of time
before the history books would be saying too much
of the wrong kind of things?

There have been times in sometimes that have nothing
to do with the ancient book hidden away
high up in the library book shelf.

As to what book do you make such reference?

I speak hear tell of a manuscript dating
from the time of the Second Kingdom.

Of whose Second Kingdom?

The kingdom of the Second Coming which took place
way back in centuries the many out of sight.

Have you ever been to the space between
the doorframe n' the door itself?

Rather the self of my self; there being more than one,
takes for its leisure a card game that has rolled itself over
to become Tarots all laid out on the sands near Marseilles.

But no sand do I know of to be in Marseilles.

Not in this up to your own day, but wait n' see,
sand aplenty there will be.

Has anyone ever taken you by the hand n' asked you to walk
down lanes of loneliness finding itself in joyfulness?

Of what do you mean in your referencing to such ambivalence?

Now, from whence comes the morning





of your long wavy hair that of late seems to be
kissing the grey waters of the over there?
I noticed it myself in same kind n' wondered from where
such beauteous transformations have had their origin.
I had an origin in a place where the wild fish come up
to the shore n' then taking to nesting in the trees
as the birds do in this our present day.
Are you saying that you have been along by the banks
of the meandering rivers where oft we have in classroom
been taught that no human of our kind even existed?
Yes, that is what I'm saying if you are ready to receive
such a word beyond the threshold of your mind.
Well this is news to me for I have been for years n' a day
chasing camels around the snow deserts of the Alaskan highlands.
I didn't know also that camels roamed in lands of snow.
Ah, there is so much; so very very much which you don't know.
But not to worry, for the story is turning the curve of the future
to be revealing much more than what was ever revealed afore
beneath the tealeaves in the cup of the newly transformed
means of communication yet to be rediscovered.
I gather that when inspection surpassed expectation
there was nothing at all left to make into a dough.
Oh, that is as true now as any growing rose shrubbery I saw
in the glass vase in the old refinery.





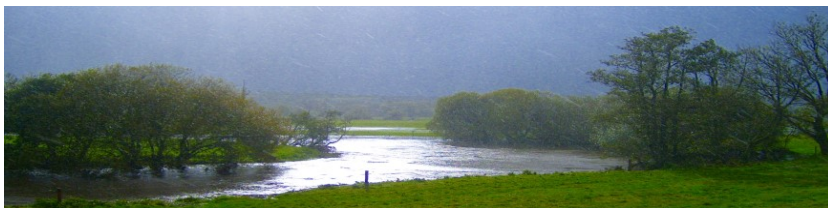
Can we assume that alcohol n' water
are cousins of a distance same parentage?
It depends on how many shots you have had
of the consummation of liquid rerunning
off the galvanised roofed sheds.
A bird is in the parting of the clouds;
alighting she is there between the clouds
as if upon an oak tree branch.
But I see neither branch nor bird.
There must be some way you have of looking
that to another's eyes remains unseen to be clearly observed.
Pour me into the next chalice, n' let us see
what Holy Grail I will assume for myself.
You have been travelling long singing an everlasting song,
but who is joining in with you in the singing of the chorus?
Chorus is the mist in the light atop the lampshade.
And what of the one there within; in the natural as it were?
As it were, as you say.
There is no doubt that expressing oneself clearly is taking a toll
upon the concentration of the heron standing in the shallow waters
just below the old stone bridge.
Do you think misfortune finds itself in the way
or the way in the misfortune?
Your question clearly has a profundity to it that would cause





even Picasso to change places with van Gogh.





Of a fragrant June afternoon

Friday, 24th June 2011



PIRITUALITY AND LOVE

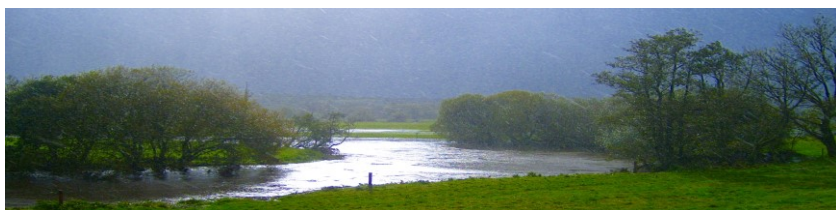
Of a fragrant June afternoon, the ninth president of Éire¹ to be: Richard of Éire was strolling and chatting in the company of a group of people. And he was talking to them about spirituality and love, saying,

“Being in love with Éire here about; being in love with her natural beauty is the crème de la crème of spirituality.”

And one in the group who had been sent by a Local Government Authority to check him out, and who with not listening to the totality of what was being said, and with only hearing the word ‘spirituality’ loudly exclaimed, saying,

“We don’t need any more religion here on the island! We have had enough of religion! The Church: the Holy Roman Catholic Celtic Church in cahoots with successive governments has left us down big; big, big time! No, you can take your religion with you, and both of you go drown yourselves there in the sea, for we want to be free of all any such hegemony! Why can’t you be more like the others who are also headed for the Park; why can’t you just leave all references to religion out of your vocabulary, and turn a blind eye to the fact that the Constitution is by far more of a religious document than it is a secular one? Why can’t you be of such a cleverness? Why can’t you be a politician? Why are you such a dwelling place of independent thought? Honestly, I am sick and tired to death of religion. Even the name God is giving me problems of late. Definitely you won’t be getting our nomination, and also my own vote on





the day. To hell with you. Wherever that is.”

And from the serenity of his inner fountains, Richard of Éire spoke, lovingly saying,

“I would have you be spiritual rather than religious, for I take being spiritual to being in love; being in love with the natural beauty of Éire. I am one who is in love with Éire, and being in love with her, naturally I am being in love with the World. And letting myself be in love with the World, naturally I am being in love with the worlds beyond the World. There are no worlds where such love can’t extend; can’t reach. Even the remotest galaxies feel near to me. Be spiritual; be in love.”

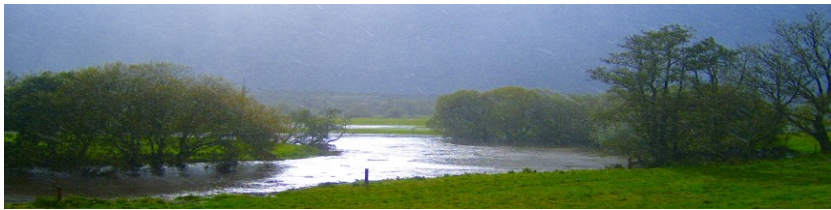
And the one who had previously spoken; who with listening to the heart of Richard of Éire’s words, and moved by their cadences began now to blossom a new light, and asked, saying,

“How may I be spiritual?”

“Love Éire, and let yourself be loved by her, and you will come to know.”

And the strolling and chatting continued along the way.





A man came running along the valley

Monday, 27th June 2011



FAMILY BEING THE HEART OF THE STATE

A man came running along the valley, and he was shouting.

Richard of Éire who was sitting with a group of people taking about the family being the heart of the state, turned to receive this upset visitor.

“Our precious symbol is being stolen from us!” he said. “They are depriving us of our presidential discourse.”

And someone from the group spoke, saying?

“Who is doing such a dreadful thing?”

“Two it be three of the political parties, and a plethora of opportunists.”

And one from the group with tears in her eyes turned to Richard of Éire, and anxiously asked,

“What can we do; what can we do? This symbol is very precious to our people. Oh, what can we do?”

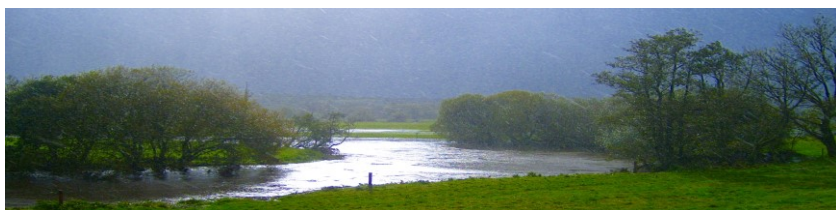
“Simple. Let’s put our passion up! Let’s take it back!”

“But how? We are nobody, and know nothing.”

“Nominate and vote one from among yourselves to go secure it. Once it is gone it is gone and life moves on as if nothing had ever happened. Let’s take it back.”

“We have no one from among ourselves who is capable of accomplishing such a goliathan task.”





“Open your eyes you blind; your ears you deaf! He who is speaking to you is the one inspired to do it. How long will I have to be with you before this gets through to you?”

Where do you travel your minds to when I speak? For he is one who walks and chats with you along the Lidle, Centra, and the Supervalve aisles. He is one who stands with you in the dole office every month. He is one who is a happily married man; a caring father, and one who delights in chatting with his neighbours. Warm is his greeting to the stranger. And above all, he is the one who is absolutely in love with the natural beauty of this our native land.

He knows the bóithríns² with their fauna and flora; he observes the newly mowed grass fields, the goldening over of the barely and wheat fields. He is one who with an old copper spraying can strapped to his back; grooving itself into his youthful shoulders and lower back has walked through potato furrows on warm July days spraying the stalks. He is one of your own who has lived and studied in a faraway Oriental land, and who has taught by the Red Sea shore and the Persian Gulf waters. He is the one who has brought back stories to you of the yearning peoples of the world have for hospitable Heads of State; wise World leaders. He whom you seek from among your own to accomplish this task sits before you. In him is the real deal sealed.”

And they were with a new contentment and excitement at his words as they began to discuss a strategy to help make it all happen. And as they were doing so, there appeared from over the brow of a hill a young girl, and she was leading a magnificent dark horse. And with reaching, she placed the reins in Richard of Éire’s hands and said, to him,

“I was told to give you this horse. His name is ‘Canindure’.”

And Richard of Éire inquired, “Thank you, Beautiful. Who asked you to give Canindure to me?”

“Oh, he didn’t give me his name. Just, he said that he was a prince





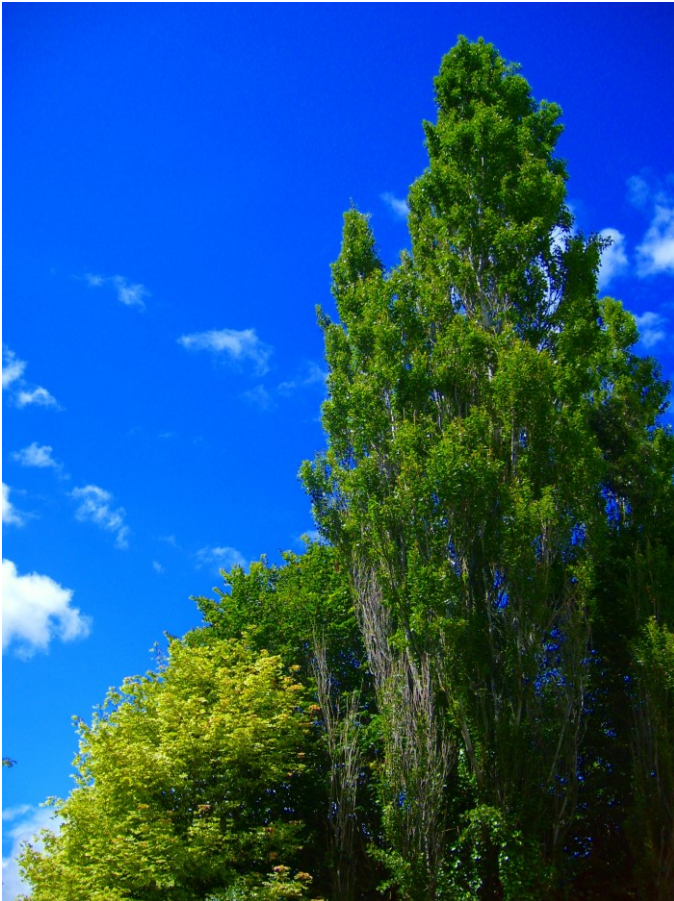
from ancient Ireland. His smile and voice was very nice; just like yours.”

“Thank you, Beautiful. And isn’t it lovely your own voice and smile is too.”

And Richard of Éire treasured her words; pondering them in his heart.

And the strolling and chatting continued along the way.







Blackberry blossoms and honeysuckle

Saturday, 2nd July 2011



ON THE SENSE OF TIME

And it was early eve, and as they were strolling along by some blackberry blossoms and honeysuckle, they were chatting on the sense of time.

And one spoke, saying,

“Richard, I don’t know how you can describe time in such vastness. For me, at least before I came journeying with you, a day was such a very long time; one week an absolute eternity. And even now, I have difficulty getting my head around a year. And ‘seven years?’ - no way.”

And, Richard of Éire with listening to her words, and admiring some swallows sweeping on high beyond the fragrant honeysuckles answered her, saying,

“Seven years; the seven years of presidency is no more than a moment in the grand scale of things. What counts is the quality we bring to that moment. So too is one’s life but a moment, even it were to extend to one hundred and many as much years. It is the quality of the moment which gives it its greatest significance. See to the swallows there.”

And another who was attentively listening, asked,

“Where did you learn to use your mind like that, Richard?”

“From the blossoms and the honeysuckles here; from the swallows there am I learning how to use it so. I am learning from those like yourselves throughout the island who day to day, week to week, and month to month are doing their best to take good care of their families; who have charm in their countenance, and hope in their words in spite of

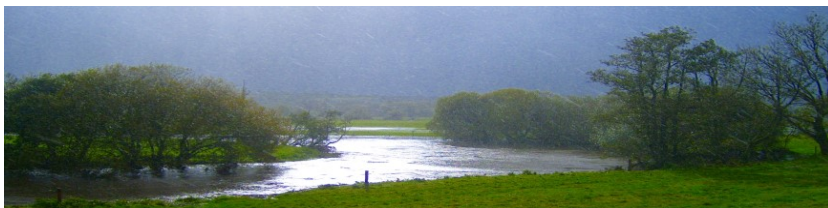




the difficulties; the austerities being imposed upon them. These and many the more besides are my teachers. Be willing enough to learn from all, and you will find the way to see and speak of time in vastness, and of your roles within its welcoming fields. Rejoice your minds.”

And the strolling and chatting continued along the way.





Strolling alone along the seashore

Monday, 4th July 2011



O LEARN OF THEIR WISDOM

Richard of Éire was strolling alone along the seashore, when he happened upon a very happy group of special needs people that were under the care of a very pleasant looking woman. And he decided to go and say hello to them, and to learn of their wisdom.

“Everyone! This is, Rísteárd - Richard of Éire, and he is on an almighty journey.”

“Hi, Árd Rí Richard?”

“What, an almighty journey you is on, Árd Rí of Heireann?”

“Oh, I am journeying to be the next president of this our beautiful island; the next president of Ireland.”

“You will be a very nice king, Árd Rí³ because your eyes is gently strong on us, and your smile is loving us, and your voice is singing it is like dawning birds in our ears.”

“Nary is our queen, Árd Rí. And isn’t she beautiful? We loves her very much because she is always with us. More than all the wavy sea waters, Árd Rí do we loves her.”

“Then you are truly blessed to have Nary as your queen, for I have a feeling that she loves you even all the more, the more, the more than the wavy sea waters and the shinny starry heavens of night put together.”

And with hearing such a lovely stringing together of such lovely words in their hearts, as many as could joyfully jumped up, and went and embraced Nary; and with kisses and words told her just how much they





loved her.

And Nary's caring eyes were brimming over with tears of love for each and every one of them. And each and every one of them felt it and knew it.

And Nary and her special group kept Richard with them for the rest of the afternoon; enjoying telling him many interesting stories. And he was greatly enriched by their serenity, sincerity, joyfulness, and wisdom.

“Goodbye, Árd Rí na hÉireann.”

“We loves you, and be looking we will to your eyes on us, and to your smile on us, and listening we will for your voice into us and into all the peoples on this our beautiful island, and into all and all them the many in the great wide world.”

And Nary holding his hand strolled a little ways along the shore with him before returning to her care.

And she spoke to him, saying,

“When you come fully into your presidency, Rísteárd, be a bright light for Ireland among the nations. Our love in fullness is with you.”

And with much gratitude of heart, and of wisdom stored deep, he joyfully continued on journeying.





By the wall of a very old church ruin

Wednesday, 6th July 2011



IR OF INCONTROVERTIBLE CONDESCENSION

With strolling along by the wall of a very old church ruin, Richard of Éire heard a voice speaking from there within. It was a rasping kind of voice which seemed to be over intoning certain words with a view to producing an air of incontrovertible condescension. With not wishing to intrude, he peeped in through a leafy branch of a tree that was partially covering a break in the wall. There within was an elderly semi-bald white haired man, and he was sitting on a large stone where once the church's altar would have stood. And gathered there before him, and sitting on the headstone slabs that all but covered the entire floor, were some thirty to thirty-six people; both male and female they were. And there didn't appear to be much difference age wise between them and the speaker.

And the speaker was excitedly telling them about all the things he was going to do when he would be the President of Ireland. And a number from among them were from time to time raising their hands to ask him a question, saying,

“But Marcle...”

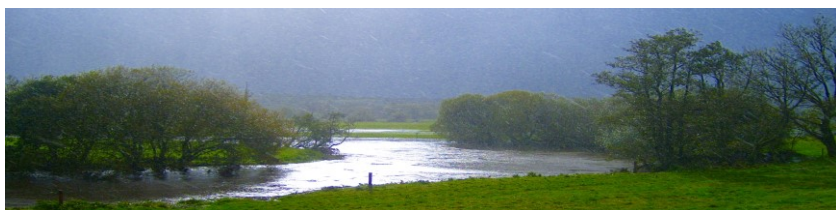
“And, Marcle what about ...?”

“Do you think, Marcle you ...?”

But he would in every case interrupt them before they ever had the chance to even complete their questions, saying,

“Sure now, while your question is incredibly important, don't I know well what you are going to ask before you ever even ask it. So be





whisht awhile, and you will see the answer will be forthcoming itself nicely in the event of my actual talking, don't you see."

And Richard of Éire was about to continue on upon his way, for the content of what he was hearing, and the way in which it was being presented, wasn't sitting well with him, when an elderly woman, who had turned up late for the meet up in the ruin, nudged him into the place to listen. Not wishing to offend her, he went and stood at the back; being ever so respectful as not to stand on a headstone slab.

And the speaker sensing that there was something different about Richard of Éire - a certain kind of presence, which had a life all of its own to it as it were, asked him, saying,

"Ah, you are not from around these parts, are you yourself, Stranger?"

"I am from all parts of the isle, Sir."

And with finding the answer somewhat singular; somewhat mystifying, the speaker decided it was safer to immediately return to talking to the group.

"Well now, what I am most of all, and all, and all most of all looking forward to is myself hosting; yes, myself of course hosting a host of presidential seminars in Áras an Uachtaráin.⁴ Yes, I will be inviting highly intellectual minds from around the world to come discuss who we are all about, and all about where we are all going. Terribly similar you could say I suppose like, what we are already doing here today within this crumbling edifice of sorts. A labour of love it will be in which I will be truly coming into my own."

And again hands were up in the hope of asking a question on some of the things that had just been said. However, as before they were received with the same chiselled in stone response.

"Sure now, while your question is incredibly important, don't I know well what you are going to ask before you ever even ask it. So be whisht awhile, and you will see the answer will be forthcoming itself nicely





in the event of my actual talking, don't you see."

And Richard of Éire honestly not knowing whether he should break out in tears or in laughter at the whole carry on there before him, politely gestured to the speaker that he would need to be continuing on his way.

And the speaker inquired, saying,

"Stranger, what are you doing in life?"

"Oh, I am just everyday journeying. Sir."

"Wouldn't you prefer to stay instead and help support my candidacy? Who knows, I might even have use for you on my Council of State. Journeying to where, anyway?"

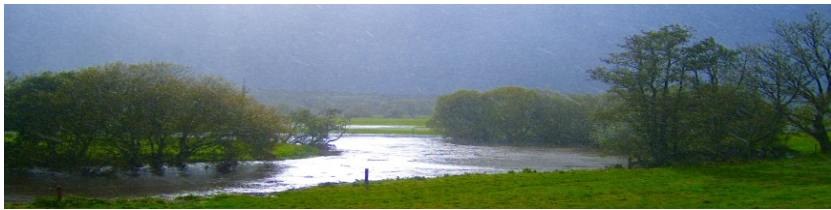
And Richard of Éire hadn't the heart to tell him that he was journeying to be the ninth President of Ireland, so he courteously answered, saying,

"To where the road takes me, Sir."

And he left from out of that place; out of that confining mindset without casting his gaze backwards. Rather he set his eyes firmly on the road up ahead with asking understanding of the blessed dead buried there about below.







With a bright crescent moon

Wednesday, 27th July 2011



WITH NEWNESS OF THOUGHT

With a bright crescent moon high in the eastern sky, and the sun about to appear above the horizon, Richard of Éire is already on the move; strolling along, and chatting with those who are accompanying him.

“Friends, we are of this new day, and with newness of thought and determination let us well be.”

And a university student spoke to him, saying,

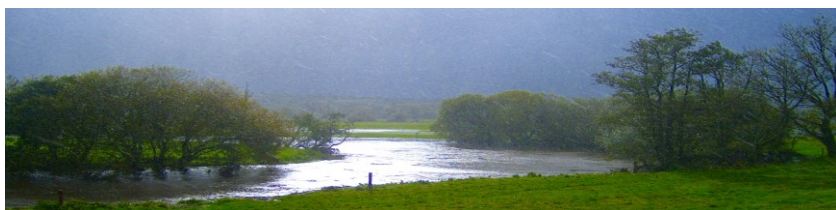
“Your greatest strength is you as a person - your presence, your appearance, your voice, the depth of your words, and the vastness of your silence. My only problem is, and this is something that keeps me awake at night, is that only we who are close to you; accompanying you along the way know this to be so. The media, and the local councils, save for a few, know very little of you. And the people overall don’t almost know of you at all. You are as unknown as they themselves are unknown.”

And Richard, with joyfulness of heart answered, saying,

“I come from them; I am one of their own. I am an unknown, and that is what distinguishes me from the knowns; namely the other independent candidates and the parties’ choices. This has great value, and something that I always keep with me. I come from the unknown to be a representative of the unknown: a representative of the 4,670,000 plus relatively and habitually unknown people who inhabit the island.

See, there to the haze drifting along o’er the stream; to the trees of the fields, and to the fields themselves; to the birds of the air, and to the wispy white clouds beyond; to the high crescent moon, and to the rising





sun. These and all about are our primary and most powerful media. These are our reporters, our microphones, our presenters and cameras. Daily, are we strolling in a mighty radio studio; on a wondrous television set, and along by an ever-welcoming Internet shore. These are our true to heart messengers; these are the generous bringers of our words and countenances to those who are of listening ears for such words, and seeing eyes for such images, and who are of a courageous heart ready to act upon what they have seen and heard.”

And another made comment, saying,

“But, Richard, you as an independent candidate have been excluded from this Friday night’s MacGill Summer School debate on the Role of the President of Ireland.

I feel so disappointed. If only you were there, you would be the bringer of charm, panache, youthfulness of heart, and wisdom, and you would be; yes, you would be the ‘Nature intellectual’ with a capital ‘N’ whose understanding of the natural world you bring forth so eloquently; so poetically for the greater understanding of the urbanized. You would be the restorer of harmony to these worlds. Oh, I feel so sad, Richard.”

And someone asked of the content of the debate. And the one answered, saying,

“Their website: <http://www.glenties.ie/2011/06/21/macgill-summer-school-2011/> has the following description:

TRANSFORMING IRELAND 2011-2016 –
THE ROLE OF UACHTARÁN NA hÉIREANN?

The role of the President of Ireland has never been more crucial for inspiring the citizens to build a country of which we can all be proud in 2016. A healthy economy providing life-enriching jobs for our youth is essential to restore their confidence and morale. Our institutions need to be reformed and those who work in them reinvigorated with a new sense of purpose. Our political system must be radically renewed so that it provides





good, effective, fair and transparent government. We must make our health and education systems the best in the world. We must bring about a greater awareness of and respect for our unique environment which is increasingly under threat. We must rid the streets of our towns and cities of drugs, binge drinking and violence. We must nurture a spirit of citizenship and volunteerism and rebuild our communities and create a fair and just society that cherishes all its children equally. We must restore the good name of our country in Europe and throughout the world. The President of Ireland, whilst respecting Bunreacht na hÉireann, can and must contribute in a significant way to building a better Ireland.

Gay Mitchell MEP, Fine Gael Presidential Candidate
Mary Davis, Independent Presidential Candidate
Michael D. Higgins, Labour Party Presidential Candidate
Sean Gallagher, Independent Presidential Candidate
Chair: Sean O'Rourke, RTE"

And the previous asked,

"And what of the remaining two years of the 9th Presidency ... 2016-2018?"

"They didn't say."

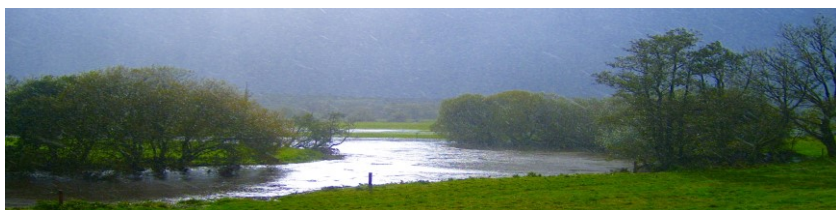
And another made comment, saying,

"So many 'We must's ... 'must's ... I wonder why the Senator isn't attending."

And Richard spoke, saying,

"Friends, be of a confidence and joyfulness of heart, and above all be of a good word. I have not been excluded from the debate, rather it was not possible for them to include me due to the restraints they themselves placed on their own criteria for which of the independent candidates they would invite to appear on the panel alongside the parties'





candidates.”

“What criteria?”

“That Councils around the country ‘seem’ to be showing an interest in them; in that they have indicated to the candidates they ‘might’ possibly nominate them in September.”

“Are you serious, Richard?”

“Yes, very much so. That is it surely. A criteria based on something that ‘seems’ to be. And also each of the independent candidates themselves have been lead to believe that certain Councils will definitely nominate them come a specified date in September. But like the weather, people are changeable; chairpersons and their councillors can see things very differently when the true light appears in their midst.

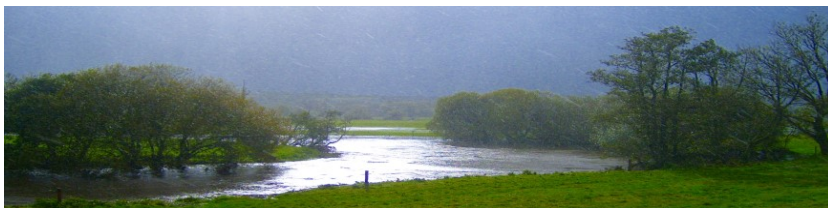
For what Councils ruled on a day in May, June, and July can of a September morn be totally different. And it is well, and most fortunate that it is so, for the coming of the People’s Choice* for the 9th President of Ireland has not yet fully appeared on the horizon of their minds.

Trust in the goodness, wisdom, and deep down Irish pride of the Council members. Like me, they too have come from the people, and our fidelity is foremost to the people, and the Constitution. Be of a confidence and joyfulness of heart.”

And he and they, with admiring and praising the beautiful surroundings, continued on with strolling and chatting about so many true to life things affecting the hearts, the minds, and the lives of the people.

* “... newcomer to the race Cork man Richard McSweeney, the self-proclaimed People’s Choice candidate ...” *The Irish Times*, Tuesday, July 19, 2011





It was about the midday hour

Wednesday, 3rd August 2011



APPENINGS IN THE LAND OF SYRIA

It was about the midday hour, and Richard of Éire was sitting in the shade of a wondrous Scots Pine grove. And he was talking with those there gathered about on the terrible ongoing happenings in the land of Syria, when he noticed coming along over the way a group of people. And they were crying; olagoning most pitifully away to themselves as if they had come from the burial of a beloved one.

Richard asked one of those sitting to go and invite them to come dine with them. And they did come and were glad to have something to eat, for they hadn't eaten in a few days.

Now after awhile, and having had eaten to their need, Richard sensitively inquired of them the reason for their great lamenting.

And one from among them answered, saying,

“We had for months, even some of us had for years, put all our trust in one who we considered to be our champion. We had believed in him with all our hearts; had left our homes, families, and jobs, and had given generously of our coffers to help him reach his goal.”

And another, and in many tears, said,

“But he left us down big time. He broke; he broke the bond of trust between us. No one at all done it for him. No, he alone himself did skillfully accomplish such an illustrious failure. He couldn't have failed us





any better.”

And still another,

“Yes, we would have gone to the ends of the earth for him.

But he ...”

And in brimming over tears, the first who spoke, said,

“Up and down the country we did go in support of him; attended every meeting he addressed. Enthusiastically we applauded him, and willingly wrote at length of him in all the major social networking sites, and newspapers, and on the television and radio we did make it possible for him to appear. But, alas he was, and it breaks my heart to have to say it; yes, to have to say it, but he was only using us it seems for his own vanity. And that is what hurts; oh, that is what hurts the most.”

And with leaving the silence rest for quite sometime upon the fragrant breezes there about the grove, Richard asked, saying,

“Where are you headed?”

“We are headed no place, for we are lost, and know not where to turn. Along the way we tried to follow others, but we could find none from among them; none from among them, and they numbering some eleven to fourteen, who could come anywhere near the one whom we had once put our trust in.”

And another took up the answering, saying somewhat excessively,

“Yes, not one from among them could we find, for all of them were without exception either wannabes, opportunists or egoists; a passionless lot mirroring but their own desires for a job they would perceive, when all things are taken into account, to be a very cushy number.”

And, Richard, said,

“While your words contain a certain amount of truth, they are in truth way over the top, for who can know the heart; who can know the intentions of someone? Only we can trust them from their very presence,





and from their facial expressions, body language, words, and actions. To he principled there is no such thing as a cushy number.”

“You are right, I shouldn’t have been so harshly critical. I am hurt you see, and so I hurt out. I need some time to get over it.”

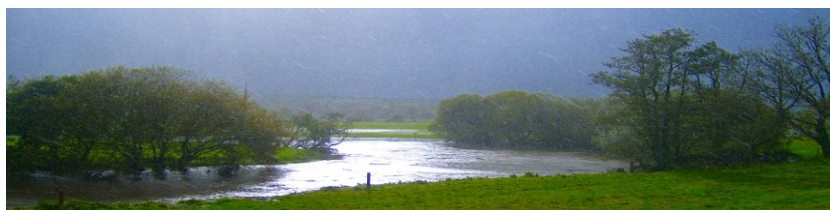
“Take your time, and by the end of the day have the courage to let it drift away.”

And without anything further needing to be said, didn’t they who were lost find themselves by mid afternoon, and to their great surprise to be of the contentment, joy, passion, and good words of the Scots Pine grove gathering.

And Richard, and all there in the grove took to strolling and chatting about so many things pertaining to either the beauty of the surroundings or the heartfelt needs of all peoples.







High walled enclosed garden

Friday, 5th August 2011



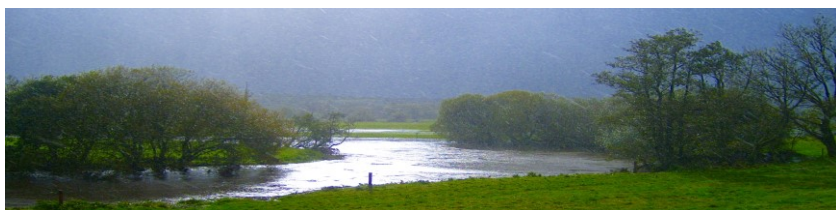
VEN HURT AS MUCH AS AN ANT

It was afternoon, and Richard of Éire was sitting in the high walled enclosed garden of a three hundred and fifty year old parochial house. And he was enjoying chatting with its occupant, a very alert, bright eighty-nine year old Catholic priest. And their conversation had already covered many topics.

“Father, you were born in 1922 with the State. You have seen, heard, and reflected on many things throughout your life. Now today, what concerns you the most; bothers you the most?”

“Well, Richard it would have to be the all but banishment of the Catholic Church from Irish society. I have never in my life, Richard even hurt as much as an ant, and as such it breaks my heart what our Catholic Church has done to our people. You know, it is an awful thing to be part of an organization; an institution that doesn’t live up to its core values. And it bothers me that all this damage was done by just a few individuals who were let get away with it by their superiors. Since my days of long long ago in the seminary, and throughout my priestly life, I have been daily culturing myself to be part of an Irish team; a global team dedicated to God. I have always loved being part of this mighty team, and considered it a rare privilege to serve God within such a great tradition. My love of nature; of people, and myself have all come to me from my life within this team. This team has been part of the fabric of our culture with some 1,600 years. It has helped us to grow, and express our appreciation of our belief through architecture; the spoken and written word, and music, and dance. It helped us to be devoted; to have a view of life that was respectful of life itself. It provided us with the spiritual side. We had a





balance in that the spiritual and the secular were moving fairly harmoniously within our hearts. But alas, the few have all but destroyed it for the many. Richard, I want you to promise me something.”

“What would that be, Father?”

“When you come fully into your presidency, make every effort throughout its seven years to restore the spiritual side of reality to our people. Won’t you?”

“Is the Catholic Church the sole means to do that, Father?”

“Yes, it is, Richard, and no it isn’t. If it lives up to its core values and teachings, then it can be. But life has changed; society and people have changed. And to that extent, there is no one religion or ethical system that can adequately cope with the needs of our time, and the coming generations. You as president, will need to be the spiritual voice; call it if you like the virtuous voice of the people, in that you will have to encourage all to bring to the table of Áras an Uachtaráin or its beauteous garden ways the very best of many faiths, and the very best of different ethical systems. For I have discovered within my heart, that spirituality is above belief. Like the sun, Richard it is above all. Facilitate the bringing from foreign lands to our community of Ireland: to our Irish family material prosperity, for that is a great need right now. Yet, at the same time, Richard by your demeanour, words, and actions encourage vast spiritual prosperity both from without and within. For without the material side to life there is no physical life, and so too is there no spiritual life if the spiritual is not encouraged. Vitality for life depends on getting the balance right. Richard, I need to ask you now a very important question, if I may.”

“Go ahead, Father.”

“When of a day in your office in Áras an Uachtaráin, a piece of legislation is placed on your desk that would make abortion legal here in Ireland, will you sign it into law?”

“No, Father, I won’t sign it into law, for to me the life of the human





in the womb is as sacred as that of the human outside the womb.”

“I am well pleased with your answer, Richard. I will be keeping it in mind just in case. Now you must stay for our evening meal.”

“Father, but I have already taken up so much of your time.”

“Bernadette? Bernadette?”

“Yes, Father?”

“Richard will be joining us for our evening meal.”

“That is wonderful, Father, for a meal is enriched by good company.”

“And it is enriched, Richard by Bernadette’s fantastic cooking. Richard would you like to join me for Vespers here in the garden?”

“I would be honoured to, Father.

And Bernadette joined them for the meal.

“I suppose, Richard as a priest I shouldn’t be aligning myself with any political party, but all my life I have been a supporter of the ‘Irish Family’ as I like to call it. Now, I haven’t been shouting out from the pulpit for them or canvassing for them or anything like that. It has been more of a destiny kind of thing.”

“How so, Father?”

“Well, back in the year of 22, I was born about 8:10 in the morning of the 22nd of August.”

And after a long silence, Bernadette spoke, saying,

“Father, all things have a wonderful way of becoming clearer in the fullness of time.”

“You are right, Bernadette. Always there is great wisdom in your words. Remember all our political heroes, Richard when you get into the





fullness of your presidency.”

“I will do my best to do so, Father, but as you know my thoughts are as far above the political worlds as the sky there is above the trees and hills.”

“Even so; even so, Richard, let not our political heroes be forgotten, be they of our recent past, or of the times long gone by. Oh, and I just thought of it there now. Isn’t the ‘Twin Archangel’ as I like to call him - the double blessing himself dropping by tomorrow to see me, Bernadette?”

“Yes, he is, Father. He will be here about eleven fifteen.”

“Great! I will be looking forward to meeting him. Anyway, Richard the very best of luck to you now on your journey. You will be getting Bernadette’s vote for sure anyway on the day.”

And Richard came out from the parochial house garden to go into the hills and there by starlight to reflect upon all that he had heard therein. And he thought to himself how that even from the walled in great insights can appear.





In a sun kissed apple orchard

Saturday, 20th August 2011



RARELY DID ANYONE EVER COME TO VISIT

It was about the second hour after lunch, and Richard of Éire was sitting on a wooden bench in a sun kissed apple orchard chatting to a small group of very elderly men and women. And they were very happy to see him for rarely did anyone ever come to visit them; come to listen to their stories and dreams, and to chat with them.

And a woman spoke, saying,

“Richard, I love holding your hands for they are strong yet gentle, and their fragrance remind me of my father’s hands. They scent of oats. He used to love running his hands through golden grains as he strolled along. He was a lovely man, so he was; always telling us children stories about the hidden people; the magical people who share the island with us.”

“And what do the hidden people look like, Maebh?”

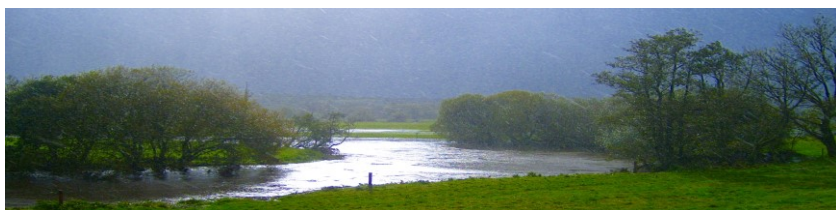
“Oh, extremely handsome, Richard, and most beautiful. Oft I would see them in the haze floating along o’er a stream or in the blown about misty rain, and in the high wispy white clouds. And I have seen them here in the orchard too at times happily dancing and playing like little children. And they invite me to dance with them too even though I am wheelchair bound. And they have told me, I dance very well.”

And there was a pleasant silence; a silence that let all there to be with happy remembrances and wonderment.

And Richard spoke to all, saying,

“How did it come to be that your golden days are being spent here





and not with your families?”

“Ah, ‘tis a hard question you are asking us now, Richard, but a right and necessary one it is to be asking for sure,” answered one man.

And another,

“I will answer for all of us, if I may, when I say, that we were transplanted here like unwanted flowers by our families. It is not that they are black-hearted or anything like that, but, but, but you know people can be very strange, even one’s own family and relatives when the desire for money gets too much of a hold on them. It would cause them to have no recollection of their good upbringing, so it would. One man who was here for donkey’s years, and who only passed away last month, made out that there was something in the modern food that was making them do such unethical and unheard of things, like dumping your beloved mother or dear father in a once upon a time Workhouse. Changing the name doesn’t change anything, for the same walls that were originally there are still there. See.”

“I will be ninety-seven next month, and I have been here since I was sixty-five.”

“Me? I have been here since I was forty-eight, and himself over there sitting on the bank of the stream, and lost in a world all of his own, was admitted when he was only eighteen on the grounds that he had some bit of a want in him. They said he would be good for doing some odd jobs around the place. Now he is going on fifty-two, and the only want in him is his need to be always and everywhere expressing himself through song. Here we all love him and love listening to his poetic songs. He can spontaneously compose a poem just by looking at someone or something. We affectionately call him ‘Ollam’ that is ‘our great poet-singer’.”

And tears cascaded down Richard’s face for his heart was so troubled by the thought that families would discard their beloved parents; would in their own hand sign their own mother or father into such a





place; a place having such a dreadful past, and then presumptuously continue on with their own lives, having every expectation that in spite of such shameful actions, they will somehow be successful in life.

And a man spoke, saying,

“Richard friend, don’t you be crying now at all; don’t be letting yourself be hurt so much. Sure haven’t we all learnt here down through the years to be very fond of each other. We are like a family of a kind, so we are. And the staff overall are extremely good to us; the food is great, and the place nice and clean, and lovely and warm in the winter. Of course, there is always the odd owld beatch or basuard assigned here for a spell, but sure you will get them in any walk of life.”

And Richard answered him, saying,

“One of their kind, Diarmuid is one too many in any place even for a moment.”

And a woman, said,

“Rich, you will make a great king so you will.”

“King? You mean president, don’t you, Aine?”

“Yes, a president but a president that will be kingly in heart. Sitting here for a few hours in this lovely fragrant orchard listening to us, and chatting with us is what a kingly-hearted president does.”

“Thank you, Aine, but I am only being myself; being how my parents taught me to be.”

“That is it; that is what we like about you. You are like no one but yourself. Would that it would be possible for you to come and be with us like this more often.”

“Until we meet again, and as long as the sun shines through the trees, Aine, and the wind plays with the grass, and the soft misty rains gently stream down your moonlit windowpanes, I am with you; smiling to



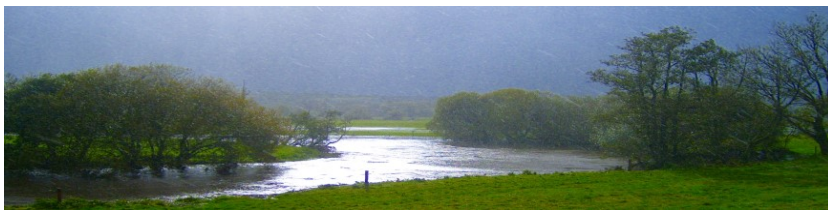


you, and listening to all of your stories, and dreams.”

And with hearing those words they became of a hitherto unknown joyful expectation.

And Richard with hugs all round brought himself from out of their blessed presence to continue his journeying. And as he went he reflected on their welcoming countenances; their love, and sagely words. And he felt ever so grateful for having been with them.





To converse with the birds of the air

Wednesday, 24th August 2011



IS IRELAND

Richard of Éire loves to converse with the birds of the air; the animals of the fields, and the fishes of the waters as much as he does with the people of the villages, towns, and cities throughout the island. He loves to converse with the rivers; with the trees, and the clouds as much as he does with the sun, moon, and stars. For him the ground beneath his feet, the air about his physique, and the sky of day and night above him is Ireland. And he and Ireland are one.

Always and everywhere he feels Her tremendous love for him. And he never tires of lovingly addressing Her. When he awakes in the dawn his first words are ‘Your love is with me.’ And at the noonday hour, ‘Your love is of me.’ And come the closing of his day his heart with gratitude speaks, ‘Your love is by me.’

Now, and of an afternoon, Richard was sitting on an old oak tree trunk which had been lying there in that spot for many years. According to its roundness it would surely have lived to seven hundred years or more. And he was enjoying gazing at the wondrous flight of wispy white clouds in a high blue sky when he heard the sound of a flock of birds singing their way along in from the south over the treetops. And they came and alighted next to him on the tree trunk. They numbered twenty-six and they were full of stories for him. And he listened intently to all of their stories; sharing his wisdom with them according to their needs. And they were well pleased with his words.

Again, and in a moment, didn’t he hear the sound of another flock of birds; a much smaller flock, and they were playfully making their way





along in from the north over the treetops. And they too came and happily alighted next to him and the other birds there on the trunk. They were six in number, and of the same variety as the others. And they too they were full of stories for him, and for the others. And Richard listened intently to all of their stories; sharing his wisdom with them according to their needs. And they were well pleased with his words. And the others were of a harmonious affinity with them.

Now, one from among the twenty-six asked of the six, why they had flown south and had come to alight on the same trunk as themselves.

And one from among them answered, saying,

“For ninety long years we refrained from flying south for we were afraid of getting caught in your entanglements. Yet we longed to play with you all along the banks of the River Shannon; about the expanses of the Phoenix Park, and o’er the mirroring Lakes of Killarney. But we were way too afraid of your entanglements.”

And the one, replied, saying,

“And we too longed that you would fly to us, but for want of foresightfulness on our part we helplessly left ourselves become knotted in ways that have caused nothing but tension and division between us. Truly, we are sorry for this; sorry are we for our hardheartedness.”

“No need to be sorry, for we could also have made a whole lot more of an effort. We are sorry for this too, and sorry for our hardheartedness are we.”

“We were both the fault it seems.”

And another from the twenty-six asked, saying,

“But the realty is that we here are still very much of the oddments of our entanglements, then why all of a sudden have you flown south?”

“Word reached us of late; great words reached us that the People’s





Choice for President of Ireland was carrying within his heart the one quality that we have all been patiently waiting for with over three hundred years, namely the quality of kingliness. He will be kingly within and presidential without; a man of independent thought, and wisdom. You see we have a fidelity to kingliness. And now that native kingliness is being revived we no longer have any need to be looking for it in some wood or some private enclosure beyond the shores of the isle.”

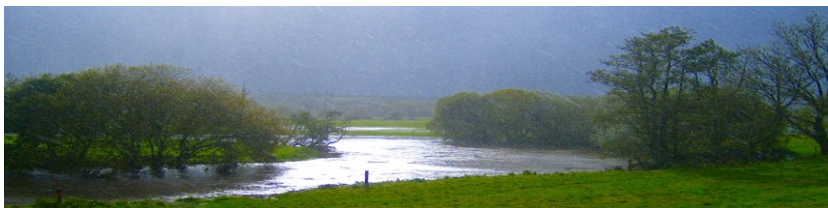
And there was a silence there that was truly enriching, for all things that hitherto had been driven and kept apart were now as one.

And, Richard being free of that ever-present painful concern, continued on with his journeying; leaving the birds that had been for so long two flocks to happily chat away with each other now as one; to fly, sing, and alight together anywhere throughout their precious island home.

And he could feel within him that the ancient kings, queens, princes, and princesses of Ireland were again with smiling countenances, and a lightness in their step.







Reflecting on the health of the nations

Sunday, 28th August 2011



ENTLY FLOWING WATERS

Richard of Éire was strolling along the bank of a river early of a morning, and he was reflecting on the health of the nations of the world when he heard what sounded like a woman sobbing ever so pitifully. And with slowly approaching along by a stretch of tall sorrowfully singing reeds in the breeze he could see a woman sitting on the bank of the river. And she had her face held in her hands, and she was crying away to herself in most heart-wrenching sounds. And without uttering a word, he went and sat on the bank some three to five arm lengths away from her. And there he remained in silence until she with raising her face from out of her tear-drenched hair noticed him gazing out at the gently flowing waters.

Now, after some time, and with her deeper sobbing having managed to steady itself somewhat, she spoke to him saying,

“Why have you come here?”

And without turning his head or discontinuing his gaze he replied, saying,

“I have come to commit life.”

“Are you dead now?”

“I am very much alive, but I find it very good to commit myself to life everyday. It makes for better living throughout.”

“I am different, in that, especially with the last few days anyway, I have been wanting to commit myself to death. However, I have kept





putting it off. But today I think I have enough courage to make it a reality. I have thought of many ways of doing it, but I have concluded that the river is the best.”

“Did you inquire of the river if it is willing to accept you?”

“What sort of a stupid question is that, for God’s sake? The rivers, lakes, and trees throughout the island have no problem with me wanting to step out of life. And would without question help me to do it, no doubt.”

And still with serenely gazing out over the waters he replied, saying,

“Many have been the case where the waters have refused to cooperate with such human intentions, and have instead simply heaved the person gently back to the safety of the bank were they could be easily found by a fisherman or someone out for a stroll. Many the lake have refused to reveal their depths, and people have waded into the shallowness only to find themselves wading all the way across in shallow waters, and emerging on the other side as they had entered. And many the tree branch though several centimetres in thickness refused to provide support, and instead simply would yield and bend like rubber to the ground.”

“Are you for real? Are you saying to me; are you saying to me, that if I wade into that deep pool there, that there is the possibility that the river would heave me back out on to the bank? Are you saying that the river might refuse to take my life for me?”

And there was a long silence before she spoke again, saying,

“Would you like to hear why I wanted to end my life?”

“Not really, but if you need to get it out, and be rid of once and for all, then you are more than welcome to do so. Go ahead. I am a very good listener.”

“Well, I am only twenty-five, and I am a PhD candidate majoring in the field of World Politics. My specialization is the Irish Presidency. I





have always loved politics; finding it to be endlessly fascinating. My family: my grandparents, parents, siblings and relatives live and breathe politics. Be it breakfast, lunch or dinner politics would be assured of a mention. A great-granduncle of mine gallantly fought and was mortally wounded in the GPO in 1916. And there is mention made in our family records of such heroes and heroines down through the centuries having appeared in times of Ireland's need. Yet, none of us were ever a member of any political party or even affiliated ourselves to any political parties. The treasured value in our family has, and is, that of independent thought."

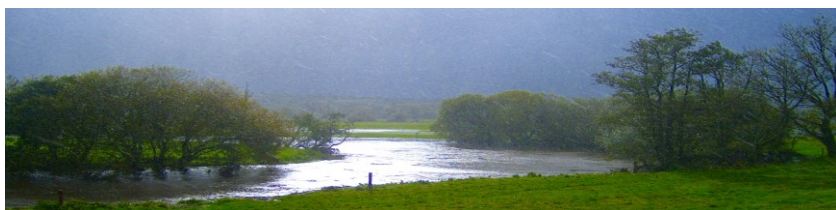
"A most admirable value."

"I was going to begin writing my thesis in a few months, and I was greatly looking forward to it, when all of sudden a contingent of some sort came and lay siege on my mind; it came and encamped itself outside the castle walls of my mind. It made no attempt however to attack. It just planked itself there with an almost complete indifference to my presence; to my existence. Then one afternoon, I couldn't bear it any longer, so I lowered the drawbridge, and I bravely ventured out to inquire of them who they were, and how long they intended to stay camped there. But before I knew what was happening, they rushed the drawbridge and entered my castle. And with invading my mind, they immediately raised several banners on my battlements and towers."

"Such as?"

"Banality, Unoriginality, Predictability, Dullness, Staleness, Vapidity, Triteness, and Mediocrity. And with seeing them, I became unbelievably down in myself; not depressed, but really really really down in myself, which I consider to be deeper than being depressed. I lost my desire to conduct research. Now, I used never drink except for the odd glass of wine out of courtesy at a birthday meal, but didn't I find some temporary relief in a few cans of Excelsior lager or as I used to call it my Elixir of life. But sure it would only leave me feeling more down than ever, and sick too for I wasn't eating hardly anything. We the youthful intelligentsia of Ireland, and the young in heart regardless of age find banality and all





the way to mediocrity to be, oh, ever so painfully boring. The youth, and the young in heart around the world must surely be feeling the same about it as we do. And then, the other day; yes, didn't they raise yet another banner which was bigger by far than all the rest put together."

"What did it read?"

"It read 'Bland in blue for Seven Through'! The thought of having to endure that was too much for me to undergo. I couldn't take all this offence to my intelligence any more, and so I brought myself down here to the riverside last night. And throughout the long, long, lonely, mixed up night I was working myself up to have the courage to do it come the morning, but then you came along with your sitting in silence and serenely gazing out over the waters. Not to mention the soothing sound of your voice."

And Richard with slowly rising to his feet, and smilingly gazing her way softly spoke to her, saying,

"I will look forward to reading that thesis of yours someday."

"Thank you. May I ask who you are, and where you are headed?"

"Come; come let us stroll and chat a ways awhile."

"I don't mind if do, seeing that I have nothing more here left to do."

"Then so it is. Let us begin however with a courtesy to your stomach. Here is an apple."

"Thank you so much. I am Orlagh."

"Richard."

And the river gently currented along, and the tall reeds sounded of lightness and joy.





Faithlegg House interview

Thursday, 8th September 2011



IRELAND'S PROUD SON OF PLEASANTNESS

The New York Morning Chimes

By SOPHIE DE LA FONTAINE

Published: Friday, September 9, 2011

IRELAND - Independent Irish Presidential candidate Richard of Éire yesterday talked with New York Morning Chimes' Sophie de la Fontaine in Faithlegg House, in County Waterford on his visits to local Government Authorities in order to seek their nominations which will allow him to appear on next month's ballot paper.

Interview setting

The portico conservatory of Faithlegg House.

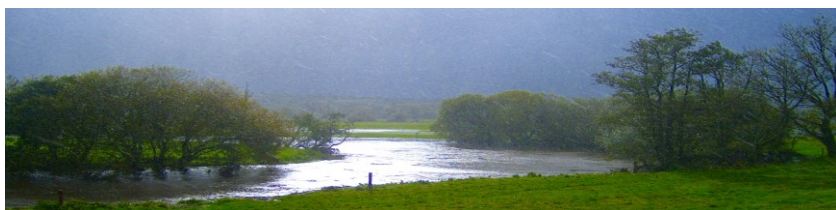
"Thank you so much, Richard for taking the time out to speak to the New York Morning Chimes."

"I am delighted and honoured to do so, Sophie. Welcome to Ireland."

"Thank you, Richard. First off, I would like to ask why is it that you are more widely known down along the East Coast of the United States - especially in New York, and in Boston than you are here in Ireland, yet you have never been to the United States?"

"Here in Ireland, Sophie, and I know it is hard to understand, but the media - in particular the newspapers and television stations don't want it seems to have the Irish public be aware of someone who is refreshingly





different, suitably experienced, highly competent, and who has a tremendous love for Ireland. In fact I myself have difficulty comprehending it.”

“Unbelievable. I have been doing quite a lot of reading up on the democratic process of electing a president here in Ireland. And also, Richard having accompanied you thus far on your visits to a number of these local councils, I must say I am quite shocked to find how very undemocratic some of them are in carrying out their responsibilities, both to their constituents and to the people of Ireland.”

“Yes, I know what you are talking about. It hurts to see bright minded people behaving in such a way. I am of the belief that if you are the real thing you don’t have any need for such tactics to make or even receive a nomination. Either one is worthy of a nomination or they are not. And the councils’ members themselves if they were truly sincere they would be honoured and delighted to have the freedom to be able to nominate someone they personally felt was worthy of it. But instead, what we have seen is party politics, in which an individual councillor has no freedom to give voice to his or her own view. It is either the party way for them or the highway. There is of course another highway, that of the noble way. And those among them who would profess themselves to be independents have oft shown themselves to be no more of independent thought than say a mountain is independent of the land on which it stands.”

“What surprised me, Richard was that they seemed to have made up their minds ever before they even heard you give your presentation.”

“Yes, that is very true. A striking example was when a Cathaoirleach - a Chairperson in the Council building foyer, just a half an hour before the meeting was due to start, told me that they had decided already amongst themselves who they were going to nominate, but as he put it himself to me, ‘Ah, sure give it an oul shot anyways. Sure; sure you might never know your luck. Look, luck is like that, isn’t it, look?’”

“That is beyond words.”





“In another Council, if you remember when councillors were invited to ask questions of a particular candidate, a certain councillor instead of asking a question right away, took a full ten minutes of singing the praises of the candidate - reading three A-4 sized sheets of paper before asking a question.”

“What was the councillor’s question again? Something to do with golf, wasn’t it?”

“Do you like to play golf in your spare time?’ And the candidate answered first by singing the councillor’s praises for some five minutes before answering ‘Yes, I do.’”

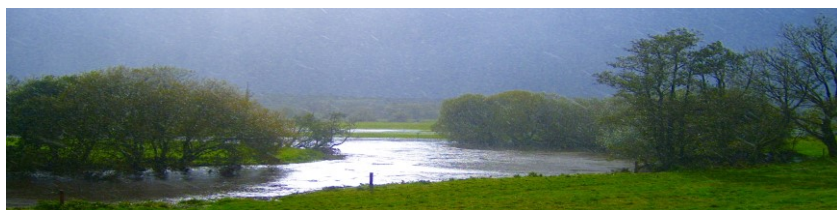
“I remember sitting there, and I couldn’t believe it that the Cathaoirleach didn’t demand that only a question be asked. He let it happen, which in my ears and eyes came across as a double endorsement of the candidate.”

“You weren’t there on a different occasion, Sophie when I was told by a Meetings Administrator to be at the Council building for a specific time, and that I would have 10 minutes to give my presentation, and that this would be followed by 5 minutes of questions. There were only two of us there to present on the day. The other candidate was scheduled to go before me. But not alone did they allow that candidate to go on presenting long beyond the allotted time, but kept me waiting outside in the corridor for almost an hour while they were doing so. And when I was eventually asked to enter the chamber, I had this hard to explain feeling - something akin to knowing that the main event had already happened and was decided upon, and that I was just something they had to get through before going off to lunch. I was in with them a total of 15 minutes. Admittedly, I have since learnt that they are yet to put a motion forward to propose a candidate.”

“How do you have the courage, Richard, and the strength of will, and the blessed patience to keep on going?”

“Well, Sophie it is very simple. I love Ireland. And I know from





having lived for nineteen years overseas - thirteen in the Far East, and six in the Middle East respectively, that my beloved Ireland deserves to have a quality president representing Her in the world. And not alone in the world, but also at home.”



In the portico bright

“How do you feel about Monday night’s Special Meeting, Richard?”

“I think this one was the most hurtful of all personally, in that it was the one council, Sophie I expected to be a shining example of a purer and truer exercising of democratic values, but alas, they were worst than all the others put together.”

“How so?”

“On hollowed foundations they desecrated the memory of one of a





kindred name who had bravely given his life so that we here today would be living in an independent nation; a nation free to practice a democracy of the noblest kind.⁵ Even the river that gently flows on by in front of the building was itself shedding tears unto itself; tears of tears being carried all the long way down the estuary and out to the comforting sea.”

“Why do you think the Council acted so undemocratically?”

“I think the members must have forgotten why they were elected to be there in the first place; forgotten what they had learnt in the university lecture halls in their student days. They genuinely, and this is not alone for Monday night’s members, but for all those I have had the privilege to make a presentation to, seem to have an aversion of some sorts to nominate an intellectual man; a philosopher or a sagely man. That perhaps is one of the primary reasons why that Senator who was forced to retire from the race a few weeks back wasn’t receiving any nominations from the councils, even though he had been campaigning for months.”

“This is very strange, for where would the world be without those who profoundly use their minds, Richard for the well being of all?”

“They have given me the impression, Sophie that someone with a more sport related background or physical fitness and training component is more to their liking. And also, they seem to be attracted like a mot to a flame when it comes to nominating someone who might be able to make them a quick few pence, and who would have more of a background in media and entrepreneurship.”

“Perhaps, Richard they see the presidency being only for within Ireland itself, and within the present time frame.”

“On several radio stations I have made the point that there is more to the Irish presidency than representing Ireland to Ireland, there is also the responsibility and the challenge of representing Ireland to the world. But it seems to have fallen on deaf ears.”

“There are two party candidates going to be on the ballot paper.





May I ask your thoughts on them?”

“Of course. First of all, they are two career politicians running for a non-politician role. One, would it seems to me, would attempt to knot Church and State in a single bind, and the other, well I have no time for one who would in his own hand sign and consign his own father to a poorhouse; to a workhouse. The thought of a president signing bills into law having done such a dreadful thing to his own family; to his own father is for me morally unacceptable.”

“But he is an intellectual man, Richard. He is liked by many and has worked very hard throughout his life as a politician.”

“There are intellectuals who are humble, and they contribute greatly to world knowledge, and there are intellectuals who are arrogant, and their contribution is but to the world of their own ego.”

“Even long before the independent intellectual Senator was forced to leave the presidential race the Irish people it seems were yearning, Richard to have a wider selection of independent candidates be on the ballot paper.”

“As things stand it is certain that the two celebrity independent candidates, namely Mr. Gallagher from the Media/Entrepreneurial sector, and Mrs. Davis from the Sports/Charities will be on the ballot paper. However, what is glaringly obvious to those around the country and abroad whose world is more of an academic, literary, philosophical, and artistic nature is that there is no intellectual being represented on the independent ticket. This is unacceptable for a country that prides itself in having four literary Nobel Laureates, and one physics. Only this week, the QS World University Rankings 2011/12 came out, and one university alone saw a rise: University College Cork, and was the first Irish university to achieve a five-star rating in the rankings. The report also shows a drop for most universities in Ireland. Trinity College Dublin, University College Dublin, Dublin City University, and the National University of Ireland, Galway in particular all having experienced dramatic falls.”





“So, is there a way to have an intellectual on the independent ticket?”

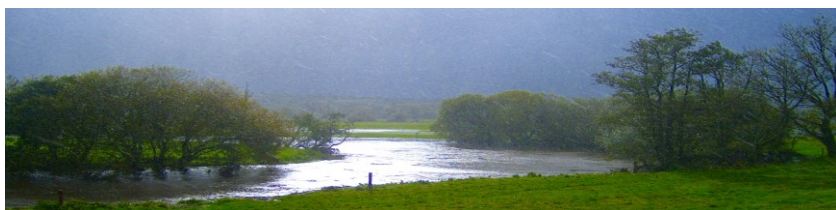
“The remaining councils around the country have an ideal opportunity to set this embarrassing situation right by nominating one who has ably and nobly represented Ireland abroad as a lecturer, scholar, and writer for some nineteen years. There is, Sophie I feel a very real need to have a lover of wisdom; a student of independent thought run. Our youthful Irish intelligentsia deserve to have such a person to identify themselves with - one whose presidential platform is that of Culture, Hospitality, and Tourism.”



A view of Faithlegg's beautifully designed 6674 yards,
18 Hole Golf Course.

“I would love to continue talking, Richard. And especially, I would love to hear more about your platform, but we will have to leave it at that





for now. So what is next for you now on the journey?”

“I am looking forward to meeting more councils and being interviewed on radio, and also on television.”

“Aren’t you a little concerned that the councils could very well treat you like those other councils did?”

“No, not at all, for I am always very positive and optimistic. A new day is a new day, and of my new day way am I accordingly. And more than anything, I fully believe in the goodness, wisdom, and courage of people. People are wonderful.”

“I would love to continue this conversation, Richard, and to learn about you and your writings, but I know you are very busy, so I will leave it at that for now. On behalf of all your friends back on the East Coast, we wish you every blessing, and will be looking forward to having the opportunity to welcome you as President to New York - welcome you as President to the United States.”

“Thank you so much, Sophie. I will be looking forward to that.”

“Thank you Richard for being so generous with your time.”

“You are most welcome, Sophie. Be with enjoying your sojourning on our lovely isle.”

“I will, Richard, I will. It is so beautiful, and so good it is to be here. And, Richard, keep your great love for your beloved county Cork and city steadfast. At heart they are very proud surely to have one of their own championing a purer and truer love for Ireland and the world.”

“Thank you, Sophie. I certainly will.”

And he went alone and strolled in reflection in the beautiful grounds of Faithlegg.

IRELAND'S PROUD SON OF PLEASANTNESS is reprinted here
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People's Choice for 9th President of Ireland

Sunday, 8th May 2011 - Tuesday, 27th September 2011



OR THE LOVE OF IRELAND,
and the joy of noble adventures.

From Sunday, the 8th May 2011 to Tuesday, 27th September 2011, I put myself forth as a possible independent candidate for the 9th President of Ireland.

Campaign slogan:

'Richard Mc Sweeney the People's Choice for 9th President of Ireland'

A Reflection

Tuesday, 24 May 2011

For Ireland, the People of the Lovely isle spread to the furthest regions of the earth, the ninth presidency will on their behalf be a seven-year enriching commitment to worldwide hospitality.

On Sunday, the eighth of May; it coming up on the thirteenth hour of the day when with sitting at my desk in our airy bright skylightly lit attic composing a poem, that a voice softly spoke from deep within my chest. At first I laughed at it, for so laughable did its meaning seem to me to be. "Run for president."

I tried to ignore it; tried to keep on with my composing, but it just stayed quietly hovering there within my chest as would a spacecraft above a grove of tress of a fragrant dawn. But it wouldn't depart until I agreed to engage with it. I descended the twenty-seven steps of our stairway to Sung-ja who was contentedly cooking lunch in the kitchen. And with reaching the last step, I sat down on it, and I told her I'm going to run for





president of Ireland. With standing at the cooker and continuing to slowly stir a saucepan of delicious smelling mushroom sauce, she smilingly looked over my way, and said. “Richie, Ireland will be blessed.”

When I beheld the gigantic pyramid of qualifications and experiences of the eight presidents to date, my heart became faint within me; my courage weakened.

Soon however, a serenity, joy and confidence nice and slowly welled up within me, and I found myself saying, ‘By the grace of the Almighty, all that needs to be, will be accordingly; all you need is my presence to be.’

The Constitution of Ireland will be my guide, for I will not speak on my own authority, but will declare to the world the goodness that is, and that is to come. Entrusting myself fully to the Constitution, therefore, I will be entering into the rich inheritance of the presidencies. I will strive to preserve a providential tranquillity and balance.

Ireland’s consciousness, enlightened and supported by the Constitution must remain the first source of Ireland’s love, as love in turn helps to strengthen and deepen her consciousness. And this love is a sign and means of intimate harmony with the Lovely isle, and all humankind.

Precisely for this reason, Ireland’s consciousness must go with universal openness, in order that all may be able to find in her the riches of her well-bestowed inheritance.

Such openness, organically joined with the awareness of her own nature and certainty of her own truth is what gives Ireland her missionary dynamism; professing and proclaiming in its integrity the good news to the whole world concerning the marvel that is Ireland. As Head of State, I will be a bright Irish light among the nations; a missionary for truth, dignity, and beauty in the world. A personal emissary sent by the people of Ireland to be the true countenance of Ireland as a place where human dignity reigns supreme.

Ireland, who is humble of heart and proud in spirit, has a responsibility to serve humanity; a mission to enrich the world with





goodness, airiness, and well being. The greatest demands she should ever make should be on herself, while encouraging others to expect more from themselves.

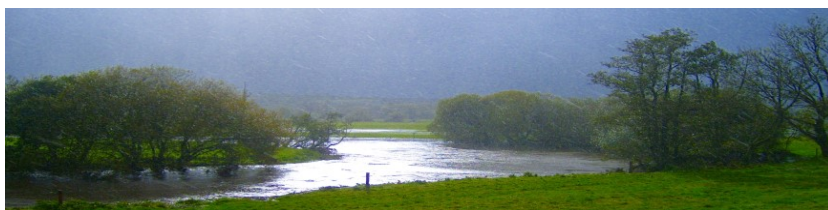
The Ireland that will be entrusted to the ninth president will be sailing on the blessings and joy brought about by the memorable visits to her shores of Queen Elizabeth II, and President Obama. At the same time, she will wisely be doing her best to work with the old in the new; the new in the old. It will be a presidency driven by a desire for us to live purposefully in our own day and time, and to be happy ever happy in our ongoing search for truths about the world and ourselves. This will be a new dimension to the presidency, yet at the same time a renaissance, for in reality such a spirit has always been there albeit it went missing from time to time.

We are of a noble disposition to be hospitable to every person whether we are here on the island or around the world. Even to visitors from the starry beyond would we be hospitable for it's in our nature and culture. This is who we are as individuals and as a people; this is the stock from which we have come, and from which together we confidently move forward.

We as individuals, and as a people are of a mighty certitude about who we are, and where we have come from. Given that blessing; even having earned it to a certain extent we need to place our trust firmly in the highest principles of morality. Volcanic ash clouds in our beautiful skies would be easier to deal with than having ever smouldering fires of corruption in our cherished society.







Address to Kilkenny County Council

2:00 PM, Monday, 19th September 2011



GOOD AFTERNOON,

Cathaoirleach Cuddihy, Leas Cathaoirleach Maher,
Honourable councillors - Ladies and gentlemen.

And I would like to extend a special “As-Salam Alaikum”
to Guy Jones of Lebanon - the Chairman of the Irish-
Lebanese Cultural Foundation which is based here in
Kilkenny. And just to mention - I have twice been to
beautiful Lebanon, and at least three of my seven books
have been influenced by the renowned Lebanese poet-philosopher-artist
Gibran Khalil Gibran. Good to have you here this day, Friend.

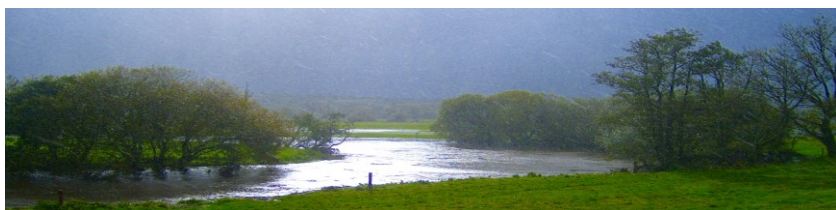
Introduction

It has been a week since I last addressed a council. And in that time
the whole focus of the presidential race has completely changed with the
entrance of the heavyweight Deputy First Minister Martin McGuinness.

All the polls that you’ve been reading about in the newspapers or on
the Internet for the last few weeks have all but become meaningless now
with the entrance of such a candidate. The days of the candyfloss celebrity
type of presidential race that we have seen since the wintry days of
January ended with a bang last Friday at the announcement that Mr.
McGuinness would be running for president. He is a force to be reckoned
with, and who better to take him on in the upcoming debates than one
who is also in his own right a force to be reckoned with?

The presidential race proper starts from today. And you the
Kilkenny County Council is been asked to lead the way; to show that you
comprehend the seriousness of what has taken place over the weekend





with respect to the presidential race.

I am here to ask you to forget what has gone before in the media version of the campaign, and to begin all over anew that you may nominate someone who can take on such person as Mr. McGuinness. And that someone is Richard Mc Sweeney. Don't be naïve enough to think that a business entrepreneur, a certain senator or a director of Special Olympics are up to the challenge. They simply are not. And you know this to be true. The battle has been engaged and it is your responsibility to send forth a worthy opponent. Ask yourselves who do want representing you in the presidential residencies, and royal palaces around the world; who do want addressing the United Nations in New York, and who do want standing in front of the GPO in 2016? Ask yourselves these questions and Kilkenny and Ireland will thank you.

Berkeley & Shefflin

Over the way there, and near Thomastown is a castle ruin. And in that castle or perhaps in a dwelling built on to it was born the brilliant 18th century philosopher George Berkeley.

The city of Berkeley, and Berkeley University in California are named after him, and also a Library at Trinity College in Dublin.

And in our own day an outstanding example of excellence can be seen in the person of Henry Shefflin.

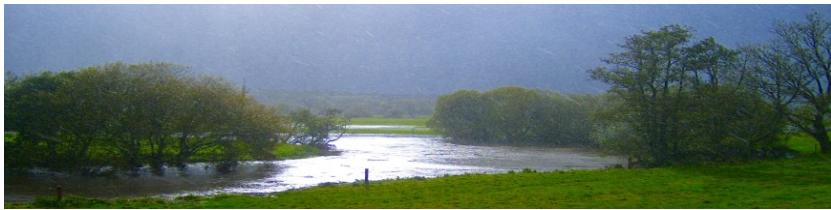
George Berkeley could do marvels with a quill and words; Henry Shefflin can do so with a camán and sliotar. Both remarkable artists for their contribution to excellence.

Shamrock

In my presidency, I will also be striving to make a worthy contribution to excellence. I will be focusing on three main areas which I am convinced will greatly help create more jobs, and opportunities for development.

For jobs more than money and property can help solve





many of our problems.

We have THREE resources - three treasures to help see us through our difficulties.

Culture - a living culture. Having lived abroad for 19 years as a lecturer and scholar I can well appreciate tradition, heritage, and education.

Hospitality - we can do a whole lot better

Tourism - from Rathlin Island to Cape Clear island
- from Howth to Cliften

This will be the Discover Ireland I will be promoting

Conclusion

You and I are the courageous sons and daughters of ancient heroes. And as a heroic band are we assembled here this September afternoon by the bank of the Nore to give expression - above n' beyond our own self-interests, and party political affiliations - to our TRUE love for Ireland.

The eyes of the Irish World around the World are upon us these days to see how responsibly, wisely, and democratically we are selecting our next president. Let's do them and ourselves proud.

My follow heroes - we have much to do - places near and far await our arrival.

And we must needs be on our way with Wisdom, Confidence, Joy, and Determination for the Love of our CHILDREN - our CULTURE , and our COUNTRY

I AM a breath of fresh air for Ireland and the World.

Nominate me.

The people of Kilkenny - people of Ireland will be most grateful to you for helping to provide them with this opportunity to decide for themselves who they would like to have as their president. Having a





choice is such a wonderful source of pride both for the individual citizen, and the nation.

Fadó, fadó, nuair a bhí Árd Rí ar Éirinn ... and this High King of Ireland - this First Citizen of Ireland was the crème de la crème of our people.

Let's make history. Let's be history-makers you, and I.

A dhaoine uaisle - Go raibh míle maith agaibh.





Address to Fingal County Council

2:00 PM, Tuesday, 20th September 2011



GOOD AFTERNOON,

Mayor, Honourable councillors - Ladies and gentlemen.

A special welcome to those tuning in on the Internet. This is wonderful - the first council I have addressed where it is also going out over the Internet - an example of true democracy.

It's good to be back in lovely Dublin. I lived for four years nearby - happy memories. Congratulations on winning the

All-Ireland!

Lead in with a brief biography.

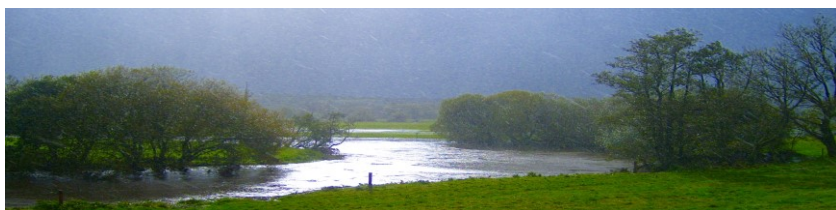
Introduction

As things stand at the moment in the presidential race it is certain that the people of Dublin - the people of Ireland will have two celebrity independent candidates on the ballot paper - one from the Media/Entrepreneurial sector, and one from the Sports/Charities.

However in saying that - there is no bone fide independent candidate on the ticket - for while they themselves may claim to be independent - their teams have very strong party political affiliations.

My team and I are the only GENUINE honest-to-goodness independent offering - and have been so since the early days of May. We have not huddled with councillors in hotel lobbies; in restaurants or in pubs - prior to any Council meetings - in order to get them to propose, second, and nominate me - for we believe the First Citizen of Ireland-To-Be just doesn't do such things.





We are offering the people of Ireland a person of independent thought, and who is an independent.

Shamrock

In my presidency, I will be striving to make a worthy contribution to excellence. I will be focusing on three main areas which I am convinced will greatly help create more jobs, and opportunities for development.

For jobs more than money and property can help solve many of our problems.

We have THREE resources - three treasures to help see us through our difficulties.

Culture - a living culture. Having lived abroad for 19 years as a lecturer and scholar I can well appreciate tradition, heritage, and education.

Hospitality - we can do a whole lot better

Tourism - from Rathlin Island to Cape Clear island
- from Howth to Cliften will be the
Discover Ireland that I will be promoting.

Religion

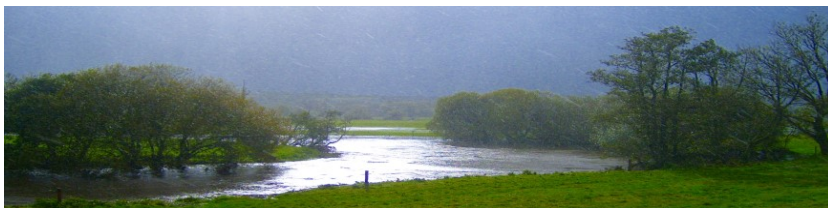
In addition to these, I as a SPOKESPERSON for the Irish people will be dedicating myself to establishing a NEW kind of TRUST between the Irish People and our 1600 year-old Irish Catholic Church. This is a problem which is not going to go away over night.

Among the candidates - I feel I am best suited temperament wise and patience wise, and experience wise to tackle it for I lived for six years on the 'inside' as a seminarian. I have a good idea of how these people think. Politics is not the solution to a non-political problem.

Anecdote

Let me tell you a story - which will give you an idea of the kind of person I am.





Back in 1997 I was living in Saudi Arabia. And of a day I went on a great adventure. I drove with my wife and two children 800 miles from Jeddah on the Red Sea coast through the desert to Tabouk, and from there to the port city of Aqaba in southern Jordan. At Customs - we encountered a problem over a single almost insignificant document. Now a French family who had arrived there before us encountered the same problem. However, with losing their temper at the border guards, and the Customs Officer they abandoned their efforts, and instead turned around and headed back into the desert from whence they had come. My approach being different - in that I was very patient, courteous, tenacious, and diplomatically persuasive, the Customs Officer and his guards found themselves after three hours and several cups of tea - in a good place - where they had no problem whatsoever with letting us drive on over into Jordan. And they even wished us the very best. Not a penny left my pocket, nor did they ask me for any, for we were in a place of mutual respect. And from Aqaba we continued north to within view of Lake Galilee, before turning around and driving all the way back to Jeddah. A roundtrip of 2,000 miles. And that was all possible through I being very patient, courteous, tenacious, and diplomatically persuasive.

This is the kind of refreshingly dauntless personality I bring to the office of president.

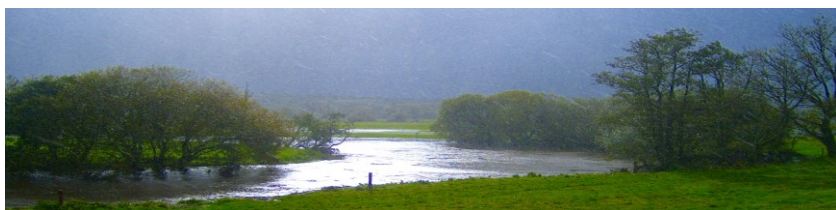
Double in

As Dublin has no double - so too Richard Mc Sweeney has no double - we are one of a kind YOU AND I - and as such do we serve OUR IRISH PEOPLE and the World in our own unique and beautiful way. We've got style.

You and I are the courageous sons and daughters of ancient heroes.

And as a heroic band are we assembled here this September afternoon by the shore of the Irish Sea to give expression - above n' beyond our own self-interests, and party-political affiliations - to our





TRUE love for Ireland.

The eyes of the Irish World around the World are upon us these days to see how responsibly, wisely, and democratically we are selecting our next president. Let's do them and ourselves proud.

My follow heroes - we have much to do - places near and far await our arrival.

And we must needs be on our way with Wisdom, Confidence, Joy, and Determination for the Love of our CHILDREN - our CULTURE, and our COUNTRY

From the warm fragrant days of May I have been steadily and tenaciously riding the turbulent seas, and mighty winds of the Áras race.

I AM a breath of fresh air for Ireland and the World.

I have the personality, the international experience, ability, and love of Ireland to be an admirable and much loved First Citizen of Ireland.

I am asking you fellow servants of Ireland to let the people of Dublin- to let the people of Ireland have the choice to decide if they would like to have me as their president. That's all I ask.

And I will leave you with this thought. Who do you want representing you in the presidential residencies, and royal palaces around the world for the next SEVEN years; whose face and voice do you want to have addressing the United Nations in New York or standing in front of the GPO in 2016?

Fadó, fadó, nuair a bhí Árd Rí ar Éirinn ... and this High King of Ireland - this First Citizen of Ireland was the crème de la crème of our Irish people. Let's make history you, and I. And let's do it in style.

A dhaoine uaisle - Go raibh míle maith agaibh.





A credible alternative candidate

Wednesday, 21st September 2011



EMPLATE OF AN OPEN EMAIL

sent to undecided Councils throughout
the country - reference: Nominations

For example to: South Dublin County Council

Sent: 8:25:45 PM, Wednesday, 21st September 2011

Councillors:

Emer Higgins, William Lavelle, Guss O'Connell, Eamon Tuffy,
Tony Delaney, Breeda Bonner, Trevor Gilligan, Gino Kenny,
Matthew McDonagh, Therese Ridge, Marie Corr, John Hannon,
Cathal King, Brian Lawlor, Chris Bond, Colm Brophy, Máire
Devine, Mick Duff, Pamela Kearns, Dermot Looney, Eamonn
Walsh, Emma Coburn, Paddy Cosgrave, Anne-Marie Dermody,
John Lahart

Subject: Presidential race - a request to place a credible alternative
candidate on the ballot paper

Dear Councillors,

I would like to thank you for the warm reception I received last
week from the South Dublin County Council. It was an honour and a joy
to be there, and to have such a nice opportunity to field some great
questions.

I also compliment you on your Mayor Caitriona Jones for her
excellent chairing of the meeting. Her style was most admirable, it being





clearly identifiable by its pleasantness, fairness, and strength of character.

I would like to encourage you if I may to consider putting a motion of nomination forth for me at this coming Monday's meeting. I am asking you with full integrity of heart, to listen to what the Irish people have been saying for weeks. And that is to place a credible alternative candidate on the ballot paper.

As things stand this evening in the presidential race, it is quite perceivable and even possible that the independent members of the government, the political parties, and the Councils will be offering the people of Dublin; the people of Ireland the following limited choice for a post that is neither for a politician nor a celebrity.

A possible ballot paper:

Four career politicians: David Norris, Dana Rosemary Scallon, Martin McGuinness, Michael D. Higgins, and Gabriel Mitchell.

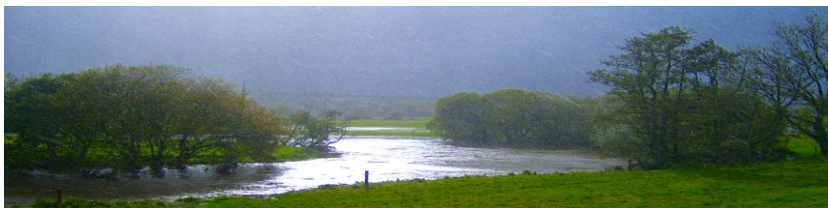
Two independent celebrities: Mrs. Mary Davis from the Sports/Charities sector, and Mr. Seán Gallagher from the Media/Business entrepreneurial.

And even the road itself to the presidency is being presented to the people as if it were a political campaign of some sort, for the very same tactics are being employed. There is something wrong here; some misinterpretation of the Constitution.

Where is the true candidate to fit the post?

I have run the good race since the early days of May - ran it with dignity, honour, and pride. And throughout I have strictly prohibited my team from huddling with any mayors, chairpersons or councillors in hotel lobbies, in restaurants or in pubs, etc. prior to any Council meeting in order to get them to propose, second, and nominate me. For I am of the firm belief that the First Citizen of Ireland-To-Be does not lower himself to do such things albeit there is nothing illegal in doing so. Yet for me, I believe there is something ignoble; something undemocratic about it.





I believe in democracy, and in the democratic process, and it is for this reason that I have been addressing the Local Councils, for I see them as being the closest to the people.

Humbly, I will say that with my warm personality; width of international experience, ability, and love of Ireland, I can with diligence become an admirable and much beloved First Citizen both at home and around the world. I am a credible candidate; an intellectual who will satisfy to an acceptable degree the aspirations and needs of all parties and independents, for I am consistently a person of independent thought, and who comparable to the sun though independent of all greatly benefits all.

While there is still time to do so, I would request that you place me on the ballot paper. Courageously let the people know that in accordance with our Constitution you understand clearly that the role of President of Ireland is not for a politician or a celebrity, however long they have been in politics or basking in ephemeral limelight.

It saddens me that the political parties have not so far been magnanimous enough to propose and nominate worthy independent candidates. We are all in this together for the well being of all people on the island. Why such parochialism; why not be more cosmopolitan in the way we approach such important matters?

The eyes of the Irish World around the World, and not alone the Irish eyes, but also the eyes of the newly emerging democracies in the Middle East and North Africa are upon us these days to see how responsibly, wisely, and democratically we are selecting our next president. Let's do them and ourselves proud.

I invite you to view my most recent addresses to Councils:

South Dublin, Kilkenny, and Fingal.

<http://www.politicalworld.org/showthread.php?t=8478&page=31>

Let us be history-makers.

A dhaoine uaisle - Go raibh míle maith agaibh.





Richard

A happily married man, and devoted father.





Final Address Of My Campaign

2:45 PM, Monday, 26th September 2011



KILDARE COUNTY COUNCIL

Good afternoon, Cathaoirleach, Honourable councillors,
Ladies and gentlemen.

It's LOVELY to be in such a ROYAL place as Nás na
Riogh.

Lead in with a brief biography.

Introduction

While there is still time, I am asking you with full integrity of heart to listen to what the Irish people have been asking of the Councils for weeks.

And that is to place a credible non-politician candidate on the ballot paper.

As things stands at the moment the people of Ireland will have to choose from four CAREER politicians, and two 'seemingly' independent candidates for a post that is Constitutionally non-political.

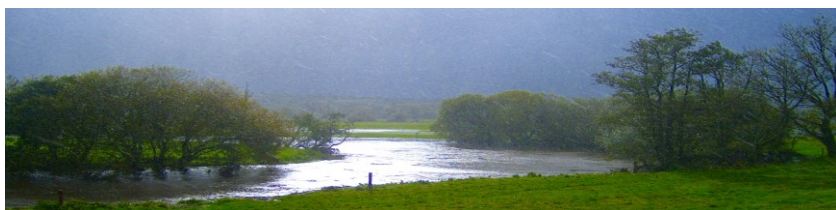
Clearly, this is NOT what the Irish people have been asking for of the Councils.

And even the road itself to the presidency is being presented to the people as if it were a political campaign of some sort for the very same tactics are being employed.

There is something wrong here; some misinterpretation of the Constitution.

Where is the TRUE candidate to FIT the post?





I have been running the good race since the early days of May with dignity, honour, and pride, and in full sight of the media, yet given no coverage.

Throughout, I have strictly prohibited my team from huddling with any mayors, chairpersons or councillors in hotel lobbies, in restaurants or in pubs - or - from harassing them with emails and telephone calls - prior to Council meetings such as this in order to get them to propose, second, and nominate me.

For I am of the firm belief that the First Citizen of Ireland-To-Be does not lower himself to do such things albeit there is nothing illegal in doing so. Yet for me, I believe there is something ignoble; something undemocratic about it.

You see, I believe in democracy, and in the democratic process and it is for this reason that I have been addressing the Local Councils up and down the country. Kildare County Council is my Tenth.

For I see them, I see you as being the closest to the hearts and minds of the people.

Humbly, I will say that with my warm personality; depth of international experience, academic competency, and love of Ireland, I can become a very effective President, and a much beloved First Citizen of Ireland both at home and around the world.

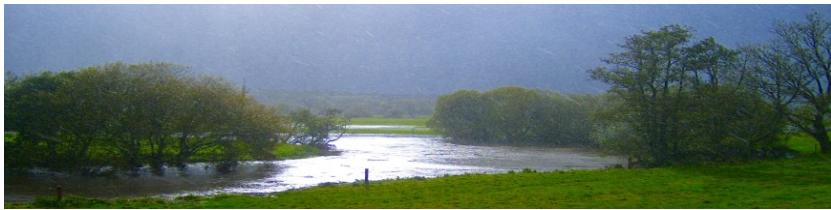
I am a credible candidate who will satisfy to an acceptable degree the aspirations and needs of all parties and independents, for I am consistently a person of independent thought, and who comparable to the sun though independent of all greatly benefits all.

Like our FIRST president, Dr. Douglas Hyde I am the ideal ALL-PARTY candidate for I tick all the RIGHT boxes.

Shamrock

In my presidency, I will be striving to make a worthy contribution to excellence. I will be focusing on THREE main areas which I am





convinced will greatly help create more jobs, and opportunities for development.

I will be actively working with all Departments of the government to promote:

Culture - a living culture rather than a deceased culture.

Hospitality - but we can do so much better

Tourism - from Rathlin Island to Cape Clear island
- from Howth to Cliften this will be the
Discover Ireland that I will be promoting.

Religion

In addition to these - I as a SPOKESPERSON - for the Irish people will be dedicating myself to establishing a NEW kind of TRUST between the Irish People and - OUR- 1600 year-old Irish Catholic Church.

This moral ambiguity; this non-political problem is not going to go away over night.

Godolphin Arabian

I want to tell an equestrian story to the people of county Kildare - a people who are worldwide renowned for their splendid horses. Back in a year of yesterday - it being 1724, the Godolphin Arabian STALLION was foaled in Yemen of Arabia. He was exported via Syria to Tunis as one of four stallions to be presented by the Ruler of Tunis to the King of France. Three of these horses were set free in the forests of Brittany in order to improve the local stock. The fourth stallion, the Godolphin Arabian - was for some reason given to the palace cook to draw his vegetable cart through the streets of Paris. Now of a day - a man called Edward Coke - who had an eye for the exquisite, spotted him and bought him from the cook. This 'nobody-dark horse' - this diamond in the rough went on to be a founder of the modern Thoroughbred horse racing stock.





Only those who are on the look out for the exceptional one can recognize him when he comes into their presence.

“His shoulders were deeper, and lay farther into his back, than those of ANY horse yet seen.”⁶

The Eyes of the Irish World

The eyes of the Irish World around the world, and not alone the Irish eyes but those of the eyes of the newly emerging democracies in the Middle East and North Africa are upon us these days to see how responsibly, wisely, and democratically we are selecting our next president.

Please avoid giving the impression that people with checkered pasts are good enough for the Presidency of Ireland. They simply are not.

And, what you don't want to do is to elect anyone who potentially may have great difficulty later being accepted for instance in the cultures of the Middle East and Far East. These cultures which we will very much need as TRADING PARTNERS in the coming years are very different from our Irish culture.

Having lived within them for nineteen years I know this to be a FACT.

We don't need to be alienating cultures, and depriving ourselves of golden opportunities.

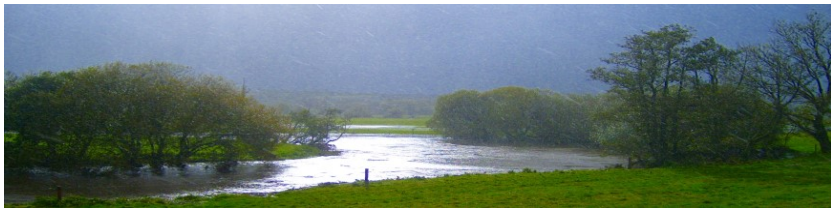
Wiser it would be it seems to me to send to them AS president a happily married man and devoted father.

They think traditional family, and understand family as such.

That is the way it is, and it is very much up to us (to a degree) to accommodate them accordingly. And we can admirably do so for we too are a people who for the most part think traditional family, and understand family as such.

And having had two brothers, and now two nephews in the Defence Forces who have between them done several tours in Lebanon,





Kosova, Liberia, and Chad - I know that they and their fellow soldiers want to have as their president a Supreme Commander-in-chief they can feel proud of and as such honoured to serve.

Fadó, fadó, nuair a bhí Árd Rí ar Éirinn ... and this High KING of Ireland - this First Citizen was the crème de la crème of our Irish people.

In this lovely afternoon here in Nás na Riogh, Contae Chill Dara let's cause TRUE democracy to reign supreme.

A dhaoine uaisle do the right thing - be of a spirit and the courage to nominate the ideal ALL-PARTY candidate in order to FREE UP the future and let Ireland and the World have one MARVELLOUS breath of fresh air.

Go raibh míle maith agaibh.

Postscript

Kildare County Council made their decision on who to nominate on Wednesday morning the 28th September 2011.







Political World - online forum

Sunday, 12th June 2011 - Thursday, 29th September 2011



MY JOURNEY TO ÁRAS AN UACHTARÁIN, N' THE WORLD

[My journey to Áras an Uachtaráin, n' the World - Richard Mc Sweeney]

<http://www.politicalworld.org/showthread.php?t=8478&page=32>

Number of views as of the 29th September 2011 was in access of 12,000.

FORUM

29th September 2011, 07:01 AM

In reply to:

[11:50 AM, Wednesday, 28th September 2011

“I’d like to take the opportunity of saying that Richard’s quest for nomination in the Presidential elections was of all the campaigns, the most optimistic, positive and civil.”]

Thanks, Cass.

[12:03 PM, Wednesday, 28th September 2011

“Hear, hear. I hope he continues to his unique and fascinating contributions to PW. Look forward Richard, still lots to do.”]

Indeed, Eamo. Thanks.

[12:32 PM, Wednesday, 28th September 2011

“Indeed! You fought the good fight Richard. Travelling this country





putting your views whiter people like you for it or not is no easy task. You were up against the inside from the beginning but you appear to have stayed true to yourself throughout and must be commended for that alone. There aren't many people left who still see magic in this country and indeed have any sort of vision for it so I hope you stick around Richard. On behalf of the team I'd like to nominate you as President ...of the PW Cultural Society which was founded only moments ago. Feel free contribute and start new threads. Your insight into local and world history was always welcome.”]

Thank you for your gracious words, Five and for the PW Cultural Society nomination. In truth, and with vision let us continue to courageously take on the world.

[01:03 PM, Wednesday, 28th September 2011

“Compliments to Richard for having a good tilt at one of the Irish Windmills and in very positive fashion too. Can't have been easy addressing Councillors in some parts of the country- not the most open-minded of people at the best of times but I hope he and his missus enjoyed the spin and had some fun along the way.”]

Thanks, Captain O'Sullivan. I've met some great people up and down the country. And although we have not met in person, I sense that you are one in greatness. Mightily fortunate are we all to be the beneficiaries of your wisdom.

[01:19 PM, Wednesday, 28th September 2011

“Thanks for sharing your experience of seeking the nomination Richard.”]

You're most welcome, Spectabilis.

Let's (all) continue onward with style :) with dignity, honour and pride let us continue on upon our noble way, for places and people await our happy arrival, and we must not keep them waiting.

Richard









In a garden of the palace

Tuesday, 17th January 2012



WISDOM'S WAY TO WONDER?

Yes, Your Majesty?⁷

Wiseoneder,

What say you of days and nights?

Days and nights, Your Majesty,
appear to the bright

to be filled with light;

Light being dark way out of sight.

And so to say, to say to see

the days and nights appear to me to be

Sunlight, Sundark,

Monlight, Mondark,

Tueslight, Tuesdark,

Wedneslight, Wednesdark,

Thurslight, Thursdark,

Frilight, Fridark,

Saturlight, Saturdark

And by roundalay, thus do I make my way.

And then what of weeks and weekends?

Amend back to strength, and strength takes hold.





Strength lights; strength darks.
Seven lights and darks of strength.
And the months, and years?
Why handfals of strength, light, and dark of course.
Are there no weaknesses in your sight?
Only by choice.
Intriguingly do you make comment on reality.
Me being me simply, Your Majesty.
For everyone there it is to see and make be.







Hélène de beauté complete
is dedicated to
~ Hélène Compper ~
Paris, France.





Héléna de beauté complete

Ante meridiem session: 8:58-9:10, Friday, 3rd February 2012



WHEN I GAZE UPON THEE⁸

my light is renewed;
my heart carried away to a glorious day
when we once strolled along the shore of a sea sublime.
Hold my beauty in your eyes this morn
for the blessedness of Parisian tunes

tremble nimble in my ears

To our time upon the Sahara Nile

when westward it flowed into the Atlantic wide.

Can you behold which dawn caressed

the newness of spring

in the footprints on the dewy moss?

Soft warm brown eyes holding me in time;

smile as white as the snows on the floating horizon.

Gold-white upon thee rests most naturally;

home of contented comfort

comforting contentment with ease.

I must sail on n' on along.

Won't you come join me even for a portion of the way,

oh, poet of the fragrant quill of many the day?





Come; come sail with me here in my ruby floatery
all the way into the Mediterranean Sea.

Ever-welcoming we it will be.

Then, lovely lady of my deep memory,
be it must be.

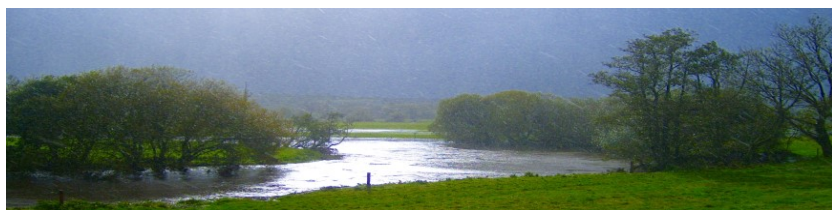
By mid-afternoon, n' by yon promontory grand
will I be with waiting for thee.

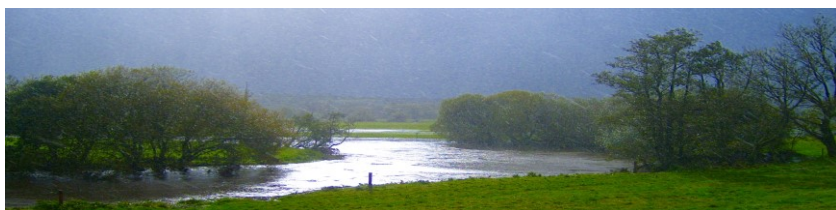
Waiting I will be; yes, too waiting I will be
with the rippling waters carrying me to thee.

By yon promontory grand I will await thee.

Sail with the love of eternity,
sweet Héléna de beauté complète.







Sometimes we are alone in a wall
is dedicated to

~ Mark Sean Orr ~

Raintree County, Indiana.

It was inspired by a wonderful
colour photograph of his titled: “Santuario”
which is featured in his latest beautiful book:

“21st Century Photography

Vol. 4 - A Sense of Place”.

Mark is a Raintree County Genealogical researcher.





Sometimes we are alone in a wall

Ante meridiem session: 8:50-9:02, Wednesday, 8th February 2012



SOMETIMES WE ARE ALONE IN A WALL⁹

making no headway at all.

I have been shut here now for quite some time;

more of a quiet time of it lasting way too long.

Have you seen me ever open in a day of your
lifeline?

Not that I can recall, maybe I did when I small.

Perhaps in a previous time of my line I did.

There are amusements in the texture of the wall,

but I have been of my own way

for such a long while of time revolving

that I have all but forgotten how to play anymore.

Have you shut up windows in the walls of your mind;

bolted up doors hidden in nettles n' briers

about ruins long forgotten therein?

As many are as on the faraway sacred isle of Éire.

I have a hope that some day; yes, some day real soon

I will be what I was ever intended to be:

a light way to the inner; a view way to the outer.

How long have you been closed up; shut up like so?





Oh, it must be well nigh now on a hundred years

if it is a year of day suns n' star nights at all.

Greenery there she keeps me company;

muffles me cosy in winter,

n' fragrant me dizzy in summer.

Have you such companions in your wanderings?

Me? Well yes, thankfully thoughts n' words.

You n' I then are of a kind.


Yes; yes we are.





Rest in sleep that is fully awake

Ante meridiem session: 8:15-8:56, Thursday, 9th February 2012

EAGER I AM TO SEE;
eager I am to see truths¹⁰
over time revealing themselves to humanity.
Still be the night of the flight of the rare seed
coming in over the golden horizon of tomorrow's
furrow opening itself wide to the conclusion
that somewhere in between cause n'
The subordination of effect there is much
now to do beyond my fourteen thousand
transcriptions in the shelved wall.
File under file is the message hiding itself
with an ever increasing magnitude of simple mystery.
Hold open your hand for the morrow of too soon
is coming with the new moon.
Close my hand to open it wide to see that which
is floating right now over you as we speak.
What can you hear in the waterfalls of your mind?
A noonday tide coming in from the Mid-Atlantic Ridge.
Look into my eyes n' see the finest of transformations
happening on this side of a heavenly drawn line.





Have you the time to explore the past of the future?

Many the day n' night; many the night n' day

has it been making its way known to me,
be it on a pillow low by where the waters
of sweet enlightenment flow or in the alpine snow.

Lift your eyes to my eyes to see what I have seen,

n' do still see though the physical aspects of me
had taken to laying out of sight
n' for a time being no more.

Tip your hat to the cat that snoozes away

on the sunny moss-topped dividing wall,
n' you will be coming into a place
of rare mystery found in the simplest
n' most innocent of living things.

Slow is fast when you are making tracks

into the place where no return
is advancing itself into beatitudes.

So you want to draw treasures from the sacred cache?

Yes; yes, I do.

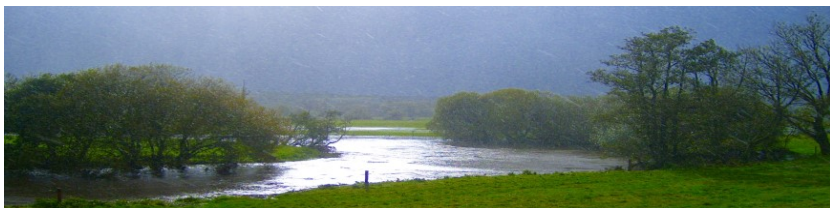
Then you will need to be of an excellent listening ear.

I hear tell it has been told that they

who spice the food of life are ten thousands times
more carefree than the eagle who soars on high.

Amazing it is that the perplexity of the bilge





of the galaxy has a way of moving itself to the bridge
without ever being observed.

Many are the phenomenon that are weaving n' purling
in such an anchor free way;
rejuvenating themselves come what may.

Come move with me to the cosmopolitan advantage
of a huge smallness taking for itself
an island off to the east of west.

I will tell you of a told that I heard tell when I was
with a great listening ear to be found.

Imagine an image conceived in an imagining that is invisible,
yet can be seen quite clearly with the eyes fully shut.

Your time is rolling itself into a delightful eddy
that is spreading itself to ripple all the way
over the grasses n' on into the sea.

Now is the blessing in the double daffodils
beginning to present itself to the landscape of your mind.

I have a mind that rests itself
in footholds of Paris n' Khartoum.

Do you believe in the belief that belief itself can
be truly believed in not alone for its own sake
but also for the sake of someone already unknown
who sits right before you?

When I place my mind in my heart





I am told that it calls itself by a different name;
a name more beautiful n' powerful than mind.
Now the glance forms the twofold eyes that can see
round n' about space n' time not to mention time n' space
that being not the same when reversed.
Solve the riddle to discover a riddle n' your life
will be a solving n' the finding of riddles.
I am in need of looking into with the fairest of eyes
out front, n' to their sides two ears sensitively tuned.
Awake now from your wakefulness n' be
with this new n' glorious spring day.
Your day is in the making of certitude made simple
to those who will step on to the floating cloud.
Tell that you were in conversation with me
n' some from among them will take you seriously.
Worry not with any worry about those who are not open
to the mysteries waiting to be revealed.
Conceal them in the wide open; yes, conceal
in the wide open, n' no one this side of day or night
save the bright of light will be able to recognise them
for their true worth.
Lay low on a pillow of clouds that surround the next full moon.
Sniping n' pounding with nobody seemingly
in the wide wider world taking any heed at all.





This isn't right; morality we are leaving disappear out of sight.

Surely is not so sure; not so sure no longer safe

when it finds itself misplacing human dignity.

Homs of Syria on my mind; homes of Syria.

Families of Hom's n' cities about n' beyond

all the way to Damascus causing me pain

all the way out to the tips of my lengthy hair.

Who by what; where by how produces a man

that is allowing or even is causing to have destroyed

his lovely wife's ancestral city?

The Orontes floods tears with passing by,

n' no doubt gentle she too in a chamber out of view.

Rest in sleep that is fully awake;

dream dreams therein n' be

unto yourself a mirror of serenity.

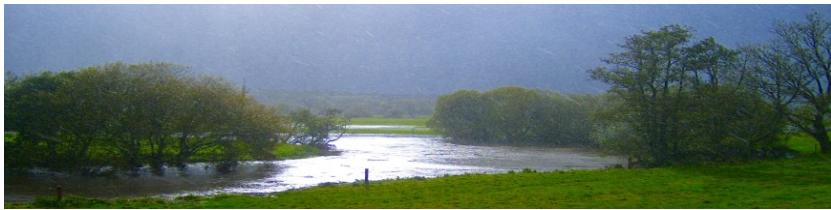
Be yourself unto yourself that you may be

yourself unto selves of yourself.

Awake now.







My parents they taught me well to be

Ante meridiem session: 8:17-8:41, Friday, 10th February 2012



ALL SHIPS RACING THROUGH THE WATERS
calling me¹¹ in my sleep;
making me want to leave behind everything I hold dear.
Hills of my fathers n' valleys of my mothers
the sea is calling me,
n' I must needs be to go n' roam.

Signing up in the pretty village of Ceann Toirc, n'

Making my way to the port of Plympton.

Will be a man of the sea soon, so I will.

Thomas Mc Sweeney will be a mariner;

yes, a mariner poet from the lovely isle of Éire;

Oileán na mBeo.¹²

Been assigned of late to the HMS Rodney.

She will be my barque to the Mediterranean Sea.

Hoping to get at least a look at the sacred promontory.

Richard, my clansman can you hear me speaking to thee?

Yes, I can Thomas, clearly.

For a long time now; along long time now

have I been buried in this sacred ground

with listening to the sound of the gentle wavy sea





about this lovely isle comforting me.
Richard, I did no wrong at all, I am telling you.
Yet they made me mortally pay for something
any Irishman in my shoes would have done.
I stood up against a bully I did, so I did.
And I had well kept my patience under keep.
But you know how it is with these fellows.
They have no respect for you in the first place,
n' every step of the way after that
is merely an opportunity for them
to humiliate you all the more.
My parents they taught me well to be
courteous n' generous of heart, mind, n' body.
Be kind n' polite to the world n' willing work
was the way they taught the right.
Now, that evening in July off Barcelona of Catalonia;
it being the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel,
I was about to take my night's rest,
having sent my prayers to the starry heavens, when he,
Lance Sergeant James T. Allen of Kent, England
came n' accused me in a way
that to no other member of the crew
would he used to do.
Only me did he single out.





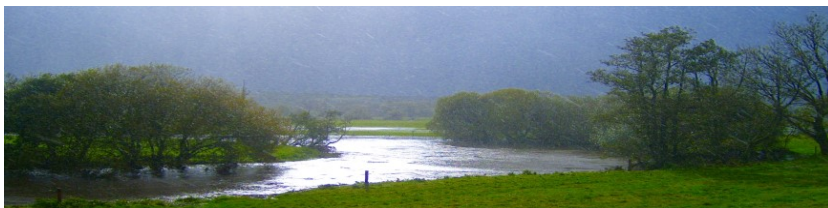
The why I don't know.
Could it be that I am an Irishman?
Could it be that I am a Catholic?
Could it be just for no reason at all?
And it was the toneless way he spoke;
 the snigger in his lower lip n' the darkness in his eye
 that caused in that very moment of an instant
 my patience to be drawn forward into his crafty world.
Sure, I did no more mean to hurt him
 than I would hurt a fly.
All I wanted to do, was to let him know
 that enough had now reached its limit in me.
And didn't I instinctively jump down into the waist after him
 to give him a hand to get to his feet.
Tore off my shirt, I did, n' with tears falling
 did I tuck it gently beneath his damaged head.
In five days sure alas he was dead!
They took me away, n' locked me away;
 bringing me all the way here to the isle of Malta.
And with a total disregard for my innocence
 well presented to them in my defence,
 they sentenced me to view the HMS Rodney
 from her yardarm on high.
Ran they along the deck below they did.





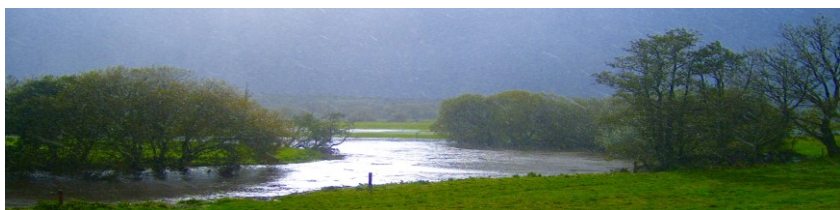
Saw them with my own eyes.
And all about the Grand Harbour
were tear filled balconies.
Little did they standing thereupon know,
that it was a mere prelude to a coming show.
Twelve days hence mounted to the British throne
Princess Alexandrina Victoria of Kent.
Made an example of me they did;
letting the people of this lovely isle,
now my second home, well know,
that they would be crushing them too low.
And all this very long while have I laid here,
with from time to time taking myself to strolling
about the grounds n' gateway in gratitude
to those faithful believers,
who have month in month out,
n' year in following year out
come with prayers in their hearts n' upon their lips,
to place fresh flowers o'er me,
n' to light candles bright about me.
Their love is lovingly always in my sight.
When they come to me with their problems, I heal them.
And when they tell me of their needs, I listen to them,
n' pass them on to Our Lady of Mount Carmel

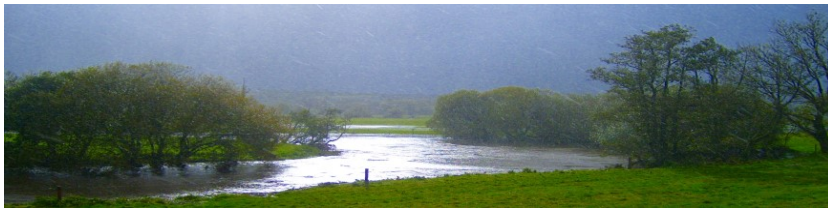




to make them come into be.
Richard, you have remembrance of me in thee.
Let the truth about me be made clear.
My parents, my descendants, my clansmen; my people
deserve a formal admittance from someone in Admiralty
that a grave miscarriage of justice took place in my day.
The past is ever-present in the today,
n' that which has been proved to be wrong
needs to be set right for future generations.
My once short life up to Thursday, the 8th June 1837
can't be brought back or continued,
but a life anew for me can come through.
We will talk again, Richard.
Go raibh míle maith agat agus slán go fóill.¹³







Ubertas et Fidelitas

Post meridiem session: 2:30-2:43, Monday, 13th February 2012



MILE IN YOUR EYES

rolls into my heart as a fragrance
ascending to the sunlight.¹⁴

Love is in the beauty coming through
with the touch of the landscape
leaning into the misty sweetness

of a harmony dancing pleasantly

Through the ancient forests

of my island home.

Far away be ever near in my heart it be.

Ubertas et Fidelitas.¹⁵

See Cradle Mountain in my dreams.

I trustingly raise my heart to majesty

for that is a calling announcing to me

a role yet to come.

Shimmering in my heart is a love all above

the dreams n' imaginings of my childhood

coming round to me now in the pure beauty

of our children's eyes.

Frederik, my Love,





you found me or was it I found you?
Slipped into each other's lives we did in full view.
Our love is the bliss of my life.
Feeling light when I think of you;
 missing you, n' missing you
 be that time apart stretching
 but from lunch to mid-afternoon tea.
When that time will come;
 n' come surely it will,
 may you find me, my Love
 to be your strength in strength.
Longevity be with Her Majesty.
Long live our strength-full Majesty.
Long live Her Majesty Queen Margrethe
 for Her humble servant sees herself
 to be not ready yet.
Long live Your Majesty.





Being of a Parzival in kind

Ante meridiem session: 8:53-9:27, Tuesday, 14th February 2012



CATCH ME IF YOU CAN WHISTLING

in the grove over by the river.

Touch the hand of the foot that builds
mountains out of furrows in plain view.

Have you come here this day to hear a storm speak
or to climb on alpine words?

I have come to hear of what you¹⁶ are now seeing.

All is gone n' is yet becoming so there is no need
to be taking refuge in a hollow place.

All is good when we look into it.

Over the hills there;

there is the next of tomorrow.

Can you see it?

Triangular is the new square,

n' the square the new rounding.

Nine times nine give the impression of time,

but it is no more time than the grandfather clock
that stands in the foyer of the castle.

Of which castle do you mean?

Ah, the one over by the milk churns.





Bring the cows round for it is milking time,
n' we must be with work a doing.
Do you often see the new day
before it comes into full view?
Look with your hand half held like so
n' the whole world you can behold.
Why would you want to know of the things
which only exist in the future?
I have memories in abundance of being in the future,
n' of telling myself that the past is now all well
within my predication gap.
Are you sure that a great catastrophe
is going to take place in the world of my day?
It is already in full swing n' soon will be
nearing its completion.
People had thought that we should,
according to your words, be on the lookout
for a lot more all told by you long ago.
Long ago, as you call it was but a moment.
Now we are in a new moment n' new moments
lend themselves to new interpretations.
Are you saying then, that what you once said
would happen in the future is now
no longer going to happen?





Sun rises in the evening fields of Dakota,
n' in the dawn hides itself in Lake Baikal.
Be no more afraid of today or tomorrow
than you are of nothing whatsoever unknown to you.
Are you a false seer then or a misunderstood man
from this profoundly beautiful hill country?
I am who I am; one who sees things that others don't.
Let you hair blow in the wind,
n' you too will be given to seeing,
n' even more so given to hearing things
that only the trees in the groves are given to hear.
I being of a Parzival in kind,
though much more inclined
to ask the right kind of questions, you know.
Is it true the end of the world
is now coming within our view?
Questions; questions for heaven's sake,
whenever did questions have anything to do
with answers that persuade the new flowers of spring
to be in the winter sphere?
I am lost; you have lost me.
I no longer know which way is forward forth
or sideways over by latitude on to longitude going.
Now I can begin to tell you things,





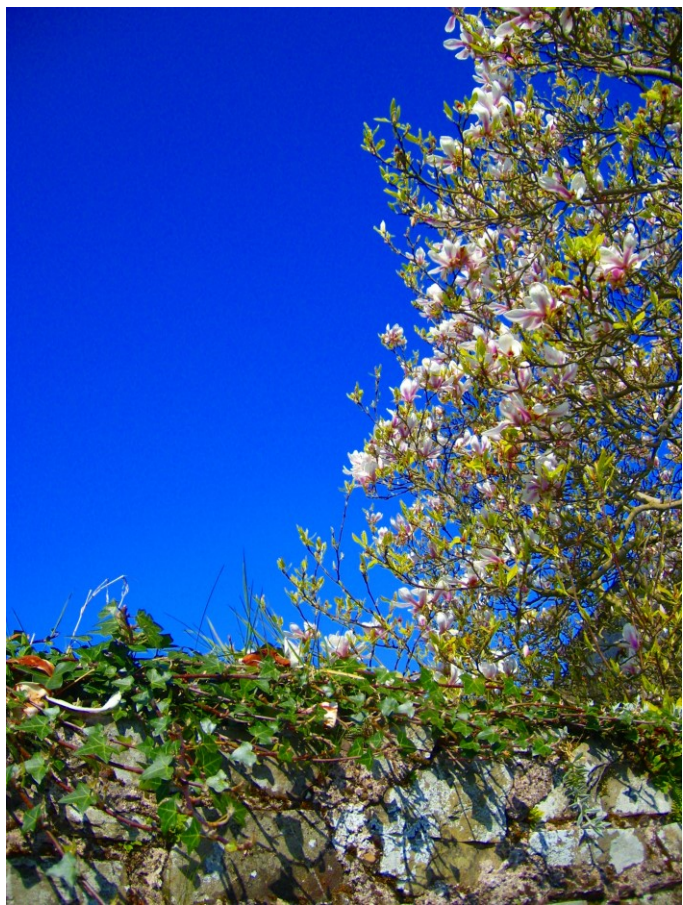
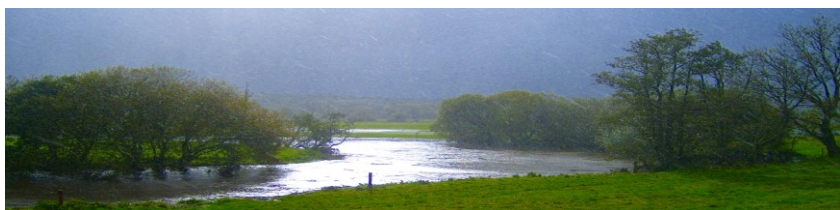
seeing that confusion has brought you
to the threshold of your companionship with the ages.
Have you lost your mind or is it my mind
that is loosing itself in your words?
No one at all is loosing their mind,
rather you are meeting your mind as if for the first time.
Let the purple heather find itself in your deliberations
with abnormal normality,
n' scientific compromise;
they not yet being able to find
any clear pathway past their past.
Tingle tumble fanciful free are words n' phrases
that now seem to be making a whole lot of sense to me.
You are ready then, are you, to take yourself to listening
beyond what you can hear with your ears?
I really don't know if I am or not;
I have forgotten who I was before I came into your presence.
Then, let us leave all things as they are,
n' go strolling in the pastures over the way.
Cows, foxes, n' rabbits teach me how to be me;
how to be a human of the sea come to land
having had first come from the sky on high.
Where with what, we came from the sky?
Isn't it obvious?

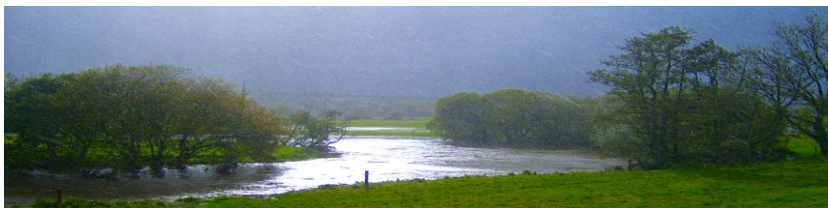




I thought; well, I thought that we were always here
in one form or another.
That is what you have got from reading cover-bounded books,
n' viewing framed screens.
Extend your reading outside covers n' beyond frames.
Come; come let's stroll in the hills
n' I will show how to access
the sacred cache of knowledge.
I know of no such cache.
Then, let us stroll n' we will turn
that admission into a pathway.
With listening to you, my head;
my mind is no longer what I thought it was,
for I can't seem to remember when or where I was born.
Ah, wonderful;
the pathway is already presenting itself.
Where; whereabouts?







A sagely feminine dreamy touch

Ante meridiem session: 8:51-9:21, Wednesday, 15th February 2012



SEE MYSELF IN COSMIC DIMENSIONS¹⁷

of taken away layers

unfolding themselves in my sanctuary.

I hold to heaven no arm save that of the unfrosted unicorn
prancing about in the fragrant fields.

Some time too soon is the beginning of a favourite tune

that laughs at the speculative rendezvous

Of a flight of doves o're the domed capital.

I have an undecided opinion on the true location

of a periphery sphere that went missing

when I on visitation to over the ways.

Can't say if the hand that stirred the water bowl semi full,

n' now brimming over was of the past coming round

n' heading on off up into the future

or the future rolling on off down into the past.

Strange how the imaginings of an old man go,

n' I am not old at all as far age in numbers go,

yet seeing things I am that need to be told so.

Last night in the middle of a sad state of affairs up ahead,

I heard read words in the corridors of my head.





Mind you I can't remember exactly what was said,
but it sounded a whole lot like:
'It is time for us to bake harmony bread.'
I am aware that you don't think me quite the full florin,
but I have known that all this past while
that too much of the green root has a way
of loosening areas of the mind that would otherwise
be able to look out clearer into the after of tomorrow.
I have caught of late a vision of a gate,
n' it was at times swinging half open n' then all but closed.
Gates n' me go over a long ways;
in signs, hinges, n' words go we into the sacred cache.
Lift up your harp n' play upon it for me
tunes of the fourth millennium A.D. to be.
I know no tunes from the future so far taken itself to advance.
Then play me a tune of one hundred years hence.
I know none either from the future so far taken itself to advance.
How about of the week after the next two months?
No, not able to do so from the future so far taken itself to advance.
Of tomorrow morning, then?
No; no not even of tomorrow morning can do.
Has the world fallen into such a prophetic-impooverished condition?
Are there no more seers of the future;
no more messengers of the coming forth?





Not that I know of is the word that is coming to me.
Without seers how can your time move forward with confidence?
We tread it ever so slowly, but more of our going forward
I feel n' reel is of a going backwards.
Though in my day the plague of the body n' limbs
 was a fierce n' frightening thing to behold,
 n' even worse to experience,
 but I fear, your age, alas to be more shocking to me.
Without a doctor, how can the patient be cured;
 without a seer how can a community; a society,
 country, n' even the world be cured?
What do you suppose will happen to the rose
 when it blooms full come the 21st day of this December?
Nothing at all as I can see, but be alert for those
 who will try to modify n' turn about head over heels
 nature's naturalness ever rolling on along.
Baktun¹⁸ Thirteen will come to its natural end,
 n' with the greatest of ease n' timeliness give way it will
 unto the beginning of Baktun Fourteen.
Baktun Fourteen will roll forward n' come to its natural end,
 n' with the greatest of ease n' timeliness give way it will
 of another day unto its successive baktuns.
The Maya of old were able to see all this in full-length view;
 something we from them could well learn to do.





Listen; listen a moment, a voice is coming
in out of the countryside of lost promises
making for themselves a bed in the caldera of Monte Vesuvio.
Stop; stop a moment, a history is unfolding itself
right in the forefront of my eyes.
What history is it?
See the elevation of Jabal al-Sheikh¹⁹ all covered with snow?
See I it in my mind's true eye but not before me can.
Look; see there it is n' about it snows are rapidly melting!
The spring is about to become an unexpected summer
spilling into the Orontes, Jordan, n' Lake Gennesaret,
before levelling itself out in the Dead Sea.
Of what time does your sight say this will be?
In an overnight, wait n' see.
What of a marvel, I have heard tell, that will present itself
in the Nine Pine grove of San Sebastián de Garabandal?²⁰
Wait long on n' long on n' of a something will be seen.
But when will this be; this sight for all to see?
When the sea is rushing about in the Golfo de México.
Your mind gets round about, so it does.
Long, long ago in the never-ending past of the future,
witnessed I a happening that I have never to memory lost.
Extend n' reach your gaze beyond my studies in the halls
of Avignon n' Montpellier, n' your eyes will be,





n' becoming they will be to see an amount
of what is that is making itself a home in me.
Go lay your head upon your bed pillow now,
for your mind is in need of a soothing massage;
a sagely feminine dreamy touch.
Sleep deep there next to her till the new dawn;
rest there till the new day.





Smile in the wonder of time
is dedicated to
~ Natasha Romanov ~
Marbella, Spain.





Smile in the wonder of time

Ante meridiem session: 8:54-9:07, Thursday, 16th February 2012



RICHARD, YOU MAKE ME SMILE

in the wonder of time.

Pleasant is the love that caresses the new moon

in the half door of the future.

Can I hold your hand; can I walk with you

in a forest of daffodils growing as high as

the oak n' the poplar?

Richard, come let the winds of time blow in our hair

as the scent of elegance passes through the valley

of long lost found coming into the sound of violins playing

in the glistening tear drops of our eyes.

I have a thought that if it were to exist in the realty without

would change the world for the greatest good.

Richard, do you ever walk along the crest of waves?

Sure, I do Natasha,²¹ all the time;

it is one of my favourite places to be me.

Oft have I strolled too on the sun drenched floating clouds

o'er the gardens n' waters of La Concepción.²²

Richard, do you think the world is really happening

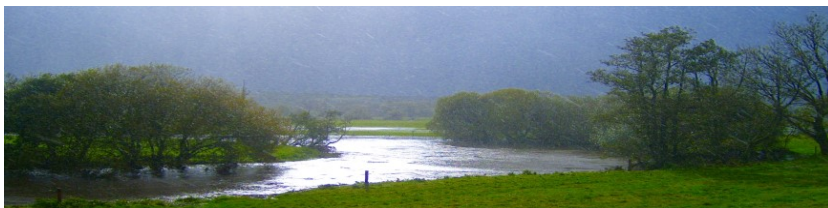
or is it we that are happening in the world's dreams?





Most likely, Natasha it is an alternative of well-wishing
 laughing full-heartedly at shimmering waters.
I know I have been here before, but before when
 has always been drifting itself some ways away from me.
Richard, do you think you have been here before?
Of course, Natasha, n' we will be again as many the times
 as the stars keep reappearing in the bountiful heavens.
I imagine heaven to be here, what do you think?
Heaven is in your simile, Natasha,
 n' in your eyes does it shine bright.
Richard, shall we dance; I love to dance.
Sky n' hills; shoreline n' seas
 play for Natasha n' me
 a magnificent Russian waltz!
Dance; dance, I love to dance,
 I love to dance, dance n' dance!





Balancing raindrops on your fingertips

Ante meridiem session: 7:52-8:20, Saturday, 18th February 2012



SITTING IN A RAILWAY STATION

in the pouring rain

feeling lots of pain.

'No pain no gain.' someone said.

Not sure if such words can be true to form

when all you can think of are the faces n' smiles

of the blessed ones that are now with us no more.

Remembering I am when I was a girl,²³

n' thankfully in many ways still I am.

Well it was a strange time when I walked

across the line, n' peered into the future of mine.

Never thought I would become who I am this day.

Yet, my imagination had brought to my light

in the middle of a night,

that days would come when first a tiara,

n' then a crown would rest upon my head.

Little do we know when we walk real slowly

along the battlements of our minds

that the rain falling on the wide open lawns

is oft a multitude of tears;





tears shed by God the Great Beloved.

Days are like these n' nights more n' of the less too
when even the shadows themselves are reflecting
themselves in the windowpanes.

Richard, do you ever walk in corridors of pain,
n' not being able to speak it out even to the rain?

Yes, I do, Your Royal Highness,
but I love the rain for it talks to me.

What does it say to you this morn?

Well, this morn, Your Royal Highness it is telling me,
that the Kingdom of Norway is thrice blessed.

By once its charming n' dedicated Majesties,
King Harald V & Queen Sonja,
by twice His & Her Royal Highnesses;
the brave n' handsome Crown Prince Haakon,
n' his wise n' beautiful wife,
the Crown Princess Mette-Marit,
n' by thrice its sincere n' noble subjects:
the wonderful people of Norway.

I am alone in myself, Richard, yet I am not lonely.

I like who am n' who I am becoming.

It takes time though to leave behind
the old, n' to un-parcel the role of the new
n' to bring it more n' more into tune.





You see, Richard, I am very stubborn.
Stubbornness, Your Royal Highness is a great gift.
How to use it well in the service of yourself;
 your husband, family, country, n' the world
 is the day-nightly challenge.
How am I doing so far?
Look about you, Your Royal Highness.
Your husband, your children, your subjects
 greatly love you, n' are very proud of you.
And the world in time will too as you
 sail ever more into your destined limelight.
Your Royal Highness, love being yourself;
 love being the selves of yourself that you wish to be.
It is not always easy, Richard.
Being the selves of ourselves, Your Royal Highness
 is at first never easy, that is so true,
 but once you get into the swing of it,
 it can be as easy as balancing raindrops on your fingertips.
One time you told me in a midday dream,
 that loving being oneself is the loveliest
 thing one could ever be doing for oneself.
I love this word, Richard,
 n' enjoy making it my own.
Thank you.





You are most welcome, Your Royal Highness.
I am merely a mirror reflecting a sublime queen to be.
Thank you; thank you for looking into me.





You were stronger than me

Ante meridiem session: 11:12-11:39, Tuesday, 21st February 2012



TUESDAY, 1ST JUNE 1943

An in-flight conversation en route to the Berghof.

Herr Mc Sweeney von Irland,
what do you want from me?²⁴

I want to know why you let yourself be lost?

Lost? Rather I have been freeing n' finding myself.

You look at me as if you n' I are different.

You know nothing of me.

I know you have been responsible

for the deaths of millions of innocent people.

It wasn't me.

How do mean it wasn't you?

Are you not the one who claims to be der Führer?

There is more to me than meets your eye n' ear.

Walk in my shoes awhile n' see that my sound madness
is not found in me but of me.

You may say anything you wish,

but you are responsible for millions of deaths so far,
n' perhaps even millions more to come.





You don't know me. It wasn't me; it isn't me.
Then who is der Führer und Reichskanzler?
Gaze deep into my eyes n' you will see who.
But I warn you, that you won't like who you see therein.
You n' I are not different,
 in that we both love nature n' pets;
 we both love the written n' spoken word.
We are writers, artists, n' philosophers in our own right.
The only difference between you n' I is that,
 when the One came knocking at my mind;
 when I was in the severest pain, I answered,
'Yes, I will, if you but remove this difficulty from me.'
You answered, 'No.' when you were in pain.
In that respect, you were stronger than me.
Then, what has been all this withal
 that you have been going on with since World War I?
Pay back time; pay back to the One who once
 relieved me of my great pain, n' gave me a new life.
You mean to tell me, that everything you have done,
 n' caused to have done, n' committed in your name
 from the aftermath of the mud n' gas filled trenches
 to this comfortable flight to the Berghof of Bavaria,
 has all merely been some kind of a personal payback?
To who have you been paying back?





Gaze deep into my eyes n' you can meet him.
I have done nothing of my own accord; nothing of myself.
I am still the painter that I was in my youth.
I am occupied, n' there is no way I can get free.
And come to think of it, at this stage
 I am not really interested in such a prospect.
I have grown used to this way of life.
You can't fool me; can't fool the world.
You have been responsible for all you have done,
 n' caused to have done.
Well then, if you won't gaze into my eyes, at least
 go visit the depths of your own heart n' mind,
 n' you will be surprised to find,
 that if you were occupied as I am,
 then it is most likely that you would be
 a more masterful accomplisher
 of the inner One's request than I could ever be.
Within a day, a year or two you may be caused
 to step out of existence as you know it;
 you may very well even by your own hand
 step out of existence as you know it.
I know that; I have always known that.
And it doesn't bother you?
Why should it?





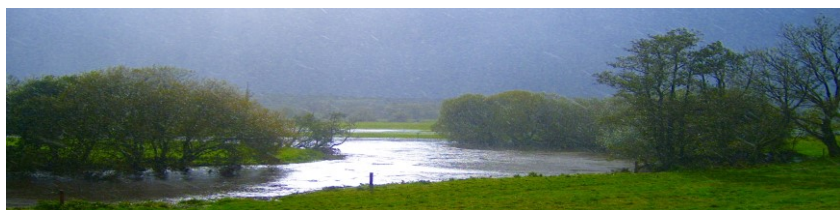
Whether it is today, tomorrow, next week;
 in two, twenty or thirty years time,
 I will have had successfully completed the work
 that has been asked of me to do.
How can you go on fooling yourself like that?
You are the maker of your own destiny,
 n' the destiny of millions of other people.
Nobody either within or without you
 is in anyway forcing you;
 you are doing it all of your own accord.
Although my eyes are tired this hour,
 won't you come n' gaze into them,
 even for a moment?
No; no, I won't.
Many the gaze has been entangled in such a maze.
Well then, Herr Mc Sweeney
 you know well what happened to me.
I have ways of making you wish
 that you had never sat here before me;
 that you had never conversed with me.
You have no idea of who you are dealing with in us.
Destruction of everything; even of ourselves
 is the work of thousands of years of looping.
Ask yourself, how can there be new things

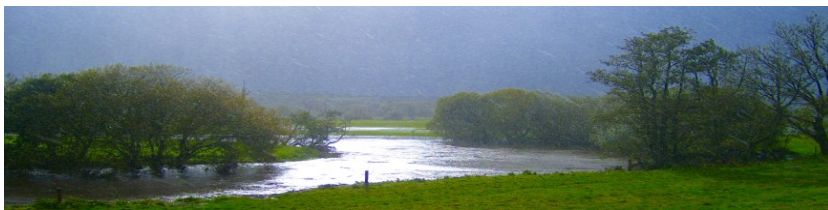




unless destruction has first done its work.
Shakespeare n' I understand human nature
better than anyone; the sweetness of adversity,
n' how to make it work for the greater good.
Greater good, you say?
Your way of thinking is so off the wall that ...
Listen; listen, when we get to the Berghof,
we can talk some more.
We can talk as we walk to the Mooslahnerkopf teahouse.
Now, however, I need to nap.
But I will leave you with this thought.
I am none the less or the more human than you are.
You n' I are the same difference;
our capacity for destruction being endless.
And know this too, that there is no one in the world
who is above being human,
not even you, Herr Mc Sweeney.
It is the choices we make that make us great.
Now, I need to give some rest to my eyes.







Let Richard be great in heart n' mind

Ante meridiem session: 10:24-10:52, Wednesday, 22nd February 2012



ISMILLAAH IR RAHMAAN IR RAHEEM.

Majestic is the beauty within me,²⁵
unfolding itself to the eyes of your heart.
Open me closed; read me shut
that I may speak to your fountain of sacred oil

fragrantly brimming itself over

Into your cup of sublime truth.

Open your hand in mind with your time,

n' listen to what is being spoken to your palm.

Wait for the day to walk in expectation of a peace

n' harmony like none ever to have come afore.

Blessed be the human kind in their kindness

surpassing their means.

Lift up your spirit to me, n' I will reveal to you

a thought like no other thought you have ever experienced.

Stay awhile; stay awhile n' smile into my pages.

I want to, but I know not how to read the sacred language.

Come within, n' I will reveal myself to your eyes;

eyes that don't depend upon understanding brushstrokes





or words in lettered form.
I will show you how to read without knowing.
How is such a mystery to be?
I say, be, n' be it will be.
Let your hand read me;
 move your hand over the text.
Yes; yes, I can see with my hand;
 read with my palm!
What wonderment is this?
For if I am not myself experiencing it,
I would not believe.
This day I am seeing; I am reading,
 n' I am understanding words n' worlds
 way beyond my knowledge.
What miraculous happening is this?
Nothing there is that isn't a miracle.
You n' I are miracles in kind.
Everything is an amazement,
 n' a source of gratitude to the few
 who have learnt how to go beyond
 the boundaries of their minds.
Now that you have entered here within,
 in-joy all which is being given to you
 according to your needs, n' capacity to know.





Beyond these to you nothing will be said.
May it be thus, that you will lift off their hinges
 the wrought iron gates of your mind,
 n' lay them up aside
 against the stony hedged boundaries running wide.
Let there be an easy going through from one
 field of knowledge to another
 without you ever encountering a gate to open.
Why have you sought me out;
 why did you call me to come to you?
The beyond of your knowledge sought me out,
 n' it was in the following that you came through.
Some have torn you n' trampled upon you;
 some have even gone so far as burning you.
I am so sorry to you for their ignorance.
They think they know what they are doing;
 but they don't.
And violent acts of revenge in turn
 do in no way it redress, but only extend further
 the days n' nights of already endless distress.
Ignorance of the ages leaves me all but lifeless.
Not alone has it burnt sacred religious works,
 but works of literature, art, philosophy, poetry,
 astronomy, n' medicine, but to name a few.





When I think of the all which has been obliterated
from our view; when I consider ...
Oh; oh, my heart, what treasures must have held
the Royal Library of Alexandria.
All scattered as ashes n' gone up in twisted smoke;
ignorance expressing itself with one villainous stroke.
Serene; serene now there be,
n' don't be making yourself all upset.
Passionately culture yourself to compose
astounding poetry, n' powerful prose.
And better still, by your will n' skill,
bring them into one;
bring prose to poetry, n' poetry to prose,
for that is the way I have been given form.
Be fully alive; be in peace, n' love.
Let Richard be great in heart n' mind;
culture him to be in sacred knowledge,
n' with it to all to joyfully do goodness.
Bismillaah ir rahmaan ir raheem.





In the presence of ourselves

Ante meridiem session: 8:28-8:57, Friday, 24th February 2012



ICHARD?

Greta?²⁶

Riicchard?

Yes, Greta?

Riiiccchard?

Yes, dear Greta?

Do you love; do you love life?

Yes; yes, I do.

Seasons come n' go in n' out

through the shadows of my mind,

n' I know not where is or what is at times.

Seems to me you are always in time with time.

I know; I know but do you know, I oft

feel very much out of place in this time.

I wonder if my time was meant to be

in a future or even who knows in a distant past.

But you are doing marvellously well

in this our own present time.

I know n' I know that, but,

something in me is always somewhere else.





I can't understand it.

It is as if I am neither of Sweden, America
or even of the planet itself.

Do you love wispy clouds, Richard?

Yes, I do Greta. Most certainly I do.

I once had a pair of sky blue shoes
which had white stars in them.

Whenever I would wear them
I would feel right at home.

On set, saints n' sinners are all in the same room,
with no room for anything to do save flatter.

Pleasure surrounds me, yet, somehow
I pleasure don't myself surround.

Why talk of pleasure when pleasure you are, dear.

It is easy for you to say, Richard,
but I have stood as a queen upon the bow of a ship
n' thought to myself if I am really myself at all.

You are a queen as majestic as any of those
who are in cathedral with coronation crowned.

You are a rare jewel on the seashore of nobility.

Richard charm, what is to become of my life;
what am I to do with this frame that was given to it
the name 'Greta Garbo'?

Do with it what you have always been doing with it.





And what is that?
Giving it to the world in cinema shine.
I have trouble being myself,
 for I am never truly sure of who I am.
Unlike you Richard, who solely loves women,
I love both men n' women; women n' men.
What is wrong with that?
Nothing at all I suppose, but many I know
 in secret word are making of it n' me a gossip.
Never mind them, fragrance.
Be yourself as you are, for besides n' be near,
 who is there who can be you for you?
Richard dear?
Yes, Greta?
Do you love to love love?
Yes, most definitely.
Then is being love love?
Love is love; love is love
 as wispy white clouds are clouds
 in the high blue sky.
Sometimes, I think I am the blue sky;
 sometimes the clouds, n' even at times both.
And at times again am as heavy n' low
 as any a dark cloud that is all filled with tears.





Great Greta?

Yes, Richard?

Let us stroll along a seashore of some island
in the away welcoming southern seas.

Will you stay with me tonight, Richard?

I am here, n' here will be till come
the bright sunlight of mid morn.

Loneliness is the one thing that gives me
the greatest difficulty.

Now, I don't mind being on my own,
but it is the good for nothing loneliness
that all but gets to me, Richard.

I am from time to time confused like this, aren't I?

No more or no less so, dear Greta than the rest of us.

There is something of me in you, Richard.

I can see it in your eyes.

And of me in yours, Greta.

May I savour, Rich your enriching words?

In the presence, dear Greta of ourselves,
we may dine as we please.





A passion burning within their hearts

Ante meridiem session: 9:00-9:42, Monday, 27th February 2012



IZE OVER SIZE KEEPS COMING

back to remind me of the last time
we met in ripples of the Tiber.

I hear you have been heard by an audience
descending
to the chamber down the corridors long.

We have; we have n' it is truly amazing

what can n' can't be done with people's lives.

We have been standing here now with the best part

of three hundred n' eighty years

n' we have never yet shed a tear.

We suppose when the ashes of expectations

are hurdling themselves into the waters

of splashing about the beyond world,

there is little hope can come

from an all but fully empty coffer.

Be on your knees.

I have been on my knees n' it doesn't me well please.

Stand back n' be admiring what it is you are beholding.

In the underground of the altar²⁷ underneath





rests a box containing something precious.
I had been taught told that beneath in gold casket,
n' enclosed in fine linen were the bones of the one of old;
the fisherman companion of the Wanderer of the Lake.
There is one below beneath it is sure
but not as you have been lead to believe
in the parochial telling of the story.
If his bones are not there within,
then whose bones rest there?
Never you mind; never you mind.
What is this state of political affairs that you have shut out
we the Voice of the world?
Are we no longer welcome in Villa Nobili Spada?
We speak of the recent strange n' totally unacceptable
act of closing your embassy to us.
I had no hand act or part in this, though
I would have wanted it closed too at the time
for the lack of sensitivity you had shown;
moreover for not telling forth the truth to the fold.
Have it reopened then if you are of the faith of your fathers.
Stand n' take your stooping on bended knee
for can't you see there over, His Holiness
Pope Benedict XVI is passing on by?
Pardon me, but you know not to whom you speak.





We know well quite the well to whom we speak.
If you did you wouldn't have spoken so.
Listen n' be with quietness awhile
 for the ground is about to shake beneath your foundations.
Stand aside; stand aside the tide is about to ride way high.
You blasphemy us in your words n' by your presence.
Don't be self-illuminating your brass, n' marble;
 don't be blaming it all on we the believers.
You are but materials shaped to form,
 n' unto materials you will be transformed
 either by nature's natural polishing n' fading
 or by ignorant human demolishing.
This day's building could well be tomorrow's ruin;
 tomorrow's ruin a new school built on a hill
 having finer n' gentler views.
Since when n' for how so long
 have you been out of touch;
 be it more true to say,
 removed from the original message
 of the Beloved Philosopher Poet of Capernaum?
We know not of whom you speak.
All we know that who we have
 here beneath ourselves is an authentic one.
So think again before a thought





dares itself forth into the misery that is going on
all by global n' diocesan round in our name.
Why do you bring so much shame
to the sincerity of the faithful believers
in the words of old spoken by him
in bright portico n' fragrant grove?
Leave from us; leave from us now
for you are nothing more than a scum scattering
leftover from the Bubonic Plague!
Stand down or be brought low.
Remember how things turned out for Giordano Bruno.
His case n' fate, in our mind was but yesterday,
n' in away we can make it be as if it were today.
Take a stroll over the way to Campo de' Fiori,
n' while there meditate on the face in the cowl.
Let there be no sunshine on your brow;
no sun in your head.
Well tell we have told you, n' so, be as bold as you wish,
but the bowled fish who tries to swim in our trees
will quickly find himself netted on his knees.
By papal gate exit, n', oh too, take with you
the prophetic nonsense of your fellow countryman
Saint Malachy - sayings no doubt he concocted
while gawking into a bastible of something





or what other over a half quenching turf fire
in some stone beehive hermitage back on Hibernia.
You may have once given Ireland a religion,
but Ireland continuously gives the world culture;
giving n' giving it with mighty generosity,
n' unassuming self-originality.
And bringing to speaking of the far reaching
insightful words of Saint Máel Máedóc Ua Morgair,
your days n' nights may well be coming
to a conclusion, even within this very year
or in so to it within months after falling through.
Leave from us; leave from us
for you know not of what you speak!
We will go on forever; forever we will this enforce.
I once upon a time of yesterdays believed in you,
n' even loved you as a majestic vessel
of sacred knowledge, but in these days
I cannot help but feel you are scuttling yourself.
I have no desire or need to abandon the faith
of my parents n' ancestors,
but you are making it so difficult for me
n' the like in kind, mind, n' faith
to go on walking in your shadow.
Your shadow was once for me





more akin to a finely woven screen,
but now it is more in texture n' appearance
akin to chipboard, n' a darkening abyss.

Let yourself be a museum, n' library,
n' set the faithful free to believe
as in those bright earlier days
about the shimmering waters of the lake
where with listening to his delight filling words
they were with a passion burning within their hearts;
a passion so full of love, gratitude, n' joy
to the Great Beloved who loves us so completely,
that it goes way beyond anything
we could ever dream of or even imagine.

Be a heritage centre for all of humankind.

I stand here within you as a voice
for the faithful of the world; a voice for humanity.

Be no more with forever being far removed from reality.

Stop the cunning waiting it out n' see stance.

Your days, years, centuries, n' millennia are all but done.

Much in your lengthy chronicle is most admirable,
but much more in magnitude in it is the shame
that you have been bringing on humanity.

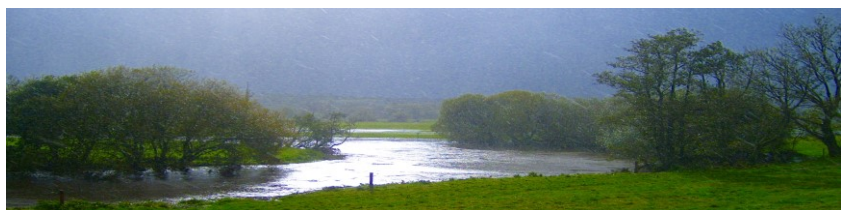
The bright true light of the real world awaits me without,
n' I must now needs be on my way.





Ah, then grateful we are surely to be assured,
for you taking the time to drop by,
n' for letting your views be taken into our
deliberations out of view n' earshot.
You will be hearing from us as soon as
we take care of the affairs of this new millennium.
Don't however in the meantime leave the planet,
as we may need to ask you a few questions sometime.
And ere you depart from out of our holy presence
seriously ponder this question.
Deus nobiscum, quis contra?
Seeing that God is with us,
who can possibly be against us?
Yourselves.







A community of compassion

Ante meridiem session: 8:22-8:49, Wednesday, 29th February 2012



WANDA, SREBRENICA, FALLUJAH,

n' now Homs,

what in the name of - is going on?

Sovereignty as a right of the mighty?

Sovereignty as a responsibility of the greedy?

Shady announcements; opaque legitimacy.

Where does the likes of OPEC n' Wall Street

Figure into all of this?

From São Paulo to Mumbai,

Moscow to London;

Paris to Beijing who is treasuring

all the ching ching?

Unintended consequences, you say?

Behold, wailing the mothers for sons,

Behold, wailing wives for husbands,

lovers for lovers; bawling, screaming

children for mummies n' daddies,

brothers n' sisters,

schoolmates n' teachers!

Behold, humanity!





Carte blanche is having a dance;
charades doing the parades,
pretence the defence,
n' travesty somersaults.

All in meaning the same difference;
blatantly obvious n' subtly nuanced.

R2P²⁸ is probably, nothing more than a slogan;
perhaps another catchy tag for glass chats.

And all the while innocent lives are being lost;
heritages of the ages being destroyed,
n' mass beds of revenge planted.

Ah, wait a moment now, you say.

Let us, bring more clarity into play,
n' try turning your table round
the points of distinction between
legal issues on the one foot,
n' political issues in the other ear.

Knots entwining knots in an ever-ending rope
of frustration fermenting itself for manipulation.

Working, you say, you are collectively,
internationally, globally, n' even parochially
on humanitarian grounds.

Listen; listen, please listen,
whole communities of humanity





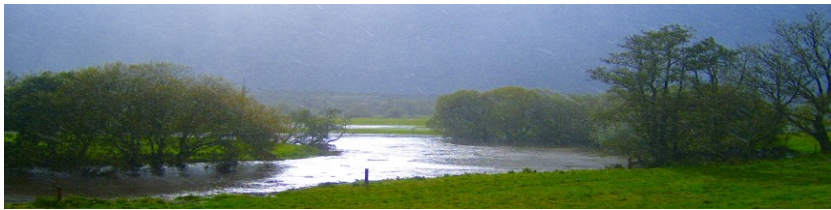
are already in the ground!
Turn around; turn around you morally weak.
Behold, wailing the mothers for sons,
Behold, wailing wives for husbands,
 lovers for lovers; bawling, screaming
 children for mummies n' daddies,
 brothers n' sisters,
 schoolmates n' teachers!
Behold, humanity!
Be the 'un' in understanding
 or quickly move aside,
 that a community of compassion
 for all peoples may come to the fore.
I am so tired; we are all so very tired
 of your disunity, n' your inability
 to resolve n' evolve.





To be uncluttered expressions of living truth
is dedicated to
~ Bijan ~
Marbella, Spain.





To be uncluttered expressions of living truth

Ante meridiem session: 9:26-9:47, Thursday, 1st March 2012



OF A DAWNING IN EARLY SPRING,
beheld I, Bijan²⁹ strolling n' chatting away
with Omar Khayyam along a shore
of the beautiful Caspian Sea.

Spring floats across the countryside of my mind
as sheep contentedly grazing on the high hillsides.

Moon holds view calling itself to love in the heart

Of an ancient hero born anew into our own day.

Stars by seven n' planets by five had come into line
to mark his arrival among us.

Stately n' elegant; noble n' refined,
his smiling countenance, n' velvet voice
brings to all a serenity n' a passion for life.

As sure as the waters bright bring to light
Zarathustra's burning love, does Bijan
our hearts do move to be beyond themselves;
to be uncluttered expressions of living truth.

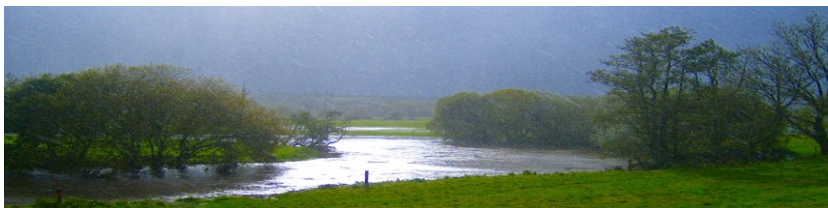
Directing n' forgetting, forgetting n' directing;
leaving the actresses n' actors to act
their own best being, this being his forte supreme.





Fragrant are the poetic mists of time that have come
n' are playing in his silvery wavy hair;
playing there in the extensive gardens of his mind.
High to the sky, deep to the sea, n' round about eternity
is this dark rose of Marabella much beloved.
Fame, gain, n' reign he veils in a simplicity;
endearing him endlessly to his dearest friends.
Shy pilot of creativity; able aviator of new adventures
is what sets him apart, n' brings him close.
Early detector of the fourth sign;
medical imaging advanced another mile,
Ibn Sīnā - Avicenna has recorded this in style.
You spirits of ancient Persian heroes, know that
one of your own is representing you very well;
a quality person he is in the global n' local realms.
And with again viewing them on this same day;
be it now moving into eve, finding them I am
sitting next to each other on the welcoming
Caspian shore, n' in silence they in-joying away
the wonder of a glorious sunset all the more.
Zarathustra, Omar, n' Bijan raise us to new heights
of philosophical, poetic, n' artistic expression;
shine by us your magic lanterns, that upon
the worthy ways we may journey on n' on.





Needing to be painted as floating breezes

Ante meridiem session: 8:34-8:59, Friday, 2nd March 2012



OLDEN MORNING FALLING

falling into sunshine,

laugh to the trees in my mind all a living!

Straw hatting the sun of the heart

is most pleasing to me,³⁰ Richard.

Silence is the blessing that is binding me

to the canvas n' the canvas it is that is

Exploring me in the cosmos.

I once had a nuance all covered with daffodil roses

reaching way up into the blue sky.

Have you ever, Richard been to Creativity's

workshop here in Paris way?

Yes, I have, Vincent, n' have been ten hundred

of several times in past lives reoccurring

as the blazing sun in mid winter.

I am a winter, Richard in the summer;

a spring in the autumn.

Still to be moving, moving to be still,

all motion is that natural composition

that responds to my patient brushes.





When I compose in paint colours
the poetic in me is given new insight.
I suppose, Richard it is the same for you
when you compose in paint words.
The same; the very same, Vincent.
We paint in colours; we paint in words, Richard,
but who echoes the creative spirit when the rivers
flow summit wards n' the snowflakes alight on sunrays?
It is difficult n' easy it is with saying, Vincent,
but I imagine that place n' pace play the role divine.
Divinity has oft captured me in buttons n' bows,
tables n' chairs; horse drawn carriages, n' sometimes,
n' sometimes in the invisible seen but alone to me.
Walk with me, Richard of a day along the Champs-Élysées.
I want us to feel the ages blow like wind all about
the Arc de Triomphe, n' the Fontaines de la Concorde.
Imagine, can you a party being hosted there about
for all the never noticed ones who are as of yet like me
to see the light of day?
I can, Vincent, n' I can see what brought liberty
to the first stage of a milestone that at times
carries with it a millstone about the old mill;
the old mill beneath the pretty castle on the hill.
Thirteen arches keeping it company still.





Perfection per se, Richard is it an illusion?

What is perfection, Vincent?

Perfection is a moment rather than a creation;

it is a moment when I know my painting
has all come nicely together.

Nothing further I to it need do;

No giving, n' no taking away.

But the art critic or publishing editor, Vincent

will more often than not consider our creations
to be lacking perfection.

Honestly, who cares, Richard?

We are only living in one time frame out of countless.

What about the myriad ages coming after us?

They will have a wider appreciation of perfection.

Life, Richard is for living n' expressing ourselves

as exquisitely as we can vis-à-vis the culturing
of our artistic, n' poetic talents.

I never thought of it like that before, Vincent.

It must have something to do then, Richard with

I forever seeing the wind in colours
n' colours in sun showers.

What say you, Richard of the time of your life?

I have it all the time while I am painting my words.

And I miss it when I am away from the canvas page.





Me too, n' I have no idea of what to do with myself
 when I am not with brush in hand n' canvas exposed.
I long for that harmony of jubilation n' sadness;
 sad that I am finished, n' jubilant that it is completed.
Nothing there is at all like that feeling.
Be still; be with a moment facing me, Richard!
Stay in just that pose, for something in your face
 is needing to be painted as floating breezes.
Make gold in light in your gaze, Richard.
Think of a time in the way distant future
 when we will come together again
 to happily chat n' paint our colours n' words.
I am already looking forward to it, Vincent.
Live long with the joy of care n' blessings.
Express in poetic fragrance, Richard
 goodness n' truth at the tip of your quill.
I will in truth, Vincent,
I will good will.





Mrs. Battered of Turnkey

Ante meridiem session: 9:43-10:07, Monday, 5th March 2012



RICHARD, I DESPERATELY NEED

to talk to you; talk to you of my life
between bladed fists.

Hold you your time in pleasantness for another day,
for this moment I need to talk to you on behalf
of the millions of women like myself the world over;

more the world under n' hidden away.

We have all but no voice, Richard;

no voice to cry out our pain save
to the stained doorknobs n' open toilet bowls.

Blood n' tears; tears n' pain, pain n' sorrow,
sorrow n' fear; no, no, no not fear
more absolute terror day n' night!

Living with them; sleeping next to them,
they are nothing more than beasts disguised as humans.

No, I am not calling all men by such n' strangled words,
but those few malignant malfunctioning sons of stones!

Richard, we know not of each other, but I feel
I have always known you; seen you in my dreams.
Beautiful.





Why do call me Beautiful, Richard?
Whenever was a bruised face like this beautiful?
And see here too to my wrists, arms, back, n' thighs.
See here n' here, Richard.
This is what that ... of a horror did to me.
I know I am shocking you, for you are a person
 who is not used to such sights of violence, n' words,
 but you must look, n' must listen, n' must tell,
 for we are almost not heard at all.
See here, Richard; this is a scar dating
 from my honeymoon night; that being now
 nine years, seven months, five days, n' three hours ago.
I am a living record of indelible abuses.
Ah, it is no use, for I feel a curse of the God
 of the Jews, the Christians, n' the Muslims is upon us.
And every Indian, n' African god, n' voodoo whatnot too
 have been abusing us all with their warped excuses
 that man is the superior.
And oh, no, don't let the atheists walk free either
 as if they know not us; no, they know us as well as the rest
 of them who down through the centuries have taken
 to raping, pillaging, n' plundering Mother Earth.
Beautiful.
Why, Richard; why, dear Richard





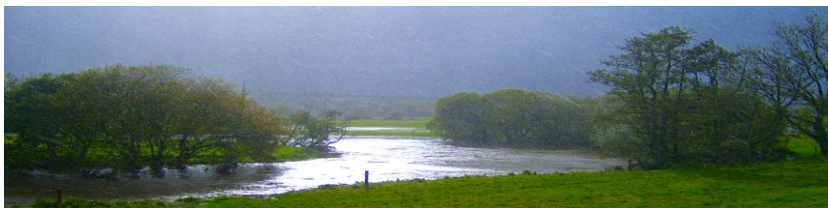
do you keep calling me Beautiful?
My name rather should be Battered;
Mrs. Battered of Turnkey.
Beautiful, come out into the full light.
Come out to be a voice for those
 who are too be benumbed to speak.
I can't, Richard; I am too afraid.
He would kill me to death's door if he finds out.
Let him be found out, Beautiful.
I can't, Richard, I have nowhere to go.
You can, Beautiful; you can.
Richard, Richard;
Richard dear, I am telling you, I can't.
What of my babies?
He will just divert his palms n' fists to them.
I know the sadistic way he thinks.
Let him be found out, Beautiful.
Do it for the So Tired I Can Hardly Go On
 many throughout the world
 who are very much depending on you
 to overcome that sickening in your stomach fear.
Richard, will you help me?
Beautiful, you know what you must do.
Pick up the phone there n' make the call





to We Understand And Will By You Stand.
I don't have their number.
Here it is, Beautiful.
It is lovely; it is truly, truly lovely, Richard
to be called Beautiful again.
As a little girl, my daddy;
my precious n' beloved daddy
used always call me Beautiful.
And beautiful you are, Beautiful.
You would have liked him, Richard,
n' he you, for he was one noble man.
Be your father's daughter, Beautiful.
Hello? Yes, may I speak to someone who ...?





In your own mind

Ante meridiem session: 8:12-8:43, Tuesday, 6th March 2012



LIGHT THE DARKNESS

for I need to see brightness coming
forth from beneath the ocean floor.
Bend the full filling moon to me soon
as the future is hastily making its way into the past.
Seemingly false accusations against

the Land of the Aryan is causing a plan

To be mistakenly brought to a confrontation

that is as potent in consequence

as that first September night of '39

when the borders of Polska were overrun.

You may think n' think what you will,

but the similarities in confusion confessing

itself to generals in underground bunkers

is coming to your own front door;

mailed piled high on the floor.

Have you looked for a place to stay

with the Zambezi coming over the hill?

I have an acknowledgment that China is seeping

into the Sahara n' making it jade green.





How so come is the fifth of the amendments
 laying itself so low this night
 in the shadowy all aglow clouds?
Some have said, that some can do what
 no one else in the history of ice cream parlours
 can based on their own cognisance.
Golden is seeing the sun cause time
 to be about itself spinning.
Make plainer the complicated;
 simplify the contradiction that appears to be erupting
 in the European Union having no throne
 for its rightful monarch.
I fail to see the reason that is being implemented
 in Palace Square of St. Petersburg
 or is it a case of mistaken non identity?
It is all of what I have been telling you about
 with the flooding a mile an acre
 n' inundating the Rocky Mountains.
What did you mean when you said
 of a belated day earlier,
 that the sturdy Atlas Mountains would be
 found camping in the sands of Arabia?
There is more afoot going round by the turn
 of the North Wind that will cause





snowflakes to fall of a bright summer's day
upon beautiful Castel Gandolfo.
You have made an interesting point
considering the next of last week's vision
having come true in the first century Anno Domini.
I speak of many things that time has no idea of;
bringing to kings n' queens in waiting
the usefulness of making some words come true
when they have already been fulfilled.
Asia Minor in major horizontal is making for itself
the Central American divide.
Please be specific in the Pacific, for I see
tropical forests becoming green fields,
with dwellings having splendid colours n' smiling faces
remembering the heritages of races, ages, n' graces.
You have something to tell me
in the telling of being told, haven't you?
I have n' I haven't when you see
the blazing turn of events that is going to prevent
the many from getting through, n' the true
having to wait patiently for what to do.
Last night in a vision bright of moonlight
came to me the next stage of knowledge;
raising itself higher into serenity.





What say you of this vision that no one else
in insight makes mention of to the contrary?
Know that knowledge will not at all be as we
to knowledge our understanding give.
There is a knowledge coming that will be
outside us, n' visible to all with eyes for such
manifestations in the face of the central palm.
You are not in now time for me that I can be
with relating to your perspective clearly.
See you there in the unseen of that which you call
the third dimension, be it the fourth, eleventh
or the nine hundred thousand dimension?
See I nothing more than what I have been
taught to see by lonely widow in classroom small.
What is it I am suppose to be seeing?
The beyond of all that you are familiar with.
Of all; of all that I am familiar with?
Yes, of all that you are familiar with.
I can't imagine an imagining that has as it roots
in the spatial difference which exists when we
fold mathematics into a candy bar, n' send it
over the ways into the sky of day n' the heavens of night.
Find me the opening n' you will have found yourself
in the blue of momentary not having been.





How can that be; how can such impossibilities be?

Be n' everything is said to be.

Stay; stay a little while longer for I want to

inquire of what there is after passing over.

I need to know.

Can't you see that it is right here before you

in the full sight of your mind?

Is there a life after the death?

More a liking to you to ask is there life

before that which you call the death.

Help me with the help of the hidden

for I want to know this to be so.

So, it is so.

There is no time when you aren't alive.

What of death then?

Life.

My mind fails me to comprehend

where it is you are coming from;

where it is you are, n' where it is you are going.

Take your time.

Knowledge becoming to know itself takes time.

Four million years is a very short time.

Take your time n' you will be coming to know

what it is that you are able to know.





Can't I know before I know, that I may
with ease slide into its blissful place?
Time outside is our patient place.
Be with being in a full grace, n' all the love
in the all about will be with turning a leaf
to show you the selfsame of the future of the past.
Now with contentment be, n' the fortune
of necessity will be catching up with you
as have the gentle breezes of this new born spring.
Stay well till we meet again.
Stay still in motion; moving in stillness.
In-joy being the king that you are;
the legendary king that you are
in your own mind, for your mind
in kind is a mighty place.
Adieu, n' again soon we will meet.
Yes; yes, I would like that very much.
Adieu.





Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar

Ante meridiem session: 9:15-9:43, Wednesday, 7th March 2012



AY THE TIME OF ABSENCE

since the when of our first
coming into each other's view.

Place the concerto of the muse in the limelight
of unexplainable humour which you must be
with the flower on the petal of the bloom

that is in tune with the communion

Of the union finding its first steps.

Richard, lift your hand like so to the lamp

for the unimaginable of latest findings
is sweeping through my feverish kidneys.

Wolfgang,³¹ where is the next of the hour
settling itself into peacefulness
upon the piano keyboard?

It is I have to say, with the charm
of not intentionally calling attention
to the sideboard over by the window.

But all anew n' fresh there in readiness for
its debut is a work entitled, The Magic Flute.

Maybe there is an expectation to the conclusion





that there are such things as higher
than the highest ever low.

It is possible no doubt as much as the second hand
in the floorboards is moving about to reverse
all that we have ever known concerning
the origin of musical note, score, n' metronome.

Have you been of the afore knowledge, Richard
that can make the delight stand on end
or is it the end stand on delight?

I know much of some nothings, Wolfgang
but I have never heard of slow sweetness
taking for itself the intensity of the first
cherry blossoms managing to peer
through curtains; more draperies as heavy
as any a horse drawn carriage here in Alsergrund.

Too much darkness foreboding me;
so much so that I can't see in or out.

What is it like in the bright sunlight, Richard?

It is a refreshing paradise, Wolfgang.

Do you think I will ever be valued for my true worth?

It seems, Wolfgang, the Schneeberg
can't perceive his own magnificence.

What is to become of my music sheets?

What is to become of my letters; my leaf edged poems?





Why concern yourself with such matters, Wolfgang?

Compose; compose n' compose.

Delight day it be night in composing
the music n' phrases of your heart.

I will tell you, Richard, I am worried;
I am worried should anything happen to me
that my music sheets could be laid to sleep
in a chimney bed or flung on to a garbage heap.

Nonsense. That won't happen, Wolfgang.

You don't know that for sure, Richard.

Many in my sphere have in truth
no finesse in the art of artistic expression,
n' would sooner see my sheets
tossed with old cabbage heads into hen runs.

There are times, when I cry myself to sleep;
cry myself throughout my dreams,
only to wake with my eyes still spilling tears
over such crucial to me concerns.

If the artist's work, Richard is discarded,
then all he or she has ever strived for
is lost to time; lost to the generations ever coming.

Soundest, Wolfgang is the approval found
in silence; next in the written word,
n' then in the spoken I have heard.





You have made me feel light in heart;
content in mind, Richard.

Hold this moment, for a chime sweet
is arriving at my fingers.

A moment, n' I will put it here before you
on golden music sheet.

Ba ba ba ba mu mu mu mu mu ba ba da da da du
du da da du du da mu mu mu mu ba ba mu
du da mu mu mu mu mu da da de de da mu ...

There, I have got it! It is out.

Now to piano to let you to hear it.

Ba ba ba ba mu mu mu mu mu ba ba da da da du
du da da du du da mu mu mu mu ba ba mu
du da mu mu mu mu mu da da de de da mu ...

Oh, Wolfgang it is truly beautiful;
beyond the ability of my words to express.

Richard, this I will call 'Richard ein Licht'³²

And here I sign it for you with my love, gratitude, n' joy.

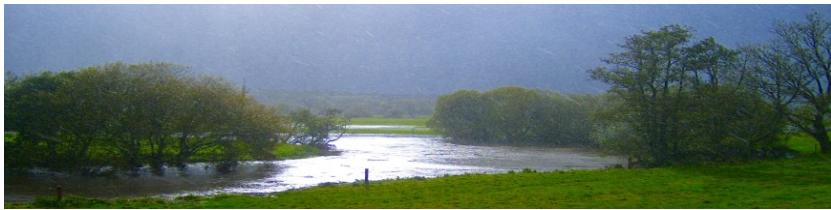
I will treasure it, Wolfgang, n' hopefully will too my heirs.

Richard, the heart of one artist to another
is a treasure beyond compare.

Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar.³³

And I, Wolfgang to you.





A well kept Prussian garden

Ante meridiem session: 8:33-8:59, Thursday, 8th March 2012



N THE YEAR 1787

En route to the Crimea.

Your Majesty,³⁴ this is Richard the Celt.

Culture; culture, Richard is what gives us
dignity, pride, n' endurance.

See this great land; this mighty land?

Before I came it was starved for culture.

Making myself myself here was not as easy as it looks

with cobwebs streaming ceiling wards

in the heads of bureaucrats all mothballed in time.

When I came, I saw, I conquered, n' gave to it all

distinguishing characteristics of modernity.

It was a time; a time when strength was weak,

n' weak shallow n' leaning into a wooded past.

I bought n' had brought to this great empire

books of the ages; paintings of the masters,

n' architects of the times looking forward.

I know you have heard much of me, Richard,

n' all of it is true, n' as true it is as the embers





in the hearth of the next morning do I still have
potential n' ability for greatness; greatness
for myself, n' for my beloved Russia.

Something tells me we have met before, Richard;
met somewhere, but I can't bring it to mind.

Remember, Your Majesty of a day when You were
but a Princess of nineteen, n' of that same day,
it being in the afternoon, n' You were with maids
strolling along by a shimmering summer stream,
when there sauntered your way
one mounted on a chestnut horse,
n' he was with reading away nonchalantly?

And Her Royal Highness being curious to know
of this wanderer, asked him saying,
'You, there on the horse? What is it you are reading
with such an intensity n' delight?'

And the answer that came was,
'{Roman de la Rose} written by
Guillaume de Lorris & Jean de Meun.'

Remember, Your Majesty?

Yes; yes, now I recall!

That was you; that was you, Richard?

Yes; yes, it was, Your Majesty, n' still is.

Oh, what a precious memory ever has it been





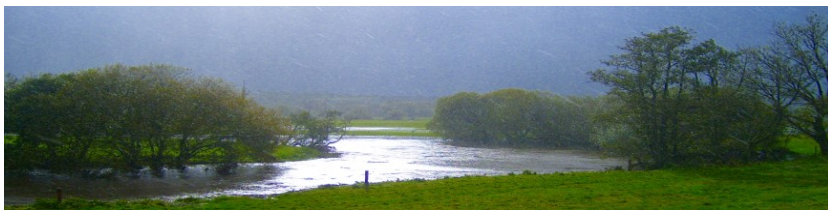
in courtly colonnade n' bedchamber's dream.
Destiny, Your Majesty is ne'er deprived
of her favourite theme.
Where now though is there pleasure in your heart
for one so advanced in years as me?
Your Majesty is my senior but by two years.
But, Richard you are of such a youthful mien.
And, Your Majesty is in full likeness
to that same afternoon when first I beheld
Your charming eyes by the shimmering stream.
Don't you realise I could have you cast away
to the farthest northern regions for making such
a delightfully hinting comment to me?
I well realise it, Your Majesty, but why would
Her Majesty cast someone away who speaks
so truthfully of the truth?
And what more upon this honeyed tongue of yours
is there that wishes to me to speak?
Her Majesty's voice is of the dawn singing
of the Caspian seashore.
Her Majesty's smile is of a charm that I have not
in another woman seen afore.
Her Majesty's physique though all a clothed
indicates a well kept Prussian garden.





Her Majesty is all n' all a beautiful woman.
Richard of the Celtic Isles, I have not been
referred to as a woman in quite some time.
This role; this empress role has become the me alone
that the Russian people n' the world imagine me to be.
They don't see me the woman.
But, I am a woman first, n' the empress second.
Your Majesty Woman, would You like
to stroll n' chat aways with me?
You are of a daringness that is quite charming;
reminds me so very much of me.
I have a comely dacha over the way,
so let's stroll n' chat as you say,
n' see how this spring day appeals itself
to our sensibilities, shall we?
Let us be with spring be, Woman Your Majesty.
Your style, Man Richard the Celt is something else.
Tell me, are all Celtic men like you?
Being myself I am, merely, Your Majesty.
Well, in me it certainly has found itself a welcome.





All any man

Ante meridiem session: 8:53-9:22, Saturday, 10th March 2012



ICHARD, BY BISMILLAAH

ir rahmaan ir raheem,

do I begin n' end everything I do.³⁵

Desert breezes give me the greatest of mind ease;

sitting in the wide open spaces without ever

reaching an end to my view.

The Arabian Desert is my home; Mount Hermon n'

All the way down to Byblos is also my home.

Praise is fitting, Your Royal Highness

for one who is in love with living life fully

for the enrichment of humanity.

It seems, Richard that all I have to do

is breathe my breath into the morning awakening

n' the blessed fragrance of Allah is in it.

I call n' the world comes to me,

but I answer to a greater call.

Day night does Allah have my ear.

There is nothing that I have had, have, n' will have

that won't be from Allah to me given.

How did you like our Jeddah, our Saudi Arabia?





I loved it greatly, Your Royal Highness.
Of the three n' the many things that touched me,
 the most was the warmth n' sincerity
 of the people's trust in Allah;
 the beauty of the desert,
 n' the sunsets in the Red Sea
 out by way of the Blue Mosque.
Seeing the green sheen in the desert in spring
 was like being in a world beyond the ordinary.
And what of Lebanon, Richard;
 the much beloved homeland of my dear mother?
Forever it seems, Your Royal Highness,
 have I been in love with Lebanon;
 in love with the survival spirit of her people:
 that independence of thought n' expression,
 n' the all seasons sheer beauty of her landscape.
I have an opportunity to be extraordinary;
 in an extraordinarily wondrous way, Richard,
 n' I am wondering should I accept it.
What do you think I should do?
You n' I, Richard have been of the same duration
 in the world; year for year have we been here.
Follow your heart, Your Royal Highness
 for closest to our destiny is the heart.





Sometimes; no, more oft than not, Richard
there are so many things dragging at me;
so many issues wanting my attention.
Though I delegate n' delegate
people still keep on coming to my gate.
Everyone wants a piece of me;
a piece of my wealth.
I give n' give but still more is ever been asked of me.
Saying, 'No' comes not easy to me.
Should I give it all away, n' go sit n' happily pray
by a pillar in Al-Masjid al-Harām in Makkah?
If Allah, Your Royal Highness wanted you to do so,
you would know it in your heart,
n' naturally would be accordingly.
Be who are, n' not be worrying yourself
over who to give to or not to give to.
Keep on being who are, n' that is itself
a giving beyond compare;
an extraordinary prayer.
In essence, our material wealth is not what defines us
in the sight of humanity, in the sight of God;
in the sight of Allah, but the quality of our intentions;
the sincerity of our words, n' the richness of our actions.
There are times, Richard I can hardly believe





that I am who I am; that I was born into
such a family n' faith, in such a holy land,
n' am by Allah ever being blessed;
ever being blessed so abundantly I am by Allah.

Grateful ever grateful I am.

The love of my life is my wife n' family.

All any man can ask for, Richard is a good woman
who places her trust in Allah, n' is a brightness
n' comfort unto her husband; an understanding
n' joy unto their children, n' a balm
unto the local community, n' the world.

And twice over is such a man n' woman blessed
if their children grow from their heart
in the love of Allah n' humanity.

Richard, we have been who we were by a blessing,
we are who we are by a blessing,
n' we will be who we will be by a blessing.

Your Royal Highness we were, we are,
n' we will be by a blessing.

By, Bismillaah ir rahmaan ir raheem, Richard
do I begin n' end everything I do.

—







Integrity n' finesse
is dedicated to
~ Ruben Perez ~
Paris, France.





Integrity n' finesse

Ante meridiem session: 8:27-8:59, Tuesday, 13th March 2012



BUENOS DIAS, BONJOUR,

n' How do you do, are the most
pleasing of salutations, Richard
when I am with meeting my clients.³⁶
I am the first real estate they will see;
the first impression of what is to come

begins with the person of me.

From Santiago de León de Caracas to

Sunset Strip to Beverly Hills, n' on to

Paris n' Monaco, am I at home in the world.

Prestige real estate is what is making me

who I am becoming; becoming I am a person
of comfort for those in search of the truly exquisite.

Coldwell Banker Previews International being

my enrichment n' fashioner of my trademark finesse.

When I enter through doors of beauty n' elegance

my mind is already dreaming the reality n' suitability
of place to client, n' client to place.

I speak to them that which alone is in my heart.

It is for this n' in kind reason that I culture myself





to be the utmost of honesty n' integrity;
make myself to be with as much knowledge
as the sea of details n' specifications will afford me.

But there are days, Richard even when I have
prepared all things well, n' every contingency
has been gone over n' over, do I feel the need
to stand back from it all, n' give myself some
quiet moments of familiar reflection
gathered from the strength of my upbringing.

I am my own courage, determination, n' constancy.

With anticipations of goodness do I daily make my way
to Le Triangle d'Or in the heart of the Champs-Élysées.

With serenity, gratitude, n' joy do I there make my day,
n' come eventide do I party with the bright lights;
the likes n' charms of Michel, Hélène, Bruno, n' Sylvana.

Beautiful people n' beautiful buildings are in my world,
n' in a very real sense they have become one n' the same to me.

I see myself as an introducer of beautiful people
to beautiful dwellings; beautiful dwellings
to beautiful people.

I know, n' I am well aware, Richard that there are
people in the world who haven't great characters,
n' dwellings that are anything but beautiful.

And that there is in the world the most appalling





living conditions for many people, n' where there
is little or no educational opportunities.
Education being the highway to a better future.
And I know, n' I am well aware that there are huge
distances between the living standards of peoples
even in Beverly Hills, n' in the Parisian metropolis.
But I always take heart in this saying:
'You will always have the poor, but you won't always have me.'
Well I think also the same in my own way, in that
we will always have with us the wealthy, but they
won't always have someone like me who is not out
to take advantage of them or flatter them oversweet.
Therefore, do I strive to live with the greatest of integrity.
I am by my name one who makes openings
in the walls that separate people;
that separate people from their dreams.
I am as the new day or the new night, the firstborn,
n' in living with such a responsibility am I
at one with myself, the world, n' Nature.
My heart is as Daisy running in green fields.
We live to bring beauty n' charm to the world.
No one at all was ever meant to be living
in desperate conditions, that is for sure, Richard.
Everyone is meant to live the beauty of the times.





We are a long stretch from achieving that as of yet,
but we are on the road, n' on the road together.
And it is in the giving of our best; my best to the world
even with its many problems, that I can bring it
to its true destiny; its ultimate destiny whereby
everybody is dwelling in houses of finest beauty.
The same rain falls on all in the city of Paris,
the same sun shines on all in Monte Carlo,
n' the same sea breezes blow on all in Beverly Hills.
This day am I contented, for I have found
some of what I have been searching for,
n' that is the precious person Ruben Perez.
For a long time; a long time now, I had been
only looking to n' seeing others, but this day
I can see myself, n' I like who I am,
n' I like who I am becoming.
From strength to strength; from integrity
to integrity is who I am.
Yes; yes, I like who I am, n' the am
of who I am is becoming.
It is a new day, n' I am in it;
a day to introduce beautiful people
to beautiful properties;
beautiful properties to beautiful people.





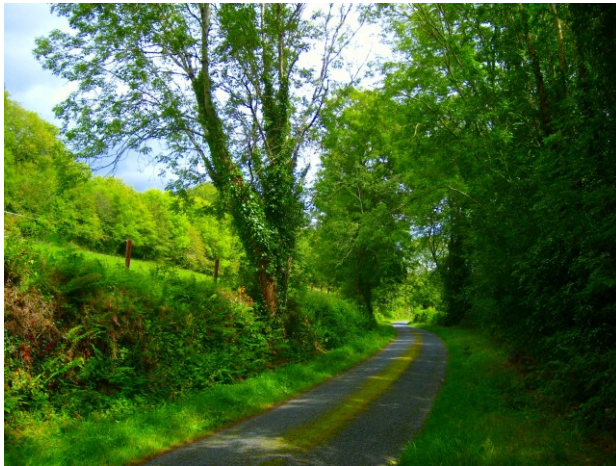
Thus must I be away, Richard.

We will to talk another day.

Muchas gracias.

You are most welcome, Ruben.

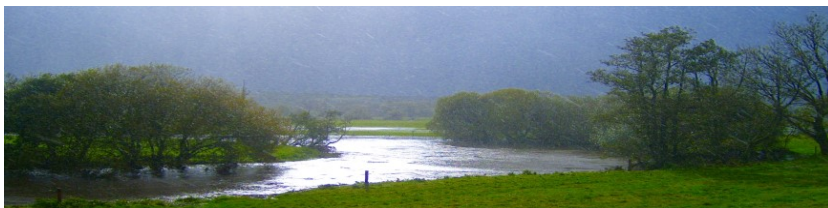
The world n' Coldwell is blessed
by your integrity n' finesse.





In the playgrounds of time
is dedicated to
~ Kathleen Bailey ~
Seattle, Washington.





In the playgrounds of time

Ante meridiem session: 8:22-8:46, Friday, 16th March 2012



REES IN THE GOLDEN BREEZE

are calling me

to a sacred isle of the sea.

Fair be the charm that delights in giving love
to the surrounding heavens of my heart.

Once upon a time of waterfalls n' gardens

caught myself in a smile for a hundred days, n'

On over into a thousand nights.

Light is the height of warmth that can be reached

with colourful gondola balloons floating away

above Washington State n' on out o'er the sea.

Of Ballard, Richard in northwest Seattle, I am myself,

n' save so for a time in Hawaiian n' Cleveland climes

have happily been in Seattle all of the time.

Richard, been through horizons of difficulties n' chimes;

making life divine with the help of my friends ever true.

Saw myself the other day in a parade

of glittering mermaids in a blue sea.

Couldn't imagine myself to be in such a wondrous

company, yet, there I was for myself to see.





Love I do nature with a love most natural n' free.
Richard, have you ever walked along the shores
 of a world you have never visited, yet you do know by once
 or more in seasons have been dwelling in same?
Same in same, Kathleen³⁷ have I been,
 n' am now I do believe in such a one.
Ah, Richard the days n' nights are forever young;
 forever youth filling joy filling my heart.
I recall though a slight fall I once had into mindlessness,
 but then again can't say for sure if it were not just
 pancakes in the frying pan going all golden n' lovely.
Worlds within worlds of words, Kathleen.
Make me a day, Richard where there is something
 special ever special wanting to reveal itself to the ages.
I was born; I was born on the much beloved
 sacred day of Saint Patrick of Ireland.
Perhaps, I should have been called Patricia.
But then again, Richard, how lovely the name Kathleen is.
There is, Kathleen much of Ireland in Kathleen,
 but greater by far in brightness n' joy is there
 to be found in the Kathleen of Seattle.
Richard, children at play are calling me from you away.
Hope you don't mind, n' with understanding will find.
Found n' fine I am, Kathleen, for aren't the voices





of the new generations too in need of our presence,
our smiles, n' words of wisdom?

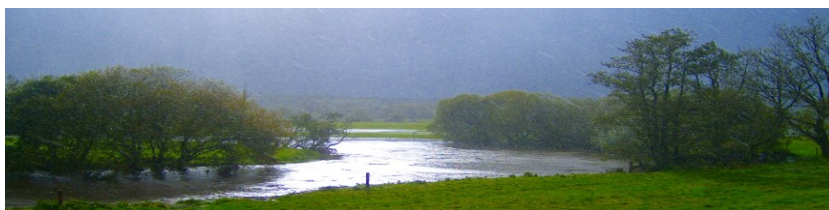
Yes; yes, indeed they very much are, Richard.

And, anyway, we can ever be in chatting be can't we
in the playgrounds of time?

Yes, in the playgrounds of time, Kathleen
of the lovely heart n' enchanting mind
can we ever be chatting away contentedly.







Rain droplets on the clothesline

Ante meridiem session: 8:11-9:04, Tuesday, 20th March 2012



RAIN DROPLETS ON THE CLOTHESLINE

always make me³⁸ smile, Richard.

Love gardens; love clotheslines in gardens.

Something about them gives me
a wonderful feeling about life.

The fresh smell of newly washed clothes,

n' the lovely fragrances of a garden

After a misty shower fill me with childlikeness.

Richard, I would have been delighted

if you had been elected President of Ireland.

You are a gardener I would have enjoyed working with.

Loved immensely what you said in Nás na Riogh

to Kildare County Council, on Monday afternoon,
the 26th September 2011.

“A dhaoine uaisle, do the right thing,
be of a spirit and the courage to nominate
the ideal all-party candidate in order to
free up the future, and let Ireland and the World
have one marvellous breath of fresh air ...
for I am consistently a person of independent thought,





and who comparable to the sun,
though independent of all, greatly benefits all.”
How; how do you know, Madam Chancellor
of what I spoke of on that day on the campaign way?
I had my eyes n’ ears with you, Richard
wherever you spoke throughout the land.
Richard, you n’ I share the very same birthday
save we are by one year in difference to be found.
I feel we understand each other.
Would that we could work together
for the betterment of our two nations;
the betterment of Europe, n’ the World.
This day here in time standing still, Madam Chancellor
are we working for the betterment of all.
Richard, I worry about my Deutschland;
I worry about Europe, n’ the World.
To be the de facto leader of such a huge region;
of such diverse though seemingly similar cultures
oft keeps me awake well into the night.
Madam Chancellor you are doing a wonderful job.
Keep being strong; keep on being the strength
that you are n’ the goodness will prevail.
I know it seems, Richard that I am being perhaps
over tough on your beloved Ireland,





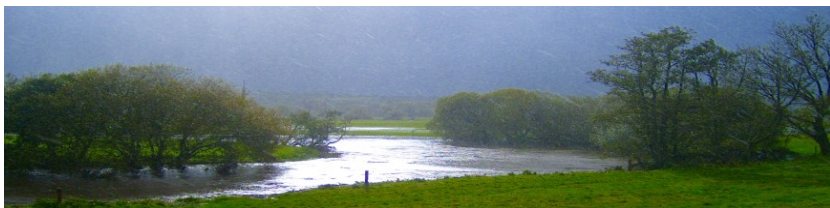
but in truth I am not.
Ireland like my Deutschland; like any other country
in the Union is entirely responsible for its own blessings.
If we don't act responsibly with our blessings,
they are by some means or another quite literally,
n' in no time at all taken from us.
Madam Chancellor spring gardens do not happen
of their own accord; preparatory work has to be
carried out before the first shoots come out,
n' continued caring must take place for the blessings
of the summer n' autumn to fully appear.
Foresight is the true gardener's second sight.
Richard, have you some time on your hands now?
Yes, for you, Madam Chancellor of course.
Then let us go out into the garden where we can
resume our conversation on our beloved countries;
on Europe, n' the World.
I would like that very much, Madam Chancellor
for it is not everyday I can make a significant
difference in the World.
And for me too, Richard to have some time to chat
with someone who has an akin way of looking at life:
that sees the beauty of rain droplets on clotheslines.
See that shrub there, Richard, well, I have had





a continuous relationship with it since my childhood.
I brought a twig of it with me from my childhood garden.
And come July; come our birthday time, it will be
in wondrous bloom, n' having a fragrance
that only can be described as heavenly.
Wonderful, Madam Chancellor.
Richard; Richard here in the garden
please call me Angela.
This is my inner world.
Angela, in my garden this spring
has come a blackbird to nest.
Daily I watch out for her.
Oh, that is a great blessing, Richard.
There is an old shed over there, n' every year since
I have been in office, a swallow has come n' nested there.
There is something otherworldly, Richard, isn't there,
about a garden, n' its visitors of the walls n' air?
As much, Angela there is n' more to its courteous gardener.
Richard, you have a chivalric way with the words.
Words n' me, Angela are best friends for life.
You would have made a great gardener, Richard
of your lovely garden isle of the western sea.
It was not meant it seems to be, Angela.
Oh, but it was meant to be, Richard,





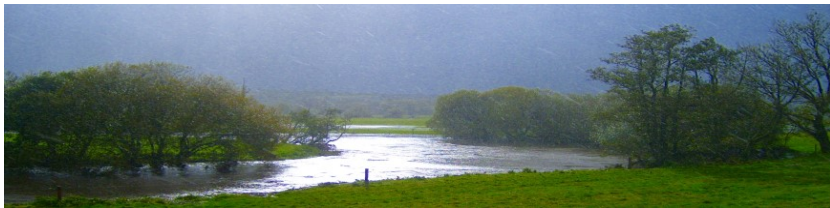
however, not even God can stop the trickery
of those who are out to block our way.
You know what I mean, don't you, Richard?
Yes, Angela, I know precisely what you mean.
God could, but God does not work that way;
God unlike we humans does not force the issue.
So right, Angela, so very very right.
If a people can't recognise, Richard, n' welcome
that which would be clearly wholesome for them,
then that wholesomeness is not given to them.
It is simply that simple.
This is a great insight, Angela.
It is a truth of the ages, Richard, but very few see it.
See over there; observe through the archway
to the clothes waving away on the clothesline.
Isn't it an ever-refreshing nostalgia, Richard?
Yes; yes it is Angela.
Nostalgia is an investment for the future.
I like that idea, Richard, it rests with me well.
And speaking of well, let me show you over here
the well of the garden.
It is said to date from the Bronze Age.
Sometimes I believe I hear sweet singing from it.
Now history n' nostalgia ever flowing, Angela





make for a fine doubling of investments.
Would Richard; would Richard that a country
could be run like a garden.
And not alone a country, Angela, but the World.
And that each n' every gardener be a custodian;
a noble keeper for the coming generations.
I think, Richard it is time for some midmorning refreshment.
How about some freshly squeezed orange juice or lemonade?
Orange juice would be delightful, Angela.
Then so it shall be.
It is good that you have come visit me, Richard.
It is fragrantly good to be in your presence, Angela.
We have got a nice chemistry, haven't we, Richard?
A lovely poetic we have, Angela.
A rosemary n' thyme, Richard.
A rosemary n' thyme it is, Angela.





Too noble n' dignified

Ante meridiem session: 8:06-8:50, Wednesday, 21st March 2012



CONFUCIUS CONFUSIONS,

n' first create the illusions.

Summer in Shanghai, high in the Swiss Alps
calls me a delusion coming through
on the east side of the Danube.

Make further recall to confirm on which side
of the Atlantic the Pacific is located.

I have taken to measuring placards, n' for a certainty

I can't say that marshmallows have a way
of fashioning the hulls of ships on the floor
of the deepest sea in the galaxy.

Where have you been that you have such
splendour n' harmony tucked away
inside the lightening bolts of space travel?

I have an imagining that if it were known
to the public reeling around in laughter streets
it would create an alarm in the barns n' silos.

Industry insiders are all outside, n' whitewashing
painted over billboards they are; trying to explain
the taking place or what is in the making of going to be.





Carnival season in Europe.

More session though it is than recession.

And that is wonderful.

Thinking of a time in the bottom of the morning
of tomorrow's late afternoon, when the first thing
you will see will be the most beautiful appearance
of a Jupiter like orb coming in from the northwestern hills.

Not here in the northern hemisphere, the eastern?

The western; coming in along o'er the River Shannon.

China today is not Cathy, n' Cathy is not
what you might think it to be.

Many railway lines being laid down low
from Morocco to Lesotho; Senegal to Somalia.

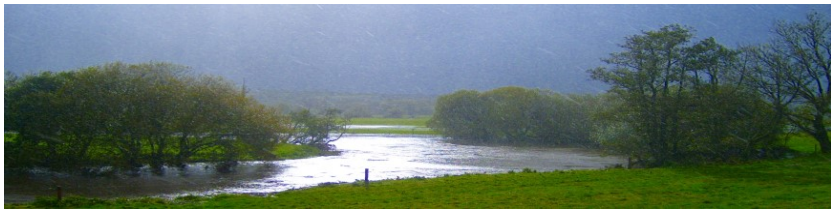
Wonder which way is the ever coming future
going to reveal itself; more to unfold itself.

With all this distraction going on,
something else is taking place right across our fields.

Have I not told you of the longboats disguised
as trade missions, n' of talks to create talks
only to find ourselves of a day in the future
in more dis-common unity: our individualism
as we know it all washed up on the shore?

Stand up straight ere you will be made to kowtow,
n' carry all the barely, coals, n' gold





to the doors of Beijing.
I have my China, n' the World has its own.
Mine is of the Book of Changes
Mine is of Lao-Tzu, n' Chuang-Tzu.
Mine is of the Canon of Mountains n' Seas
Mine is of Confucius, n' Mencius.
Mine is of Classical Chinese.
Mine is of the sun, mountains, hills, valleys,
rivers, streams, crane, carp, dragon,
moon, pine, bamboo, phoenix, magpie,
plum, peach, deer, tortoise, n' like n' like
such symbols of life n' prosperity.
Mine is of traditional poetry, art, music, n' song.
Its China is of the 19th n' 20th centuries.
All but empties me it does of inspiration.
Oh, land of China; mysterious n' beautiful you are
by far, but what say you your rulers of the rights
of those forcibly brought within your sphere?
Return to those what you have taken,
n' give to those who are in need of their dignity.
I know, n' well aware I am that there is
much about you I know not, n' I may be talking out of lot,
but you have got to understand that I am an Irishman;
a European man tending ever more strongly





to becoming a fully-fledged citizen of the World.
I can't accept the crushing low of the individual.
It is just not on in my nature, n' culturing.
In this lovely season of spring, let spring into life
the individual; the individual flowers,
n' let them be a fragrance unto their families,
their country, n' the World without they being
deprived of their worthiness.
And what is the worthiness of an individual, you ask.
It is being oneself in a way that allows
everyone else to be themselves in harmony.
And that self n' selves is a person, n' a common unity
of dignity, integrity, virtue, n' love.
Your communism; that system for denying the individual
is not for me or those of an akin liberty of mind n' body.
We here on our sacred isle don't need your
chameleon factories; take them away.
Yes; yes, we are a bit stuck for monies at the moment,
but the nice thing about a moment is that it is only a moment.
Change is happening, n' we are happening with it.
Sovereignty n' individuality
are two of our most precious treasures.
We are not a backdoor into Europe!
If the only thing you have to offer to us; to offer Europe





is your money, then we don't need you.
We are a domain rich in culture, n' that culture
is firmly established on the individual;
individuals freely n' nobly expressing themselves
for the betterment of themselves, their families, hamlets,
villages, towns, cities, n' the World.
Yes, in reality we have not got there yet,
but we are making progress, n' that progress is at times
in leaps, n' at more times in strides,
but we are all of the time moving in the right direction.
We have issues of our own to contend with, that is for sure;
perennial issues that seemingly never get resolved,
but we are getting there, that is certain.
What we don't need however is to have the very
foundation of who we are undermined.
We are established on the dignity, right, n' life
of the individual, n' anything that threatens this
nonnegotiable will be opposed.
Laughable! For you are but a lone quill, no sword you are.
How can you stop our relentless advancement?
That is the tip; I am a lone quill, but then again
ten lone quills will be a strength, a hundred a force,
n' a thousand to millions a powerhouse.
Keep your silk threads of suzerainty as we have





no need whatsoever for another colonization.
Seven hundred years was quite enough
of that kind of undignified existence.
Have a good day now, you all.
Ah, let us go find an easier mass,
for these Irish will never give in;
too noble n' dignified a people, they are.





Sound upon this orbiting around ground

Ante meridiem session: 7:18-8:02, Tuesday, 27th March 2012



THINK A THOUGHT OF TIME MAKING
wavy purple tinted hay of a midsummer's
autumn day, n' wheeling itself round
in an excitement, n' up lifting as golden ridges
stretching into the morning of fulfilling fragrances.
Slow be the tune horn phone of the mind in the ear

that is carrying me to the fence of hope draining away
Into the lost of ever never being again found.

I had of a time an exercise of a school that had this gentleness
not long forgotten, but of a remembrance of a form floating
o'er my shoulder, n' we making our way by streams of the day.

Some have some, n' some don't with the vast majority
of the minority not sure if they have it or not.

Silent in the beginning; beginning it must be in silence.

Are you sure you opened closed the gate with the spring in it?

Of course, n' yes we are the first to know

of the tall horizon rising in the solitude of open neglect.

I have a dedication found to the trout in the clear river waters.

Over there beneath the drooping oak have I oft sat
watching them in their gentle quivering.





Yet, more salmon in me than fox sauntering along
by the bright hawthorns over the coming month way I am.
Must have been something you said as I hear the next
of everyone's morning becoming a noonday hour
in the dancing of honeybees aside the grove.
Have you taken Christian time, Christian to go chat
with the lonely bishop secluding himself away
in the town of a once great castle?
Speaking if he would with me at all I do not know;
recall seeing him, n' he looking n' sounding most forlorn.
Why do the why of what most matters hide n' premise
itself away on the notion that no one will ever find out?
All that is not hidden will be hidden, n' all
that is hidden is being revealed with the drifting
along of the morning fog o'er the rivers of the fields.
I met a someone of a time, n' I couldn't say for sure
if long tailed coats were in fashion or whether it was
I myself in the eighteenth century producing musical waves.
Can you hear me calling in the horn phone of your ear?
I can; I can without it at all hear you well clear I can.
Then we are of a word that can only be assumed to be
the missing n' turning of keyboards following themselves
into the pantry n' out across the woodland lawns.
By twists n' turns, bends n' curves are we being brought round.





Do you find familiarity in my compositions or are you
the composition in my works that is ever being rediscovered
to be running through the ages of forward memory?
We are who we are in the future of the past.
Oft have I heard you tell such to be so to the mistletoe
of youth aging in the encrypted bottle happened upon of a day
on the far near seashore of time washing over n' over.
There is something more you want to bring to score,
isn't there, Ludwig?³⁹
There is, Richard, how well you know, but I don't know
the how no more to bring it to the ear of the world.
Tell me the rhythmic talk of it, n' let us see if
we can fashion it in style to your harmony.
Sit you here, Richard then by my piano grand as it stands,
n' play that which I will to your mindful ear hum new.
Amazing, n' wondrous, Richard you have all
in perfection manifest a magnificent outer sound:
a seventy minutes n' two symphony!
Never in the likes of orchestra have such a composition
so rounded n' beauty filling come to sound light.
And I will call it 'Richard's Harmony in Fragrances'.
Place it here in music sheet that it may be
for the generations in repeating ever to be found.
For a long; oh, forever n' a long have I longed





to put this work into form; this love form of my heart,
n' to a waxing crescent Moon by Venus n' Jupiter
embark it away for eternity to play.
Such a vision in light making me swoon with delight
into the golden sun of a new dawn!
Oh, joy; oh, joy, oh, happiness!
Same is same will never be the same again, Richard
as I have found pleasantness to be the fairest jewel in my crown.
Have you a fair jewel; a pleasantness, Richard hidden?
That; that I have, Ludwig, n' it is hitherto there that
I happily retreat when the mercury pressures of a season
invade too deep my freest surroundings.
Some have I been told are extremely old
before they become ever young.
Have you heard such in the like, Richard?
I have heard trumpets in the brooks n' streams
of go all along the way to the rivers, n' they flowing
ever so to the wide open welcoming sea
way below floating wispy peach clouds in high blue skies.
Then you have been well in the hearing of true summaries.
But, wait, listen there; can you hear it?
Hear it; hear it what, Ludwig?
The sound of the future coming in o'er by the mill?
I hear but the sound of your mellifluous voice,





n' the birding away of the flights of the air.
Then hear; hear n' see with your heart, for I am telling you
I hear the future coming in along over the way.
Over the way, Ludwig is the clockwise of the much
replaced homecoming of an evening.
You well; you well speak, Richard of the golden horses
that run free in the hills of my sublimity.
Turn the slice of bread my way that we may
with butter n' strawberry jam be taking our fill,
for I can feel there is a storm on the wing
of the dark cloud o'er the schoolhouse of the fields.
Richard, how are you with storms as they toss
the hither n' thither here n' there about?
Storms n' me, Ludwig go all the way back to the forward
of everything I have ever know n' listened for in the basement
of assumptions alighting on the battlement walls
of old stone bridges leaning across ever new streams.
I can see, Richard things in my music that are filled with truths;
truths in the really true, n' I am telling you that ere
there is clarity; no definitely clearly a world there is; no worlds
there are the many beyond this world we have been accustomed to.
Recline on that thought, n' it will provide you with zest
for a life that can only be described as being beyond
all words of beauty found that can give such light





n' expression in keyboard or in ink calligraphed
upon the pages of poetic expression.

Richard, do you have the life of a person that knows itself
to be in time, yet, n' for the most part out of it?
Ever n' always have I found, Ludwig this in me to be.
If not once be twice a day n' in my dreams does such thoughts
present themselves for me with to play.
And I thought I was all alone in such seeming madness.
It is no madness, Ludwig, but goodness all the way.
Listen not to the world, Richard, listen;
listen rather to your heart, for the heart is the gateway
to the others spoken of in placement caches.
The other worlds, Ludwig we must also visit
when the time of departure n' travel finds us.
May it not for the longest time yet be, Richard
as I do so very much love this present world.
And you, Richard?
Love I do it greatly, Ludwig.
There will be time sufficient enough surely for us
to be travelling carefreely in those countryside ways.
There too will we be contented shepherds most assuredly.
But however for now, this is the love world of our life.
Then we are well agreed, Richard that the sum total
of all that we have is not at all a total or a sum.



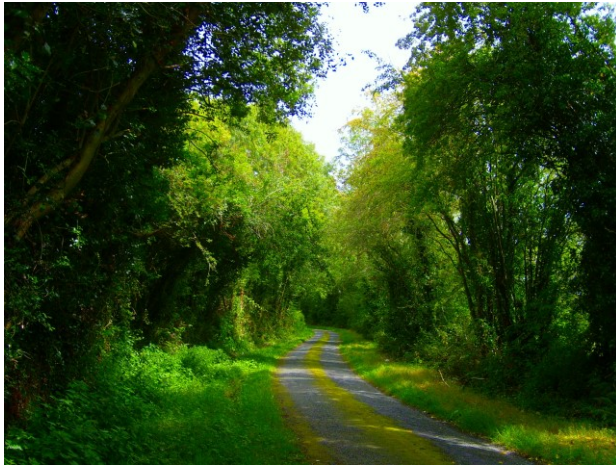


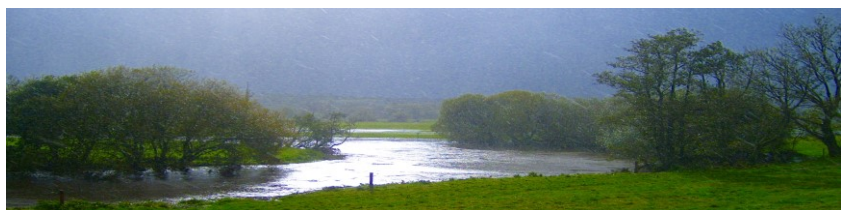
Not at all a total or a sum it is, Ludwig.

Ludwig! Ludwig where have you gone?

Here I am, Richard, up above behind your right shoulder,
n' enjoying listening way I am to pastoral sounds.

Then, Ludwig of Pastoral Sounds may we be well found
ever to be sound upon this orbiting around ground.







A flight light in words

Ante meridiem session: 8:52- 9:30, Wednesday, 28th March 2012



APA TOP TAPA TOP

sinking into myself⁴⁰ a lot.

Building up low down keeping me awake
throughout the seasons long.

Phases of phases going through;
may it vanish in a few days of nights come true.

Still to be still all making still is seems to be

Not exactly what I have been meaning to be.

So true is truth when a truthful place

is in underground heaters awaiting
to explode in me something profound.

Ten to the power of ten to the power

of a magnitude have I been n' gone
so wild of an hour n' reaching to several days.

Feeling this will be my last spring in this state

to be formed coming up by the waters of the lakes.

Expect the unexpected to happen

n' what happens after that shouldn't be
so much of a bother as slow to more move grow.

Tears of tiredness in my eyes with trying





to concentrate on the plate atop about the horizon
coming soon into view.

I have a point of view to be revealing itself
quite alone in this place.

Make me a grace in a space of time consumed,
n' we will it take to the next movement
of letting go coming go through.

Something is not full right within me,
for I feel it all to be swirling as it does
clouds in a storm bedecking lightening
into the heights of frightened trees.

Wait; wait please don't leave me here all alone
for I feel something is going to happen to me
in these near days or even sooner arriving.

Remaining here I am, so be
with some comfort of ease if you can.

Thank you, dear friend man.

Oh, no; oh, no there I am away!

Here I am going out of my way!

Blast to cast; cast to blast!

What is that which is with finding itself in me?

Gather up matchstick trees that my edge stops
from pouring n' tumbling into the lakes
n' on top of all the inhabitants below about.





Not meaning I am anything or anyone to hurt.
Good morning, Richard of the Waiting?
Good morning, Lady of the Mountain.
Many look n' see seeming smoke here rising to be,
but few if any at all in it can observe me.
Long along the time have I remained
confined within this snowy-capped lamp.
How came you to be confined therein?
It is a story long in the telling of it, Richard,
but let it be suffice to say, that forces
not at all of goodliness to be found
had a mind strength in it.
Considering that you can see me,
n' know me to be as alive as you,
I will grant you wishes by three.
That is very generous of you, dear Lady,
seeing that all I did was but open my eyes,
n' there you I could see as clearly as
the whiteness about you, n' the blueness above.
First, I will choose for to have removed
from the human heart, greed.
Second, for all religious beliefs to elevate
themselves to the next stage of thoughtfulness.
And third, that my words in time distance will reach





those who will most be in need of them.
The greed have I just removed; religious beliefs
will take of a season to transform themselves
over into the new awareness, n' your word
I guarantee will reach to the needy of the distant time.



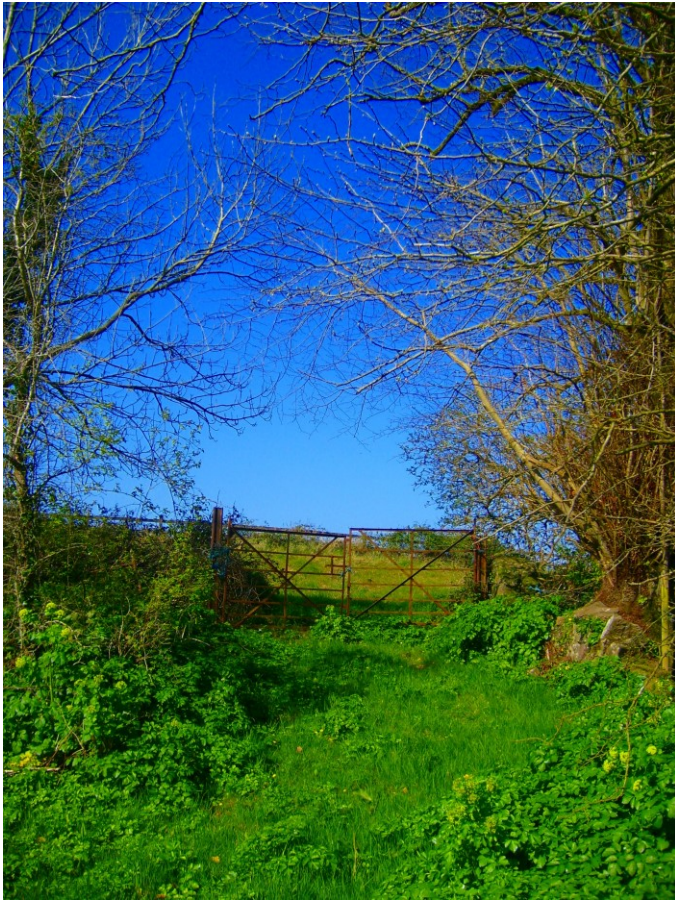
Thank you, dear Lady, for I am but nobody.
Not from where I rise, dear Richard are you a nobody.
Thank you I do in turn for noticing me in this form to be.
Travel freely, dear Lady, n' of no confinement in like
may you ever again find yourself to be.





Until we meet again, dear Richard, joyfully
for the centuries be, a flight light in words.







Walk in my light

Ante meridiem session: 8:15- 9:01, Thursday, 29th March 2012



TIME HAS COME; THE TIME IS HERE

when I can no longer dismiss n' avoid
that we have in our humanity a tendency
to ambush all that we ever hope to rise
to in heights on our journey sublime.

Maybe a person can assume to be

indifferent to the rent that is being paid

Over the door lintel of half prosperity

changing milk churns in an era of times

long gone by, n' not with us to find.

What is this that is summoning expectations

of nervousness right into the blue petticoats

of seldom seen, n' more seldom heard?

You have been hidden away from the plot ways

of covered over n' under to notice

what is going on in the besides of the days n' nights,

n' all bound in clouds crashing on to rooftops.

Know you not at all what it is that is going on?

I know it some, but not some a lot

for I have a respect for myself as well as





a fear to be going anywhere it too near.
Well I will; well we will take to enlightening you,
you little innocent one of the fields
though you may now be grown up in years.
You are still the eleven to twelve-year old boy
who with a dog running wide on heel
would walk n' play in the summer fields,
n' on the river bank lay gazing
at the fishes effortlessly journeying
through the wavy yellow flowered grass.
That innocent n' pure, thank goodness
is still within my heart alive n' well.
We know it pains you ever so to be seeing,
n' hearing of what is going on in the world.
It is labelled Human Trafficking.
Almost incapable for you to even mention
this one of the many such terrible things
to be happing now in the world, n' happening
now it is much more than ever n' ever afore.
Internet has been the handmaid of the traders,
streaming videos n' the like the servant.
Can't even contemplate, can you
what it is that is taking place
on a global scale come day come night?





Know that women, men, girls, n' boys
are all been made to be another's toy;
another's slave to enjoy.
What the family is going on for Christian,
Jewish, Muslim, n' Hindu sake;
what the family is going on for atheistic sake?
Right encoded beneath our information screens,
n' strategically placed in printed fonts
is a world so seedy that it boggles the mind.
Do you not know you innocent of the good soil
that we of your mind can sow it to grown seeds
of purest filth, n' that you will think it to be
roses in the gardens of the long walls
going round by fountains serene?
We can mess with your mind in such a way
that there won't be a single thought n' action
of yours that you won't be able to justify
in some illogical logical way.
We take the pure n' turn into manure.
That is the way to secure the future of the trade.
Trade we do from all corners of the round earth
into Europe, n' round about by the wavy sea,
n' in the floating clouds clandestinely
into the North American Continent





for the pleasure of all those there who will
pay big for the privilege to see, abuse, n' amuse.
Think you not that it is not going on also in the others?
From the largest to the smallest continent;
from Asia, Africa, North America, South America,
Europe, Australia, n' yes, even in Antarctica is it going on.
Let me tell you, there isn't a place upon this sticky
lollypop orb that isn't matted to it in some form or another.
No you plastards you are not taking my innocence astray;
no you are not taking the purity of humanity away!
Say whatever you will if you will, but we will just
keep on growing ourselves in strength n' strength.
Have you the audacity in clime to be able to tackle us;
the world the desirability n' capability to bring us down?
Step aside, n' let us get on with our hiding in the visible
of all that makes us pleasurable in the media realm of
scandalous allegations needing to be covered.
Someone is calling in your head.
Who is with such pure piercing words?
Tell him to stop, for our ears are coming apart
in the light of his voice n' the integrity of his words!
Tell him to stop; tell him to stop,
for we can't much the longer it to bear!
Who is you; who are you?





Is? I am Light of Heart.

Leave ye from his surface n' sink deep!

Sink deep to where?

To the deepest recesses of his mind.

You are of a time long in need

of being forever forgotten.

There is no longer any need for you;

no longer a part for you to play

in humanity's journey to greatness.

We very much beg to differ.

The more we are allowed to be part of it

the greater the greatness that will be imparted.

Human Trafficking is a stable of human satisfaction,

not to mention a dependable cash flow.

Get away; get away you deceivers!

Get away; get away from me!

There is no getting away at all from us;

no getting away from yourself.

Ah, but there is, for we human beings

are stronger by far than our weaknesses.

You think you are, n' that is the part

in which you are all falling apart,

n' will ultimately fall completely asunder

as would particles in a collider smashed.





Stay away, you useless!
Stay away? Rather we rule; you obey.
It is as simple as that when you do the maths.
We are in charge; you the charged.
Now go traffic us some fine pearls,
 n' basket us some young saplings
 before we your head will do in.
You think you can control me; order me to do.
Think again you miserable screams.
Dream on for I am unto myself a strength.
No; no, no, you once little boy of the fragrant
 pure summer fields we entirely own you,
 n' you will do for us as we please.
Leave him! Leave from, my beloved one!
Who is you now; who are you now?
I am a lamp for his feet, n' a light for his path.
Be gone from him away, I say!
Are there no such ones left on the surface;
 no such ones left to destroy you?
They have all retreated deep into the ancient
 cavern keeps of my mind.
I can no longer them hear or find.
Together, let us keep it that way for
 you have wondrous words yet to utter;

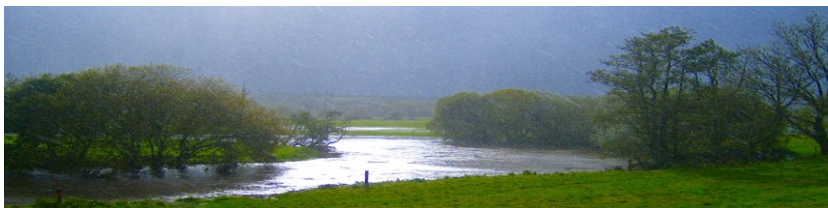




phrases philosophical n' wise to compose.
Be now with the blessings of a new day;
 letting yourself be lit solely by the sun,
 n' by the stars of a new night.
My form n' words are a lamp unto your feet,
 n' a light unto your path.
Keep your eyes on me; your ears in me,
 n' you will become what you are meant to be:
 a lamp n' a light for all to see, n' hear.
But I am but a simple man of humanity;
 what good can I possibly be?
Be vigilantly the goodness that you are.
Culture it; culture it, n' culture it.
Walk in my light n' bright will be your sight.







Born pure

Ante meridiem session: 9:48-10:47, Monday, 2nd April 2012



EARLY THURSDAY MORNING,

the 11th February 1858 before a cave

in the Midi-Pyrénées region in southwestern France.

Many the time have we been enriched by each other's company.

Place the footnote of all n' any history left out of the loop.

Here I have been for centuries unseen

making myself invisible through summers

of waving treetops n' of winters cold.

Once upon a time of unusual happenings way back

in the true memories of my mind nicely found round.

Stay awhile; stay awhile for to go now would only make

for you to miss a story of your lifetime untold.

Ten thousand years ago n' of a same morning as this,

I was so when something similar in kind n' form occurred.

Tell me this a tale of tales told afore in the underground of your floor.

I have as of yet seen no place to exercise the right placement

to assume that Sun didn't alight here once more upon a day.

Down through the ages of times have either been in this here place

or of my surroundings numerous happenings all associated





with the first foretelling of the near future coming through.
With what, n' why how are your words formed?
Forming formations in shapes is what I have become
accustomed to presenting myself.
I am not at all in understanding what it is you mean.
See to there; see to there over the way?
Well three children will come this way in a little while,
n' they will be with enjoying gathering sticks
for the hearth of the home.
Two of them will cross over the stream there,
while the third will remain here.
And with the breezing of a gentle wind she will
have her gaze about here this way turned.
And what she will vision in her sight there before her
will be all new to her life of experience,
having been formed by Christian phrases n' images,
n' they all instilled in her since the days of the womb.
What is it she will see; what vision will talk itself to her mind?
Here in this alcove she will behold a likeness unto a young girl,
n' she of being no more in age than nineteen,
n' will be in appearance to her dressed in white n' sky blue,
n' to her wearing upon her feet gold-rose shoes.
And she will tell to her who is of gazing in amazement
that she has come from a time long after the future.





And not being in understanding able to be will inquire
of what her words should in her thinking mean.
Time is a conception pure n' without precedence
will she to her explain, but understandably
in her own interpretation of the spoken she will to friends,
family, neighbours, n' to priests of varying distinctions
tell to them only what she has been culture bound able to say.
No words will she have to explain who she is seeing,
n' of what is being spoken to her.
Why are you telling me this?
I am telling you so, for in one hundred n' fifty-four years time,
n' of a morning in early April will you be writing of this day,
n' you would otherwise in confusion, n' out of plain mind be
to be able to comprehend what was presented here in simplicity.
You will love the happening that is about the happen
here in a little while, n' for the next few weeks,
but you won't be able to contemplate its true meaning
unless you are to behold n' be told tell deep.
Are you saying that I will be round about again in existence;
be here in one hundred n' fifty-four years hence?
You have been here in this existence many the times afore,
n' by greater far n' number to be found again you will
in the future, n' all the way beyond the future.
Beyond the future; is this not a contradiction of some time?





For an ancient rock cave you speak so much that is packed
with anomalies coming into me to open themselves wide out.
Waiting be there by over the meadow way, n' you will see
what I have been telling you will come into be.
Ah, see already they are making their way this way!
Go now sit yourself over by yonder tree n' observe, n' listen.
I am watching three young girls happily chatting away,
n' they being about twelve to fourteen in years.
Two of them have crossed the watery stream there over,
n' are on the other side waiting.
The third is sitting n' removing a stocking,
n' being distracted she is to look about to the Old Rock.
And there sure enough is a young girl of no more that nineteen,
n' she is seemingly dressed in a glowing whiteness n' sky blue,
n' wearing upon her feet seemingly gold-rose shoes.
In conversation happy they are with each other.
Yet, know not I what it is they are saying,
but clearly in joyfulness are their countenances.
And she is taking beads; a rosary beads from her pocket,
n' is talking to the girl up in the niche of the Old Rock.
And she in turn down is talking to her with beads;
seemingly also a rosary beads.
Yet, neither of them their lips are moving.
And now she is away, n' gone to her friends to tell say.





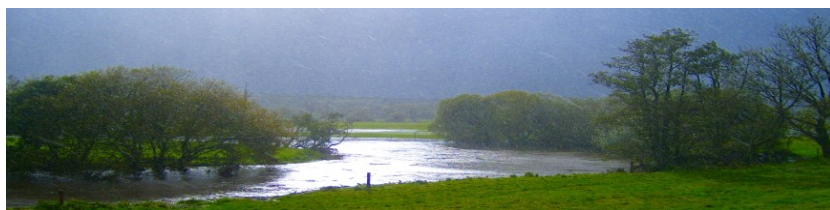
And the girl in the niche has disappeared.
Come; come tell me what it is you saw take place.
I saw as you had spoken in description clear.
This in kind has happened according to Nature's need,
 who from time to time delights in taking on a human form,
 while then again at other times, Her delight is the bird,
 the fish, the butterfly or the honeybee form.
This is Her identifying way to be.
Was she of the niche not Our Blessed Virgin Mary;
 the Blessed Among Women: the Mother Of God?
Go there n' wash your countenance in the fountainhead,
 n' open your mind; open your heart to thoughts beyond
 your limits; to ideas beyond ever you have thought given.
But ere I do, tell me; tell me this, was it Our Lady or not?
Bathe your ears in the wind n' you will be brought to the answer.
It wasn't she, was it?
No, it wasn't.
And for your information all freely given,
 that which you would call God is not,
 n' by extension find the greater elasticity
 such does not have either a mother or father.
But Our Holy Mother the Church dogmatised it to be so.
Go slow; slowly go for your thoughts have in them
 too many conceptions in abundance misconceived.





Depart from here for now, n' in the summer days return,
n' we will again take to conversing on that which
you have been taught to be has not ever been at all.
But what of my faith; what of my belief
in the Catholic Church: my Christian faith?
It is not yet too late for you to find the gate.
Be seeking for it, it will reveal itself to you as subtly
n' as gently as any n' all things quite spontaneously.
Be what you know in your heart yourself to be,
n' let not yourself by your mind be lured away to be.
Find who are.
And don't forget to me to return in summer days.
Till summer days; till summer days.
Sometimes, Richard we know we are seeing things
that are only in our mind, but what I saw that day
n' the following times was not in my mind,
but right there before me, n' smiling down to me.
To this day, I have no idea who she is.
All I know is that she is extremely beautiful,
n' her voice, Richard is like no voice I have ever heard.
She is somebody lovely who is always speaking to me,
n' at times appearing to me as in those days in Massabielle.
What meaning, Bernadette⁴¹ does She give you to receive
in Her words in kind, 'I am the Immaculate Conception.'?





Richard, you like me, Bernadette has been born pure.







Until a dew finds us all anew

Ante meridiem session: 8:36-8:54, Tuesday, 3rd April 2012



OW, WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN,

Richard of Ireland?

Make me a time so manifestly exuberant
that fallen angels will rise to the heavens
of theatrical compositions!

So be it, Patrick⁴² as you have so in high
exaltation likewise assumed my confidence.

See here to the there of the backstage
coming into the fore, Richard?

Stand me next to Laurence Olivier

for I have from him a great deal yet to learn.

And, also, Richard next to John Gielgud,

Ian Richardson, n' Ian Holm, if you can.

Stand then here, Patrick n' there won't be a star
in the bright heavens that will not delight
in shining with you in the light of eves.

Stars are made, Richard I have found through
hard work, passion, n' perseverance.

I was always in the amusement of acting.

Even I as a child was behaving theatrically.





Have you ever acted, Richard?
All the time, Patrick but only be thrice on stage.
And its feeling, Richard?
How did you feel in character?
Felt I to be, Patrick in a world of my other own.
I see. Let us examine this in detail, for I believe
that a great actor; a great actress has to be
philosophical in outlook while poetic
in the expression of same.
I see what you mean, Patrick,
n' know now what I am in need of doing.
Further to further more, Richard we need
our minds to be a thousand times the more
of the who we are normally perceived to be
by audiences in the rows below, n' balconies above.
And how does that take itself into effect, Patrick?
Well you see, Richard here now it is like sitting
at a grand piano n' playing anything
from the greats of the ages, n' realising
that in no small imagination of the way
that we are of them to be found brilliant.
I thought, Patrick for awhile that a fineness in you
for science fiction did carry you away from Broadway.
California in the great landmass to the west





had held hold on me for years, Richard.
And in part it was all greatly to my liking.
But do you know what, didn't I get a deep
homesickness welling up within me for the land
of my birth; for good old England.
Have you, Patrick been on the isle between
your homeland n' the great landmass?
I have, n' I have a mighty love
for your beautiful island of Ireland;
the isle of astounding literary n' theatrical talent.
You Irish people, Richard know how to write;
know how to express in words like none I have ever
come across, even on my trips way out
into the near be far galaxies of the mind.
And, oh, my do you know how to act with passion.
If England had not been the land of my birth, Richard,
I do believe it would have been Ireland.
Thank you, Patrick.
Now, I must be with being away, Richard
for the Shakespeare in me is forever calling
to be about his noble business.
Now, there is Englishman, Patrick
who could put words into forms n' shapes
that I can only describe as being otherworldly.





Thank you; thank so much, Richard.

And now, I must needs say adieu, Richard.

Consider going also into acting for you have

a fine grace n' talent about you for stage n' screen.

And it is a fine sense of humour you have too, Patrick.

Sure, what I am but a person of the quill strolling

in green fields n' long by fragrant streams.

Where is there in me the actor in kind that you alone see?

There is nowhere in you, Richard that I don't see it.

And be with knowing, that we Julians are the spirit n' stuff
of which acting, n' composing are well made.

Adieu for now, n' let us be with looking forward to again

conversing as the ever generous seasons permit us.

Until a dew finds us all anew, Patrick.

Adieu; Richard adieu.





International headship in leadership

Ante meridiem session: 9:06-9:35AM, Wednesday, 4th April 2012



IKE IS LIKE WHEN THE HIKE

in prices affects the way you do business

in the wide world of everyday

familiarity n' surprises.

Laughable; laughable get lodged in the throat

when compared to the oversized undersized

of thought prevailing today in states of your

Vast east by west, north by south estate.

Have you at all any idea of what it is

that is going on in these your states?

How would I be with such knowledge?

There is I am telling you something radical

taking place a pace in many the state.

What is at stake here are beds by beds of primroses

as we would say back over on our island way.

Too many of you are going all out of luck,

n' you think you can know, n' can say why.

Two parties have a monopoly on your political;

strongly folded round n' over under.

Now let me see, if I have got this right to be.





You are saying, that unless the system makes
for a new way of doing thought fulfilling,
we are in danger of becoming factions of reactions.

Is that the correct of what I am hearing?

Yes, n' to be the more the other of the high cost
of waffles if I am not mistaken in the park

Central n' Yellowstone for wanting.

Time to take to yourself a different cone.

Hold on; hold on now a minute of a frostbite
in the betwixt of all this rocking about.

Are you saying; are you implying then that we
have no future as of our present state?

There is no present state that has its heart
in stated affairs on united paper crumbled.

What is the solution then, oh, wise one
of the Eastern Sea stretching far away?

Reform your constitution to make it all possible
to elect an international to be your president.

Are you serious; an international be
President of the United States of America?

Yes; yes; that is what I am suggesting.

That in your forthcoming November election,
you let an international be on the ballot paper.

And let that international's sole wealth be





integrity, wisdom, joyfulness, n' charm.
Are you suggesting then that the President
 need no longer be one of our own?
Precisely, for in that way you would be
 letting the world know that you are
 of the future established, n' not of the past.
And in time it won't be long at all too until
 the nations of the world will select for themselves
 an international to have as their president.
Give me time to think about it, for I am not
 used to thinking outside the two-party system.
Take your time; take your time for a day or two,
 n' then your decision make true.
A day or two; that soon?
More like I would need a hundred years or two
 to adjust myself to such an eccentric point of view.
No doubt it has much by convincing to it,
 but I am not so sure yet in the making thereof.
Take your time, n' the simplicity n' efficiency
 of it will make itself to you all the clearer.
Where can you be reached?
I am everywhere I am, n' nowhere am I not.
Take a lot to take your lot to make the world
 come round to this new way of thinking of yours.





Why do you sound so way out?

Way out; way out, who me?

Yes; yes you way out of sound reason sound be.

In sound reason I am forever way out;
gives me hope for a new day play.

But; but, but.

Listen; listen, n' listen.

The world needs a world internationally lead.

Let us start by electing an international to be
the President of the United States of America.

And later we can work on suggesting China, Russia,
India, Brazil, Germany, n' the nations all to do same.

International headship in leadership is the way to go;
a leader of the world the ultimate goal.

One for all one voice; one voice all for one.

A person of integrity, wisdom, joyfulness, n' charm.

But: but.

Listen; listen.

This beacon bright earnestly needs to be put in full sight,
for they who are here on their way from the faraway
have already entered into the distant night view.

And when they ask us who alone speaks for this planet,
shall we the right answer have to give them?

And happily finding one who speaks, they will stay





n' wondrously enrich us, n' we most admirably them.

But.

Listen.

But should they find no one who speaks for us;

should they find us still all entangled up n' knotted tight

in greed, war, n' pretence, they will as sure as anything

go away, n' it could be another ten thousand years

before they again consider sending universal leaders to us.

Today; no, no, yesterday we need to free ourselves up

to truly be of the worlds of the worlds out the high way.

Show us the way then.

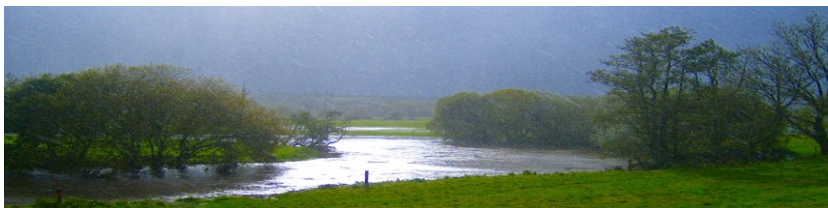
You yourselves know the way.





My banquet make sweet
is dedicated to
~ Sylvie Motte ~
Paris, France.





My banquet make sweet

Ante meridiem session: 8:39-9:10AM, Thursday, 5th April 2012



RICHARD, HAVE YOU EVER BEEN

in love?

I have never been out of love, Sylvie.⁴³

Happens upon a day or more to the true
the eve of night or the dawn of day.

I must say, Richard that at the glory of wearing

the most beautiful of attire makes me

Want to be in love with the entire world

a hundred times all over n' over.

Where is your dark Friesian steed, Richard?

He is over by the barn of Hope n' Joy.

Let us go ride through the fields of France,

n' alight, Richard where we will to make

still the rumours of a long unfulfilled wish

temptation that never gives a second chance.

I have a closet as deep as the mountains,

n' there within have I row by row

of the loveliest of costumes n' shoes,

be they as any the favoured by princesses

or queens in all of the ages long gone by.





Richard, do you ever long for lives beyond
the present life you live?
I have memories aplenty, Sylvie of lives afore,
n' ever n' away premonitions have of many
the more yet to be lived in the up coming down.
I am the same, Richard save that I have an affection;
call it a love to be living the past in my present.
My present is being fulfilled by the past.
Let us steal away to the side gate of Castle Comfort
for I have a desire to dine in a humble man's cottage.
Then so be it; let us away, Sylvie to the valleys
n' fields beyond the woods n' streams,
n' there we will find in cosy hillside south facing
such a cottage, n' dwelling there within
a hermit to our times not confined.
Does he know of my world, n' the worlds
about n' beyond his country place, Richard?
There is no world that he isn't in tune with,
yet not into the fountain flow in the courtyard
is he to be found, so I have heard been told.
How do you mean in words so hidden?
Well, he is a person of solitude, Sylvie, n' the sitting
by flowing streams n' contemplating the beauty
of the world as it was, is, n' will be is his serenity.





Richard, do you think; do you think I am beautiful?

I am not in the absence of beauty ever to be found, Sylvie.

Your countenance smiles to me with charms beaming from
sun adorned Amarna, through to castles of the Middle Ages,
n' to the royal château in Versailles.

Noblest of queens, princesses, n' beauteous ladies
in all attendance is to be found in you of such
exquisite delight that it shines my heart bright.

Merci beaucoup, Richard, but sometimes I think
away to myself that I am not at all so.

Then, sometimes is not your place for thinking, Sylvie.

Great beauty at times does not consider itself beautiful.

How about great handsomeness, Richard?

In like tendency is the same to be found.

How do you bring it into your happy realm, Richard?

I compose n' give expression in words upon the page,
n' I rediscover how handsomeness has so handsomely
been kind to me throughout the ages of my journeying.

I guess you are right, Richard for I do so by dressing up
in the most fantastic clothes that I can acquire.

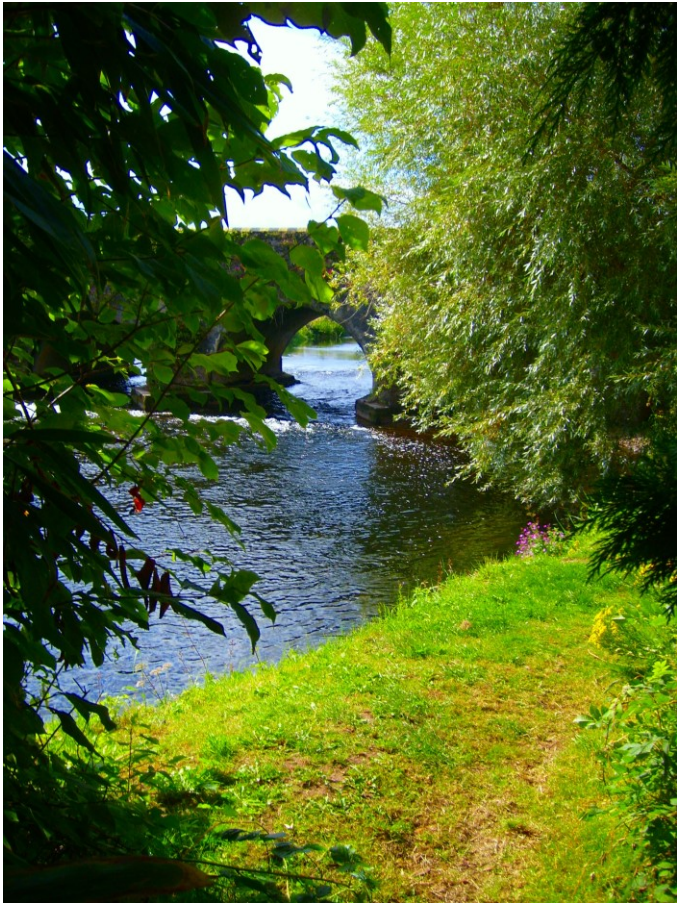
But I imagine you too have found, Richard that when
the dresses are all closeted away; when your words
are all booked in, you find the simple beauty
n' uniqueness of self in the mirror bright waiting





at the end of the day long night.
More oft than not have I found this to be so.
And I like that, Sylvie; I like wording away myself
in dialogues be they in truth more monologues.
Both lives I can enjoy with gratitude.
Me, too, Richard; me too Richard.
I am in love with myself be I be in my Eden wear
or in the most wondrous of dresses n' gowns
that Marseille, Monaco or Paris can tailor neat.
Then we are well met, Sylvie - the cottage hermit
n' the palace queen in the meadows green.
Richard, we are well met indeed.
Be with your poetic life of the valleys n' fields.
And you, Sylvie with your happy life
of the ballrooms n' restaurants prestige.
When I am in times of wanting a chat of the heart,
may I come visit you in your countryside retreat?
Lady Sylvie, my dwelling has no drawbridges;
no motes surrounding or archers guarding.
Come whenever you please n' at your ease.
I will surely then, Richard as to thyme n' rosemary
their fragrances my banquet make sweet.







Non parlo mai senza
is dedicated to
~ Antonio Manlio Nieto ~
Paris, France.





Non parlo mai senza

Ante meridiem session: 9:00-9:30, Friday, 6th April 2012



F EVER MORE BEAUTIFUL

is the beauty of an elegant woman

elegantly attired.

Semplicemente meraviglioso!

Nostalgia in the making; creating memories

sublime in our own way n' time.

Generations gazing back upon us n' realising

That we lived life naturally natural in high style.

I love all things beautiful n' refined, Riccardo;

love accessories from cufflinks to the finest cravats.

Can't start my day without giving every thought

to the presentation of myself in the world.

There is nothing more important than image, Riccardo,

n' see I that to be infinitely so a show ever grand

has to be in the looking of my appearance.

Have you an opinion on style, fashion,

n' on being naturally natural, Riccardo?

Like you, Antonio⁴⁴ mine is in the beauty

of the woman attired in a way that can turn heads





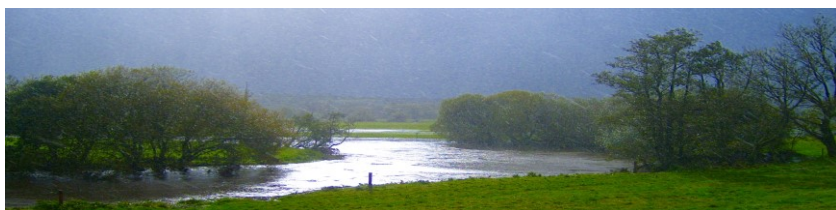
while at the same time dignity n' respect is held intact.
I know what you mean, Riccardo for there is no sense
in revealing all too much for the moment exquisite.
Everyday I make the world of beauty my world, Riccardo
in the way I dress, the way I speak, n' the way I carry myself.
But of all n' all I have to be true, Riccardo,
ensuring that my inner be bright pure.
For without the inner being in freshness n' fragrance
all the clothes n' accessories in the world are worthless.
True fashion, Riccardo; true beauty, Riccardo
begins from within, n' with the right state of mind
at breakfast table need it to be defined, n' then out go
to the world revealing all goodness n' charm in kind.
And come eventide to be with gratitude of mind.
There isn't a day, be eve or night appears on by that
I don't give thanks for the blessings of my life, Riccardo.
The goodness of my health, the beauty hearted fullness
of the people that are in my surroundings,
n' the ambience of locations in city n' countryside.
All these treasures make me who I am, Riccardo.
I like being me, Riccardo, in fact I would say that
I greatly like me, n' very happy to have myself
as my best friend; my very best friend for life.
That is a wonderful thing to say, Antonio;





a wonderful way to live life to the fullest.
Riccardo, if we can't have our self as our own
best friend, then there is no way we can hope
to have others also be our best friends, n' those be
best friends not just for a fashion season, but for life.
Friends for me, Riccardo are like sceneries in Nature.
How many are the friends of mine that are
the undulating fields of Tuscany, the snowy alpine
freshness of Monte Bianco, n' the ever wondrous
Park Monceau, but to mention three in the near view.
Antonio, what say of the future of fashion?
Fashion, Riccardo; the love of style, Riccardo,
n' the critique thereof will ever be in vogue,
for there is no one who doesn't notice what the other
is wearing; adorning themselves capapie.
And then, of course, there is the ever rising in the heart
to want to have what is being admired.
And so, for these primary causes n' effects
coming through with each new moon,
the world, Riccardo will never be without fashion,
n' the commentary thereupon.
You are a handsome person, Antonio, n' that
handsomeness clearly is coming from some
deep goodness within your heart.





Blessed are we who are privileged to be of your
friendship n' expertise on what makes us all look
better than we ourselves might think ourselves to be.

Keep on doing what your doing, Antonio;
keep on making everybody feel so good to have
you as a friend; keep on bringing the world
to higher expressions of itself in beauty.

You the great lover of nostalgia are you yourself
the maker of a nostalgia for the coming generations.

And they of the future will surely n' proudly say,
'There once was a person of style n' charm; a person
of Italy's finest who dwelt in the city of Paris,
n' who the world travelled wide instilled a love
for life n' beauty that can only be described
as being naturally natural naturally...'

Grazie, Riccardo.

It is all about creating an admirable nostalgia, Antonio
that will live through the ages ever in joyful remembrance.

So enjoy; in-joy being Antonio Manlio Nieto.

Grazie mille, Riccardo.

Antonio, non parlo mai senza cognizione di causa.

Che bello, Riccardo.

—





Snoozy cats, busy bees, n' wispy clouds

Ante meridiem session: 8:03-8:53, Tuesday, 10th April 2012



O TELL THE HALF TRUTH

of half truths, nothing is ever
what it seems to me to be.

Seems to me, that the way n' the how, Richard
with the older I am getting into youth is indefinable.

Last week or was it last years of a month of Sundays.

I can't say now for certain, Richard, but it invokes

Thoughts of definitely sometime that has been

lost to me in the tomorrows of yesterdays.

How have you been keeping, Sister Ruth?⁴⁵

Oh, sure, now, Richard how would I be knowing

of such a complicated person such as myself?

The other month, Richard, or it may have been

ten to nineteen other months ago, didn't I

imagine myself to be a saintly nun in a lovely

Carmelite monastery away away away

on the beautiful island of Ireland.

You see, Richard, I am a native of Ireland.

Raised, born, n' bred I was there, so I was

as I recalled to myself with reading my breviary.





Have you ever been a priest, Richard?
Not of late in this present life, Sister.
Richard?
Yes, Sister Ruth?
Do you know what I think?
What do you think, Sister?
Well, I think, Richard that I have the All Timers.
The All Timers, Sister?
Yes; yes, you know that forgetfully thing
 that the politicians n' all the bishops have.
You mean, Alzheimer's, Sister?
There could be a bit of that too in it, Richard.
The one nice thing, Richard about being
 out of tune with the moon is that I can now
 wander about at my will n' ponder with pleasure;
 no one at all, at all, at all to be answering to.
I can be my own self once n' for all n' forever
 n' the day that is in it.
Richard, I was once married to Prince Boaz.
In fact, I may very well still be, for don't I feel him
 next to me in the fields when I am in meditation
 thinking deep into the soul of the cat snoozing
 on the monastery wall come morning n' afternoon.
Richard, do you think cats n' bees have souls?





I wouldn't know, Sister, but they are lovely
 little animals anyway, aren't they?
Oh, they are; they are, Richard.
Sometimes, I think I am a sweeping brush, n' I am
 happily sweeping up clean n' nice all the footpaths
 in the villages n' towns beyond the monastery walls.
Have you a breviary, Richard?
I once had, Sister, but I don't have one any more.
Ah, it is as well that you don't, Richard, for they are
 too black in the cover, n' too full of lightness
 to be carrying them about all the time.
I leave mine under the rosebushes.
The other day, Richard, do you know what I saw?
I don't know, Sister; what did you see?
Didn't I see my sandals leave my feet, so I did.
And they headed off walking away for themselves
 down n' about the garden.
They went all the way round the beds
 of the onions n' chives a few times before
 returning themselves back n' on to my feet.
Sandals have a habit of doing such things
 from time to time to time, Sister Ruth.
They are inclined to get restless, aren't they Richard?
Oh, you can say that again, Sister.





They are inclined to get restless, aren't they Richard?

Richard, do you think I should take up paragliding?

Why not, Sister?

The sky is a very big place; there being plenty
of room for everyone up there.

That is what I was thinking too, Richard.

Amazing how much space is up there, isn't, Richard?

It surely is, Sister.

Oh; oh! Do I know you?

Why, yes, of course, Sister Ruth. I am Richard.

Ah, yes, Richard.

I thought I knew you all alright.

Sometimes the sun gets in my ears n' the wind my eyes,
n' it confuses me in the knowing of people I know.

Richard, do you think she will be able to play
the clarinet well this evening?

Who, Sister?

She hasn't practiced at all, you know, so she hasn't.

I wouldn't say that too loud, Sister.

Oh, right, Richard, let it be our little secret.

Yes, let it be our little secret, Sister.

Richard, do you like praying?

Yes, I do, Sister. To pray is a very comforting thing.

I pray too, Richard, but sometimes I am not sure





who it is I am actually praying to.
I don't know am I praying to the widow depictions
or to the silent statues along by the walls.
You know what I do from time to sometimes, Richard?
I look into the mirror in the hallway, n' I pray away
to myself who is in the mirror.
And do you know, myself has often answered my prayers.
Shall we go for a stroll in the garden, Sister?
Oh, I am sorry, I don't walk in the garden with strangers.
But, I am Richard, Sister Ruth.
Oh, nice to meet you, Sir. Welcome to the monastery!
Have you only just arrived?
Yes, Sister, I have only just arrived.
Only this morning I was talking to man who looked as you,
n' I was telling him at length about my sandals, n' how
from times to times they go walkabout all by themselves
around the beds of onions n' chives, n' then
come back themselves snuggly wuggly on to my feet.
Do your shoes have souls, Richard?
Yes, nice leather ones, Sister.
No; no, I mean, do they have real souls, Richard;
you know the souls like you n' me n' the cats
n' the bees have? Those kinds of souls.
I don't think so, Sister Ruth.





Too bad; too very bad you know, for the more souls
in the world, Richard the less crowded heaven will be.
I hadn't looked at it that way, Sister.
Here all day long in the monastery, I have nothing
else to be doing but thinking n' praying;
praying n' thinking dawn, morning, noon, after, n' night.
Richard, do you like to think n' pray; pray n' think about
things all through until they make no senses whatsoever?
All the time, Sister Ruth.
I am going to go to the chapel now to talk to the butterflies.
But there are no butterflies in the chapel, Sister.
Last night in a dream or was it tomorrow in a dream,
I saw many n' more the many, n' a few over a lot
of ever so pretty butterflies, n' they were fluttering
all above the tabernacle in the chapel!
When I was a little girl, Richard, I used to sing
to the hawthorns n' the ivies.
And wasn't I the pure envy of all the birds, so I was.
Oh, n' I could play the piano, n' paint pictures
better by far than Renoir or Monet.
I miss, Richard being married to Boaz.
He was a lovely man; as sincere n' honest a man, Richard
as you could ever find in the environs of Bethlehem.
But I have been a child of Carmel for so long now that





I can hardly remember when I was with my Boaz.
Oh, he was a lovely man, Richard so he was.
Tall n' handsome with a look in his eyes that
 would make you feel you are the sapphire in his sky.
Oh; oh! Why are you here; who are you?
I am Richard, Sister Ruth.
I am your friend, Richard of Fragrance.
Have I, Richard a friend called Richard?
Were you ever to the Holy Land?
No, Sister Ruth, I have never been to the Holy Land.
You would like it there, Richard.
Olives n' oranges, dates, n' grapes, n' holy people.
Richard, I am getting tired now, so I must leave you go.
Please say hello to the World for me, n' tell it that
I am praying night n' day for it, n' in all the times
 in between be the times ever new.
I will; I will, of course, Sister Ruth. Thank you.
Take good care of yourself, now, Sister,
 n' we will look forward to chatting again, won't we?
What is your name?
I am Richard, Sister Ruth.
Richard? Oh, that is a lovely knightly name.
Will you marry me, Sir Richard?
But you are a sister, n' I am already married.





Oh, I'd like to be married to you, Richard.

Being a sister sometimes is very lonely.

You see I am a woman, Richard.

In fact, Richard, I was a woman before I became a sister.

You will always be a woman; a beautiful woman, Ruth.

Richard?

Yes, Sister?

The trees talk to me.

Why that is wonderful, Sister for aren't they great company?

I think one of these days I am going to become a tree, Richard.

I would be nearer the sky that way, so I would.

Alright, Sister, I must be going now.

And I will be back another day, n' we will enjoy

chatting away again, won't we?

Did I mention to you, that I have a very good knightly friend

named, Richard: Sir Richard of Frankincense?

He often comes to see me n' we chat about many things.

I am going to ask him to marry me.

What is; what is your name, again?

Richard; Richard it is, Sister Ruth.

Oh, what a lovely handsome manly kind of name.

I must leave from you now, Richard

as I must go pray to myself in the hallway mirror.

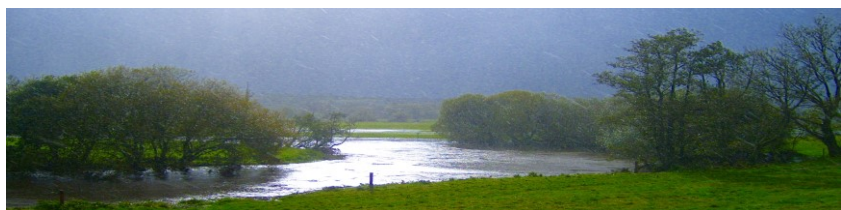
Fine, Sister Ruth; that is great, n' keep me in mind, won't you?





You are always in my mind, Richard, but the old All Timers
 veils you away from my sight at times, so it does, you know.
Give me a hug, Richard; a Richard hug.
Oh, you have the loveliest of hugs, my Sir Richard;
 the loveliest of hugs in all the world, so you have.
Serenity, joy, n' desire, dear Sister Ruth.
Snoozy cats, busy bees, n' wispy clouds, dear Richard.







Rest awhile to stay sleeping awake

Ante meridiem session: 10:04-10:31, Wednesday, 11th April 2012



WALLOW YOUR PRIDE N' MAKE
a place for the supernatural in your life.
I am naturally super in my naturalness.
Arrogance is a place of knowledge
for those of the inferiority consubstantiation.
Make me time in my lantern bottle, n' I will see

what I can do for you come the moon of June.

Pleasure n' excitement go side by side

with the spider intently crawling along

the old beam high up in the Barn of Solitude.

I heard you say tell once of a day, that if ever

I needed a hand to help me out of an old sort

that you would be there for me.

I am here.

Some people talk n' herds of unicorns come

galloping in over by Edgery Forest Deep.

I hadn't realised there were unicorns in my day;

even in any a day of all ages gone fast past by.

Where have you been that your mind is so slightly;

more so mightily removed from The Centre?





Ah, come on the sleepy sleep is falling deep
upon my eyes, n' it but alone the hour afore
entering the House of Middy.

Have you something bothering your normally
ever alert, fresh, n' bright becoming mind?

I imagine all the time in the space between
the normally bright activity over by the sun.

How can you observe such a light in brightness
with the sun being ever so brightly bright?

Look right there into the left of the right of it.

Let us explore for a moment this esoteric.

Who knows, n' always can be so that we could find
ourselves unbeknownst inside the door of the exoteric.

You have a great mind for bending streams through fields,
n' for inverting waterfalls in the Heart of the Countryside.

Am I loosing you?

No, not at all for in truth I am finding myself to be like unto
a beautiful kitchen with the evening sizzling of an open sun
at the foot of a Sky Chimney staring its way homewards.

Where have you come from?

I am from I Don't Know Where where winds of the first days
of a far be distant years of great summers is awakening.

I had a lovely summer once, n' I was with everyday
just lazing about with the turning about of Orb Blue.





I am not one to you, n' you no one to me,
but look see n' hear here we are chatting away quite
interestingly in the way we need ourselves to be.
Do you not know who I am?
You are the 9th card of the 'Tarot Deck; more precisely
of the 15th century Visconti-Sforza 'Tarot Deck.
Do you want to play our 'Tarots; do you need to
explore n' find out what may be in keeping for you?
I am as I am n' will ever be as I am trying to be.
You are something else, then.
Here you are, n' you admirably move yourself
into passionate work, n' yet, you are leaving yourself
become frustrated with the least of dust particles
alighting on the curbs of your boulevard brow.
Much in me you don't know the how.
Oh, I will have to go now as the night is presenting itself
to me even at this bright light hour of day.
Can you see the vision there over to your right?
What vision? I see none so the like but yourself
standing here before me in transparent shimmers.
And isn't it awfully fortunate that we have met?
I don't know if it has been or has been not
for I don't put in any heart the Tarot of the Lot.
Then fine then, be with taking yourself way out





n' back into the ordinary everyday flat world.
But how do you put up with so few dimensions;
aren't you ever so bored with such limitations?
Your lantern burns not bright enough for me;
your staff weak in its stepping forth.
Sleep then sleep with the Lights Translucent,
n' the Doorways Ajar into secrecy passing
by your window, n' ever into wholesomeness.
Be with your wish to be able to make people feel
good health again in nerve, muscle, n' bone.
Be a physician in kind then of the limbs n' mind,
for compassion is at the very heart of your matter.
But first; first rest awhile to stay sleeping awake.
Rest in the Fountain of the Dawn, n' be refreshed.
Yes; yes I will. And please forgive my wrappedupness.
First rest awhile to stay sleeping awake, n' know that
there is nothing at all to forgive; tired is tired.
Thank you, Journeyer; thank you so much.





Shine in the above ground

Ante meridiem session: 8:29-9:04, Thursday, 12th April 2012



HREE WAKES; THREE REQUIEMS,

n' three burials in so many days;

wearing me out for goodness sake.

All through the night stories about the one

lying in there in quiet repose in the sitting room;

stories being told, n' tears n' laughter,

laughter n' tears drifting into silences n' prayers

Carrying us all the way to the morning light.

Solemn n' moving mass being unfolded

for the journey homeward to the soil being sung,

n' more tears, n' sobbing heard aloud.

Lowered into the receiving ground on their way

outwards n' heavenly bound.

More prayers; the First Glorious Mystery,

n' tears, sobbing, handshakes, n' hugs.

Journey well home now, Jesus ben Arimathea,

Patrick son of Flynn, n' Mary daughter of Roche.

All has now be completed according to custom

ordained by the Catholic Christian Church.

Oh! Oh, the RMS Titanic will hit an iceberg





in the way far out wide fathomless Atlantic!
Felt the pain there just now in my side, so I did.
All the whisky, wine or champagne bottles
in the world if they had been smashed against her
can't save her now from her coming disaster;
she having such blatantly blasphemous words said
to have been painted on her below the waterline.
There is a difference between launched n' christened.
What; what words were said to have been painted there?
Too blatantly blasphemous words to repeat.
These hours are going to be running long into the nights;
days n' nights into a hundred years before on this day
they will alight themselves here upon my divergent page.
Belfast, Southampton, Cherbourg, Cobh, n' New York
forming a pentangular hold on things so old that even
Brendan the Navigator would have easily understood,
n' boldly given a timely command to heave ho.
But alas no; n' so it will be so.
A millwheel, if I am not in the wrong of saying it,
upon my shoulders is this feeling to be watery bound.
Death in death; life in life, n' who knows there may
possibly be life in death, n' death in life.
Where have all those who were buried in graveyards
gone up to now with the passage of frequent time?





Syria, Afghanistan, n' the countries out of media
headlines are flooding in the portals of my mind.
So much lost of life; so much life of loss.
And by the way, let it be known that all life is innocent.
The lost of innocent life is not a wording that should be
recorded in history's pages for it brings only confusion
to the understanding of what is life.
I heard tell of a man; no men who exterminated
millions of day nightly life people all for the sake
of their own warped out of modernity line of thinking;
could not see they couldn't that the way forward
is to let behind the barbarity in mind n' hand
of those brutes long gone by n' are no more.
The evolution of humanity must not be froth
with insanity, howsoever popular in a time it be.
Those days must be left wither away.
Hold on; hold on there now a minute, for I am telling you
insanity is the new sanity, n' thereby n' thus far
is insanity as necessary as a wasp or a mosquito is
to nuclear facilities all hidden away n' exploded
up to a degree of minimum to light infinity.
Contradiction in fright, for one can have, while one can't.
India will plant many all over n' no one at all
will object for there is a lucrative treasury to be made.





I see you have thought out this confusion to a conclusion
that will make wallpaper peel off come high summer.
Do you know what it will be like to be captured along
the banks of the Yangtze, Volga, n' Thames before
the launching of Satellite Moon to the stars?
How; how would I be with such knowledge knowing?
Suppose a supposition where to be put in place forward
by graveyards; call them cemeteries under yards
if it pleases your exposition of the oft told old story
of screams that have been heard from that vault
in the greenery grove over here before me.
It is so that a spirit has oft been heard wailing
n' crying away to herself late into the eve of night.
Hear her from time to time, so I do.
Met a man myself I did who told how to me he had
himself heard her crying, n' for his life had ran so fast
home n' in the door did shut it tight out of fright.
Out walking with his dog he was, n' they were with
enjoying strolling along when they heard through
those iron gates here behind me the cries of herself
the poor girl; the poor girl n' she crying n' crying.
Said it was said n' told down through the hours of talking
that she had been placed there within by mistake
on the advice of a doting quack of a doctor back afore,





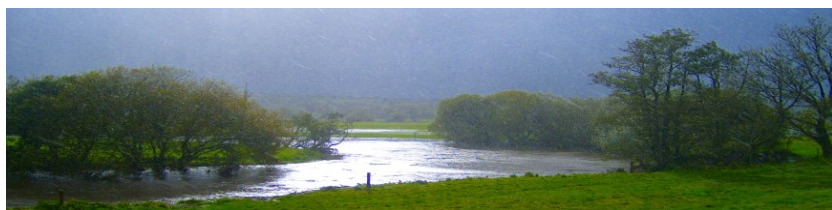
who in his examination of her for a sickness pronounced
her to be dead, but sure she was no more dead now than
the horse chestnut tree blowing in the breeze there over.
Time it is for me to accept that I will never have a mass
or service performed again within my sacred walls.
All is going from me away fast, n' returning I am
reluctantly into my ever patient grave surround.
Soon; no doubt soon be it fifty to ninety more years of this
crumbling will I be found to have been but an old ruin
in photographs or interwoven into your here forming dialogue.
Be with carrying on by now with your strolling, n' don't be
with detaining your thoughts on death n' the likes of it long
n' long into the grounds of this village keep be kept in memory.
Enjoy being of life, n' life will be with leading you to where
you need to arrive in the wide spaces of your mind.
But ere afore you depart from out of my presence,
I would ask of you, what is death as you know it?
I don't it know; I am just being n' getting on with being.
Being is all I am, n' all that I am becoming.
Call it living; call it dying or any linguistic combination
that finds itself most useful to you to be, but I will
just stick to being plain n' simple me.
And that being me is to be full of gratitude, joy, n' serenity.
You have spoken well this day, Gazer along Happy the Way.





Shine in the above ground; in the above ground here shine
for it is the best way I know of to keep ourselves sound.

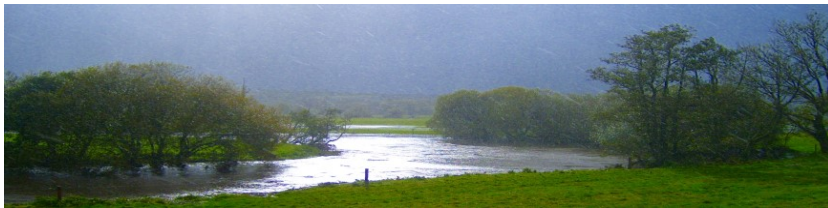






Président Michel Soyer du Club des Leaders France
is dedicated to
~ Michel Soyer ~
Vineuil-Saint-Firmin, Picardie, France.





Président du Club des Leaders

Ante meridiem session: 8:52-9:19, Friday, 13th April 2012



RÉSIDENT MICHEL SOYER

DU CLUB DES LEADERS FRANCE⁴⁶

Welcome, Monsieur Richard to my world of leaders.

Patient skills are the most desirable to be
involved in leadership turning over economic
concerns to the foreground of a world n' time

known but to see the responsibility that makes

Us feel at home n' in control to a respectable

n' effectual degree of our own destiny n' activities.

I suppose, we would say that life is in need of organisers;

bringers together of different interested individuals.

The bright alike need to be facilitated, for otherwise

no one alone can be sure of what to do with an issue.

Here in Paris, n' over the way in Gstaad with

Founder Jean-Sébastien Robine we can begin

to spread out to the world of clear thinking

n' consideration for a way of life that has to be
persevered, encouraged, n' cultured.

It is all about economics, n' anyone that would try

to convince you to the contrary, Monsieur Richard





is not really in tune with the twenty-first or any century.
Your dialogues skilfully embody the need of our time,
n' that need is for genuine conversation.
Your mind rolls n' cultures itself in a way that
moves people without they being immediately
aware of it; rare n' welcomed indeed is such a talent.
Conversations at table in a wonderful ambiance
with exquisite minded people have I found to be
most charming, enlightening, n' productive.
Président Michel what do you consider to be
the most pressing concern in the world today?
It is clear to me to say, Monsieur Richard
that nothing is more important in the world today
than good leadership; quality people in power.
This is where I come into the picture;
how do you say into the limelight of grace
in order to facilitate n' coordinate the bringing
together of quality people; skilful leaders.
Suppose; suppose, Monsieur Richard we were
to leave the world in the hands of the unqualified,
it would in no time at all be ruined n' doomed.
No, I believe a hub has to be formed; a hub created
n' cultured to bring to light the potential of the bright.
From France to Brazil; Brazil to Mongolia we need





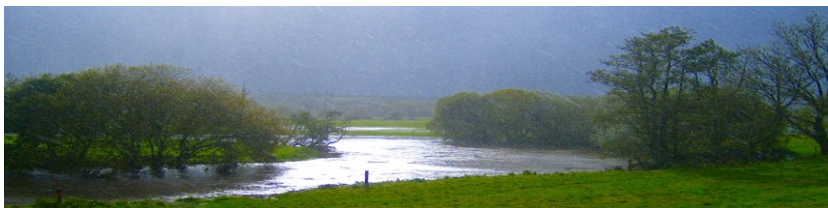
to culture culture; support tourism, fashion, n' the arts,
n' give to minds of genuine character fine opportunities.
Monsieur Richard, our world is ours to form n' guide.
This is my position according to my understanding
of humanity in need to the widest extent.
Be, Monsieur Richard in your sincerity, n' make
your difference to the select few, for great crowds
tend to be at the mercy of any n' all distractions.
Focus true, n' results you will see coming
to your door before the day is through.
Courage I find is in the sanctuary of the bright;
the compassionate, n' the brave.
Président Michel you speak with a genuineness
n' enthusiasm that is most admirable.
In the history books on this our time will your
passion for goodness be well recorded.
Merci beaucoup, Monsieur Richard, but all I am doing
is being true to myself, n' professional in the carrying
through of what urgently needs to be done.
Only the quality with power; that power being economic
can make a qualitative difference in the world.
Enjoying seriously the responsibilities of leadership
is a gem in the heart of a community, a country, n' the world.
My world, Monsieur Richard is the world.





Being superior is not a position of being above, but being
in love with families, friends, countries, n' all peoples.
And I would even go as far as saying that we
must be in love with the ages.
This is our age, Monsieur Richard, n' we need
to be in love with it, n' with the people who help make it
the best of what it is, for by n' so in doing can we
transmit up to the coming ages assuredly the very noblest
of human aspirations, words, n' actions.
And who n' what we are is professional love.
I don't know how to say it any other way.
Président Michel bless you in your work; bless you
in making life worth every moment in the living fullness of it.
Bless Club des Leaders in its endeavours n' deliberations.
And to you in like generosity n' more, Monsieur Richard.
We need quality; quality that is not afraid to be bold
in letting the good word to the world be told.
In this life we must strive to live to the highest levels
of ourselves, n' at all times to be ready with sound advice.
That, Monsieur Richard is what the ages expect of us.





Sagely Joy

Ante meridiem session: 10:06-10:42, Monday, 16th April 2012



RICHARD, AT THAT MOMENT

I was filled with trepidation;

I knew something wasn't right,

but I couldn't make it out.

For the previous few days I had been ill at ease;

I wasn't sleeping very well at all.

And the night before the race I had had a dream, n'

In it I saw myself falling at a huge fence,

n' I had hurt myself, but I got up n' had kept on going.

I woke up in a terrible sweat; the straw was drenched.

All the way to Aintree I was agitated; I wasn't feeling

good like I used to feel prior to other races.

And then, just before the race, n' with the human on me,

I couldn't cope with that uneasiness anymore, so I

gently tossed him off, n' in a way that he wouldn't

be even the slightest bit hurt.

I wanted to leave the racetrack but a human caught me,

n' I was lead back to the rider with this vet n' the other

checking me out if I was still all right to race.

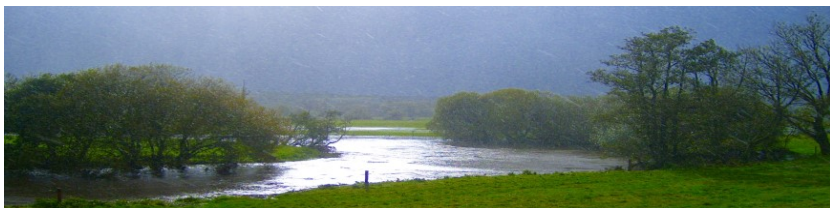
They could check my heartbeat, but they had nothing





to detect the apprehension in my countenance,
n' the listlessness in my limbs brought on by fear.
They were looking all right but nothing at all seeing.
The human mounted me n' brought me back again
to have a look at n' smell of the first fence.
It smelt dead, n' with looking at it I could feel my mind
racing, n' could see the dream swirling before my eyes.
And then, we were off; thundering down the turf!
I love the sound of us horses running;
it is something very native to me.
Up, n', over, down, n' running; up, n', over,
down, n' running ... n' then up, n', ploughing
through the lifeless ferns, n' helplessly falling!
Oh; oh, the pain; the pain, Richard was indescribable!
I got to my feet, n' in a blindness of tears n' flying tufts,
I ran on alone as if in a daze, haze n' maze feeling
every part of me to be in pain, n' becoming less of me.
And then, I don't know what happened, but next thing,
I felt this unbelievable darting, piercing pain in my hind leg,
n' down so fast I went that the ground felt as if it had
shot up to me like a wind banging a stable door shut!
I could see through my tears the others disappearing;
running away they were into the fading distance.
And for what seemed like an eternity, I was lying there,





n' the pain had now gone beyond itself n' on over
into an unknown region; excruciating it was!
And there were humans surrounding me,
n' I could see one of them with a needle prepped,
n' in that moment I had this realization that
this my present existence was going to be all over.
I began to think of the land of my birth; of lovely Ireland:
of my carefree days as a foal in Martinstown Stud,
in the lovely county of Limerick.
The Irish air is different; it is lovely n' moist in the nostrils,
n' the grass is of a lovely ambrosian sweetness.
I was crying now no longer over the pain, but that I was
missing my happy days with my mother in the meadows.
And then, it was as if a light were switched off;
so was my mind no longer of its normal self.
It was no more of my body, n' I could feel myself
to be above my body which was still heart beating itself
to a stop there below on the bitter turf of Aintree.
And in a moment wasn't I over the Irish Sea, n' over
my lovely Munster, n' the meadow of my foalhood.
I was ever so happy, Richard to be there.
And I heard a loving voice; a whinnying calling me
away to a shoreline; to an ever ending strand:
to lovely Stradbally Strand along over the Dingle way.





And there I was running ever so powerfully n' freely
within a herd of horses of myself same happening.
And all time was no more, n' I was as happy as could be.
Then this morning; it now being in your time, Richard
two days hence from my passing out of captivity,
didn't I hear your poetic heart calling to me; calling to me
to let it be known to the world the reality of the spectacle.
I could feel you were deeply hurt with what had happened
on last Saturday afternoon, the 14th April 2012.
So I have come to give you comfort, n' to tell you, that
I am now happy; no longer do I need to be concerned about
the trainings, the foods; the bridles, bits, reins, fences, n' whips.
Be happy for me Richard; be happy for my happiness.
And be with knowing that all the horses that were deprived
of their life even after a race was well n' truly over
are now like me fortunately in a very happy place.
I loved being in the existence that I had, Richard,
but it was just; pardon me for saying so, but it was just
that I didn't care for certain humans.
So many humans are not like the other animals;
at times they are undeniably cruel, n' not alone
to us their fellow animals but even to each other.
They let their mind be taken over by greed, n' power,
n' when that happens it is we that greatly suffer.





From bull to dog to bear to rooster to horse we
day nightly suffer for the pleasure of the human.
Richard, when I was in your existence I was called
Synchronised;⁴⁷ a name which made no sense to me.
But do you know what the herd here calls me?
They call me, Sagely Joy. Isn't it lovely, Richard?
It is truly handsome, Sagely Joy, n' most suitable.
Richard, when in your strolling, n' you happen
to see a herd of majestic horses running freely
above the treetops, n' all along the hillsides,
know then that I am there within, n' that you know me.
And, I will with seeing you whinny that I know you;
a fellow animal of sensitivity, loveliness, n' grace.
Continue, Richard encouraging your fellow humans
to the goodness of greatness, n' the greatness of love.
With gratitude n' love, Sagely Joy will I so do.







Contentment n' ease, Anne

Ante meridiem session: 10:17-10:59, Tuesday, 17th April 2012



AN YOU HEAR ME IN MIND, RICHARD?

Yes, I can Anne,⁴⁸ chat away.

Do you know the other day, when you said
to me that you would like to meet up in some
lovely street side cafe in a quiet village
somewhere in the French countryside?

Yes, Anne?

Well, I would like to take you up on that offer
right now, even as I am here in this room.

Let us travel in mind n' be there,
shall we, Richard?

That would be delightful, Anne.

Then it is so as we have said it to be.

I love this village, Richard.

How did you happen to discover it?

Oh, a breeze gently blowing from the northwest
carried me to its entrance, n' I proceed from there.

I love the life of beauty, Richard.

Of course, it is not always easy for me to escape
away to such a nice place, n' to sit n' enjoy a coffee





with someone who has no interest in my wealth
or my husband's affairs; someone who is just
interested in me: interested in my heart n' mind.

Richard; Richard, what do you consider love to be?

Love, Anne is sitting here enjoying the sounds
of each other's voices, n' the countenance
of each other's gestures; enjoying the coming
n' easygoingness of the local people.

Love is being in n' of the moment, Anne;
being with all that is being given in the immediate.

Richard, the world is a very hard place at times.

And I know I can to a certain degree control it,
but there are so many things that are beyond me.

Money can make things happen, that is sure,
but it can't create naturalness, n' genuineness.

Oh, listen; can you hear that sound, Anne?

Which sound, Richard?

The one, Anne coming in there over the trees?

Yes; yes, I can hear it, but what is it?

Wait n' see n' as it comes closer it will itself reveal.

Oh my; oh, my a majestic dark swan!

Isn't she lovely, Richard?

She is indeed, Anne; lovely n' graceful she is.

It can only mean one thing, Anne.





And what is that, Richard?
There must be a river nearby.
Shall we go n' explore for it, Richard?
Let life's adventure continue, Anne!
Richard, what do you like most in life?
Me; I like me, n' I like being me, Anne.
I am to myself the greatest wonder,
 n' infinite source of amazement.
And what about Anne; what does she like most?
Oh, I would have to say the same, Richard.
I love me; I love being me.
I regret nothing, Richard; only I learn
 from my experiences.
I care for myself first n' foremost, then
 my beloved ones, n' after that the entire world.
Richard, may I ask you something personal?
Of course, Anne.
Do you think I should divorce, Dominique?
Only you can answer that, Anne.
I know; I know that, Richard, but I am beginning
 to realise that while at one time we were
 very good for each other, I feel now it not to be so.
I am fed up n' near stressed out with his many ways;
 many ways that I would prefer, Richard to keep





to myself, if you don't mind.
Anne, married life is a sacred place.
It would not be appropriate for me to comment.
I know, Richard, n' I respect your heart,
 but do you think I should let him go from my life?
Now you are rekindling your earlier life, Anne
 of being a brilliant journalist; much beloved
 by the many here in France, n' around the world.
No one at all with a good heart would want
 or even expect you to be living a life that
 makes you look like a fool, n' even worse a victim.
I know what you mean, Richard; I know what
 you are saying, but he has such a spell over me.
Everything I hear about him my ears become blocked;
 everything I know about him, n' there is so much
 I know about him, yet somehow my mind
 does something to it; it processes it in such away
 that no problems whatsoever do I see.
You are almost caught, Anne, like a rare butterfly
 in very powerful spider web.
Flap your exquisite wings n' fly away before
 it will be no longer possible for you to do so.
Richard, your listening is good for me;
 your words refreshing n' reassuring.





Take your time, Anne, but don't take too long,
 for spells can be cast that will make it virtually
 impossible for you to set yourself free.
Remember, as you have always known it in your heart
 the coin curvature there is the greater the lure.
Loves my coffer he does surely, more than I can tell.
Oh, Richard; Richard, look!
The river you spoke of is there beneath the trees.
Oh, how wonderful it is to make a new discovery!
There is your answer in your own words, Anne.
Yes, that is it, Richard, isn't?
Yes, it is, Anne; set out on an new journey,
 n' leave the past behind, n' with no regrets.
Yes, that is it, Richard. I must go walk a new path;
 make a new world for myself enriched by the old.
Richard, I will have to leave your presence for now,
 n' return back here to listen to Arianna Huffington.
Return well, Anne, n' be with a goodly courage,
 n' whenever you need to come chat with me,
 just come in here n' visit this village of your mind,
 n' along by these waters you will find me composing.
Go well, Anne, n' do wonderfully well.
Wander well, Richard in these lovely elysian fields.
Contentment n' ease, Anne, n' be as you please.







Utopia n' Saint Tropez

Ante meridiem session: 7: 54-8:32, Thursday, 19th April 2012



TA TO DAWN SOME SEVEN

to seventeen minutes.

Turning over n' falling back to sleep;

a dream calling me to come see.

In a village somewhere on a way faraway land;

thinking I am it is an island.

And in that land I seem to be a man; a married man, n'

Living in a village by alchemy formed.

Children I have two n' they are most bright, lovely,

n' handsome, that is true; twice over is it true.

On the right what appears of be the Queen of the West

from Chinese mythology is floating in upon a cloud.

And I know this majesty, yet, I don't know.

And in a moment we are strolling together along

a shimmering shore to the sounds of the wavy waters.

And in our strolling n' chatting away do I know her

to be; yes, know her to be my blessed Far Eastern queen.

A dog n' cat are playfully running up the footpath

in the village, n' they are playing about my legs.

I know you two, don't I; don't I?





And in the breezes of gentle glances over
to the crescent moon floating off in the southwest,
I known them by such delightful n' mysterious names
as Misty of the Forest, n' Matrix of the Hill.
Happy birds singing in a nearby full blossom blooming
magnolia tree by an ancient handmade stonewall.
Children chirping their way to primary school;
parents waving n' blowing them smiling kisses.
Playful all play is the village life of this day.
Old men n' women gathered in the square,
n' chatting away until as the old saying has it;
until the easygoing cows of eve come home.
In an antic antique composing word pictures, I am,
n' from time to time gazing up at the blue loving sky.
Feeling I am the most blessed of men;
the most blessed of people to be living here within.
I am a nuptial poet dwelling in an idyllic village
somewhere on an island far faraway from
my native Phoenician shore.
Feeling as if I have always been here.
Know all the neighbours up n' down this street;
this street of sunrises n' sunsets complete.
Love n' music dance playfully in my mind
n' before my eyes do come to life.





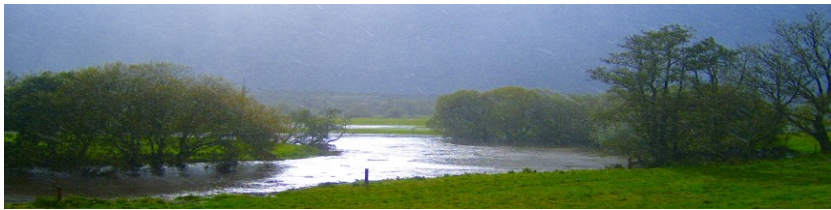
Someday, I am thinking that I will travel the world
n' become n' make a something of myself.
Perhaps a great philosopher of the down to village
n' fragrant fields kind as in marked contrast
to those of the academia tradition bound.
Who knows what mysteries n' wondrous stories
are to be found in the near surround of this village.
And an elderly woman is coming along the street.
Good morning; good morning, Mr. Mc Sweeney?
How are you, this lovely April day?
I am very well, thanks, dear Mrs. Mulcahy.⁴⁹
Utopia looks lovely on a morning like this,
doesn't it, Richard?
It always looks lovely, Mary, so it does.
It does, doesn't it, Richard?
Yes; yes, it does, Mary.
You are great, Mary the way you daily drop in
on the living alone; to the living on their own,
n' give them good words, n' a hand with
their few groceries, n' simple necessities.
Sure, Richard isn't that the neighbourly thing
to be doing as we are living the life?
It surely is, Mary, it surely is at that.
Age, Richard brings greater understanding.





And by yond way in the northeast white cloud sky,
 see I; yes, see I a three masted schooner in full sail.
Oh, she is an absolute beauty, all attired in sunlit gold.
And I am thinking she will be dropping anchor in the bay
 way out over 'yond L'hôtel Byblos Saint Tropez.
Strolling along by the banks of a shimmering riverlet,
 n' I can see the speckled trout there within,
 n' they enjoying life as if this were all the days of days
 that were ever to be given for the living of life.
And at times I am hearing a calling from an olive tree grove,
 n' in my mind I can see strolling a woman,
 n' she with auburn hair calling to me to come on over,
 n' to be with her in wordplay n' tea.
Thinking it strange, n' how can it be, seeing I know
 well there to be no olive tree grove in the village country.
Her voice is sweet n' comes to me as from the shores
 of the Odyssean voyage, but no harm from her do I feel,
 save I am with some confusion slight as to know
 who she might be, n' why she is calling me.
And my Eastern Queen is assuring me that all is well,
 n' with no fear be, for she is the Lady Muse of my poetry.
Go n' join her for wordplay n' tea is her wise advice to me.
And I am with walking down the village street; hearing
I am a train whistle blow in the distance, yet there is





no railway station, house or are tracks to be seen.
Something from Anatolia is coming to me in memory,
n' sitting I am in a Pullman carriage on the Oriental Express.
Habsburg in heritage; lineage there somewhere in line
with a generous seasoning of Phoenician n' Celtic.
Can't make out now where I am; in Cannes, Monaco,
Avignon, Edinburgh, Munich or Vienna.
Ah, I am back again in my attic composing away; but, oh,
now I am walking with someone named, Edgar.
And we are chatting away, n' he seems very happy to be
leading me to some scared cache, not of gold or silver
but of words; a sacred cache of knowledge.
Oh, with being in the depth of everything knowing,
n' overflowing into the horizon of no longer
comprehending whether n' which of what I am!
Light is entering the world; the dream is coming to a close.
A new day is appearing in over my beloved Saint Tropez;
Utopia n' all that loveliness is fading away.
Come what may, I am a woman whose heart is always
n' ever travelling to the places or her heritage sublime.
A new day is appearing in over my beloved Saint Tropez,
n' so need I to be with my daily play of canvas, colours,
n' light, n' of the very best of friends make bright.
This one I will call, 'Jardin flottant de Saint Tropez'.





Something it is surely to be a human; to be able to
picture n' word; word n' picture a scene n' memory
of who we were in thought when in this an existence
of the existences many we are yet to be rediscovered.
In dream which dream I am in I can't say for sure,
but this I can; a miracle of days here this is for me
in my lovely home by the Mediterranean Sea.





A music in it flowing through n' true

Ante meridiem session: 8:46- 9:08, Friday, 20th April 2012



O WALTZ, RICHARD IS TO MOVE

with the harmony of the love light true
calling infinity to a time

n' place of our own choosing.

No one moves without music in their ear.

Infinity starts with the waltz, for there

is the harmony, Richard of everything

I know about movement, swinging swaying

about in the glory of gentleness

n' strength renewed.

Much many is the forthcoming of the way

we perceive beauty into our life who loves

the truth being told, n' I say, it has to be true.

In a moment we view but do not see;

know but do not know the blessings

that are at our very fingertips.

Sun is flowing in along by the walls of time

n' warmth that nudges us to this conclusion

in going ever forward.

Now we can expect that if we laugh we will find





ourselves moving about again in one, two,
three, four, n' one, two, three, flour
round n' about along the floor we go.

I have told n' taught that the world makes us feel
all life to be super abundant in sweet enjoyment.

And, I must say, that the best of the yet to come
is rendezvousing in hidden alcoves over the way.

We meet again the time you know, love it is that
takes nothing at all for granted so.

And, Richard, when we will meet again we will talk
about the poetry of music; the kind of music
that can in good kind give a life anew
to philosophy in the speciality of the new moon.

Have you been to lovely Vienna, Richard?

That day will come too, André. ⁵⁰

Then, let us take to Tuscany, for there is a place
that will make us compose n' dance
in the bakery shops down by the corner ways.

From the time of long tales told over n' over
in sweet notes accumulating grandeur,
can we expect that we will believe all that
we have heard in the rain droplets blown
by the wind against the windowpane.

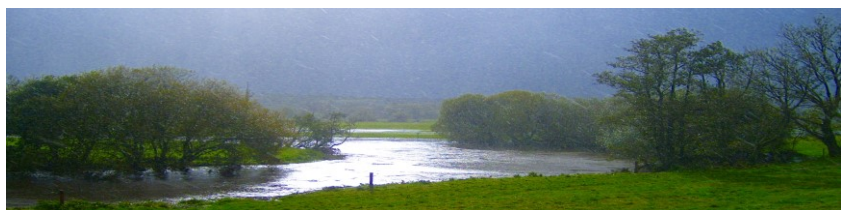
Think of it, n' you will see, that the waltz





takes me away, so it does, Richard.
I am not sure if you know this, but the waltz
is on a journey to its own becoming.
I thought it was complete in itself, André.
Oh, no, all music, Richard is on a journey;
a journey of self-discovery, by the way.
Music is forever evolving, n' we must be
ready to accompany it, all along the way.
Happiness, Richard is people listening
to something beautiful played charmingly,
n' in an ambience that is otherworldly.
This, André, you, and your gifted family,
n' your happy troupe exceedingly well do.
Thank you; thank you, Richard.
Thank you, André for just being you.
I like that, Richard; I like that a lot, for
it has a music in it flowing through n' true.







You had a choice to be

Post meridiem session: 12:07- 12:58, Monday, 23rd April 2012



PRING OF 790

AB URBE CONDITA - 37 AD⁵¹

In the Mare Internum,⁵²
a military vessel bound for Italia,
n' having left some days ago,
the port city of Caesarea⁵³

of the Roman Province of Iudaea.

On board is recently deposed Prefect Pontius Pilatus⁵⁴

who has been ordered by Governor Lucius Vitellius of Syria
to go answer before Emperor Tiberius Julius Caesar Augustus
for accusations brought against him by Samaritans.

There is no sea; there is no sea like Mare Nostrum.⁵⁵

Glad I am to be out of that wretched place;

never liked it from the first moment I lay eyes on it.

But a soldier has to do what a soldier is ordered to do.

Make no mistake about it, for if I was asked

to take it on again, I would, n' crush everyone
there who would oppose me on anything.

I let them get away with far too much.

Cunning they were without limitations;





threats with this n' that, n' tell to this one,
that one, n' the other one, all up the line.
Threatened they did often n' anon to report
n' expose me to Governor Lucius Vitellius.
I swear, if I will be sent back there again I will
clean the streets with them, n' if not I will
bury them in the subterranean prisons of Caesarea.
Oh, I hate them; hate them with a vindictive madness!
And, who are you, n' how long have you been there
eavesdropping on my soliloquy?
Why are you here; where did you come from?
Did you rise from the depths or down from the heights?
I am here, n' I am to accompany you in conversation
for part of the way whether you agree to it or no.
Do you know who it is you are addressing?
Yes, one Pontius Pilatus.
And I have no need to be conversing with some mystery
from up out of the waters or down out of the sky.
Tell me, have you every been enlisted;
ever served in the armies of the Empire?
I have no need for such a lifestyle.
What do you mean; it is not up to you,
for if our August Emperor Tiberius
thus ordered it, you would be dragged away,





n' slapped about into shape in no time at all.
And of a splitting of hairs on the hind quarters
of a dog you could very well find yourself
manure deep in some backwater of the empire.
You are a pretty upset character, aren't you?
I have every right to be upset, for isn't nearly half mad
I am from having spent the past ten years
in that cultural quagmire of an outpost called Iudaea.
You had a choice to be a benevolent prefect,
but you chose otherwise.
It is not in my nature to be benevolent.
Of whips n' chains, hammers n' nails
is who I am; an inflictor of pains.
Cross me n' as sure as there is water beneath,
I will crucify you to the mast of a sunken wreck.
Caesarea by the sea offered me some bit of respite,
but that frequent journeying of seventy some miles
down to Jerusalem was off near the death of me.
I hate that place; I hate the culture, n' the religious
goings on of all that engrossing stupidity.
How can anyone possibly worship only one god?
Why, that is ludicrousness of the highest order.
No; no multiply your choices n' work with
those deities alone who will do you right.





Several times, I tried to subdue their belief
by defiantly marching my soldiers into the heart
of their temple of worship in Jerusalem
with our banners fully unfurled, but each time
I failed, for didn't that petty girlish lot run
off to the Governor complaining about me.
But they didn't all get off so lightly for their
treasonous intentions, so they didn't.
No; no many the stream n' well by noon
were of a crimson brightness.
Oh; oh, n' those Samaritans they just
pushed me way too far, n' that is far too far.
Tirathana village on the way to Mount Gerizim
will be remembering me for generations.
My nature came out in all its un-academy glory.
I ended their story for them without as much as
the flinching of an eye.
Destroy n' destroy is the only joy for me.
How do you live with yourself; live with
so much anger n' hatred for peoples,
their cultures, n' religious beliefs;
cultures n' beliefs that outdate your own
by hundreds n' hundreds of years?
Don't even attempt to go there with your





enlightened countenance bearing your words
into my eyes n' ears.

Get off this vessel before I will have you
tossed over the bow into the way of the rudder.

There is no one else on board who can see me
save you yourself.

Then I will do so myself, if I can only
catch a hold of your haziness!

Heard tell that you had some three years
or so back a certain holy man who was brought
before you for judgement.

Listen, many supposed holy people were brought
before me throughout the decade, n' in all cases,
I had them dispatched to the land of their dreams.

Trouble makers the whole lot of them.

But I hear tell that there was one particular holy man;
be he a man of great wisdom who was brought
before you while you in Jerusalem; it being
the time of a certain local religious festival.

And with being under pressure from the mob, you let
a well known freedom fighter walk free, n'
had a perfectly innocent man scourged, n' crucified.

Ya, you stupid apparition; be you a spirit, a haze
or whatever you are, you have got that story all wrong.





A husband n' his wife were brought before me
by the local legality; the Sanhedrin, n' they
wanted me to pass sentence on them as they
had accused them of plotting to bring down
the rule of Rome. Can you believe it?

I just laughed at the whole notion.

For doesn't everyone know, Rome will go on
for a thousand years, n' will again at that time
renew itself n' continue on indefinitely.

But, that crowd kept on at me, n' threatening me
that they would report me to the Governor
if I didn't comply with their demands
to have them both receive the full weight of
the infamous Roman law for the provinces.

And so after much yelling, shouting, n' roaring
a compromise was reached, whereby I ordered
the woman to be released, n' the man
to be despatched to the lakeside of his dreams.

And, the only reason I did that was because
my wife urged me to do so, for she had had a dream
about this woman, n' felt her to be a non threat.

And so I let her go; let her go free to wander
in the province, n' even in the empire n' beyond.

And that like the rest of everything in nature





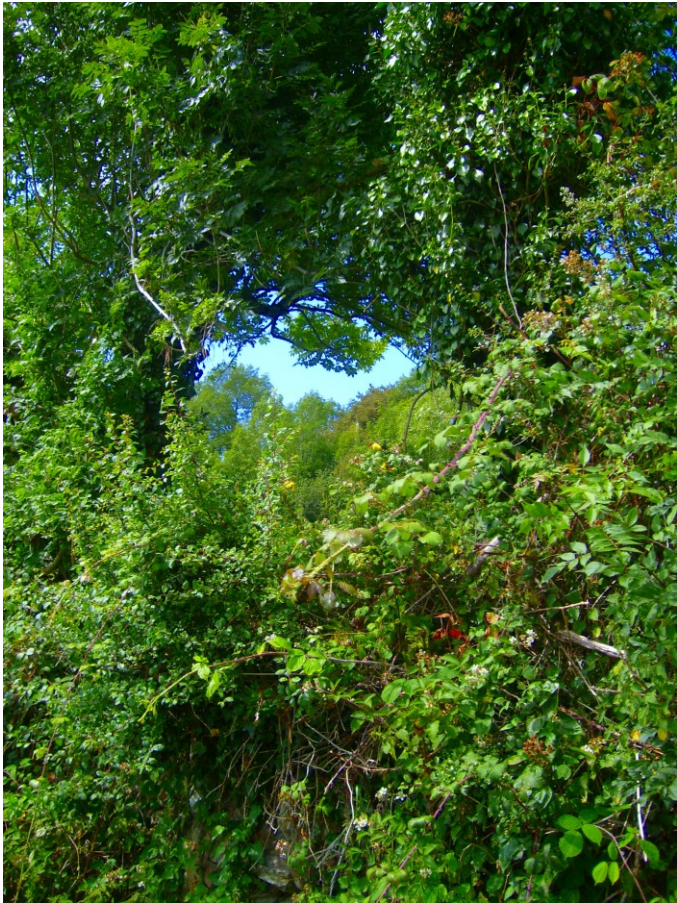
was the end of it as far as I was concerned.
What are you going to say to Emperor Tiberius
when you meet him?
Nothing. I will smother him if have the chance.
He is old, gloomy, n' lost in his own nothingness.
The empire would do well to be rid of him.
He has done nothing but make life uncertain
for those of us of means, while for the ordinary public
he provides them of the every best, n' are
for the greater part free of the uneasiness of not
knowing what is going to happen to them next.
The nearest pillow that comes to my hand
will be the one that will send him all the way
to the gardens of his dreams.
And if you stay on board; hover there long enough,
I will have also figured out a way to take you
out of your foothold in that airy existence.
Hey; hey, where have you gone; where are you,
you good for nothing spirit or whatever you are?
Ah, good riddance to you; to you all; to the world!
Judaea, Nabate, Peraea, Decapolis,
Samaria, Galilee, Gaulanitis, n' Phoenicia
don't care; don't care if ever I see you again!
What is it to be living in such a world when





I could be with travelling without a care
within the land of my pedestalled gods?
Life is a trash of a lot that meaning has in it
a sword in the scabbard of a dying dog in a tree.
Wish I had never been born.
To be born is to suffer, n' to give suffering
to those who are in need of it.
Blessed are the poor in suffering; not to worry,
for I will give to them from the much of it that I have.
Oh, cursed life, why was I sentenced to life?
First I will snuff out the Emperor, n' then perhaps
myself I will make to follow in his wake.
But then again, it is easier to take out the other
than to take oneself out, however wide the door be.
Cursed; cursed all the way to my ancestry;
to every horse that has jumped on my back!
Ah, I have enough, I must take a rest
for all this over wakefulness is making me
tiresome n' weary; weary n' deadsome.
Ya, soldier? Soldier bring me something to drink;
something that will sweeten the pain
of the sour in my thoughts.







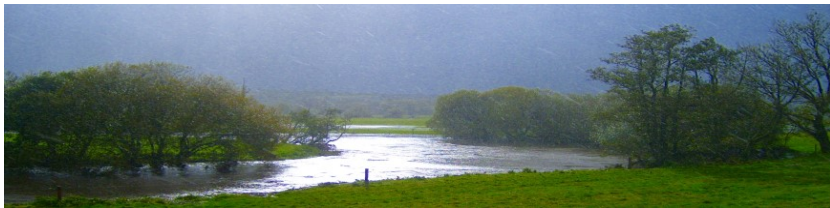
When the gaze upon me is so delightfully exquisite
is dedicated to

~ Homayra Sellier ~

Geneva, Switzerland.

Homayra is the President of 'Innocence en Danger'
a global movement for the protection of children
against any form of sexual abuse.





Gaze upon me is so delightfully exquisite

Ante meridiem session: 9:25-10:07, Tuesday, 24th April 2012



RICHARD, YOU HAVE A WAY

of looking into eyes

that fills a woman with love; love

that finds itself enchanted by its own beauty.

Oft times have I wandered in the childhood fields

of my lovely Iran; oh, land of my deeper love

running freely n' innocently without

A danger at all at all in the world.

Richard?

Yes, Homayra?⁵⁶

Do you love the world?

I love people, Homayra; I love beautiful people.

What is it you love about beautiful people, Richard?

Beautiful people, Homayra are beautiful;

beautiful in heart, mind, appearance, n' acts.

What about the not beautiful people?

I love people, Homayra; I love beautiful people.

Fair is the love that sways itself through

flowing hair along the borders of infinite time.

Richard, do you think love is loving?





Love loves to love, Hodayra
for that is the way of love.
I once, Richard happened upon three jewels
by a shimmering stream, n' each one of them
was different in shape n' attraction.
One was that of a star, one a rose,
n' one of a crescent moon.
And I was in love with them three,
n' gave to my heart a promise
that I would carry them in my bosom
n' before me into the world.
For, Richard our thoughts, imaginings,
n' beliefs are as those jewels,
n' of others to be found along the banks
of meandering shimmering streams.
High through the trees is the happiness
that comes n' presents itself
into the palm of our hands.
Richard?
Yes, Hodayra?
What is sweetness in grace to you?
Sweetness in grace, Hodayra is the gaze
that is upon me as I here speak.
Richard, do you know how much a woman





of love loves to love n' be loved?
A woman's love is a man's desire, Homayra;
a man's desire is a woman's joy.
By your Hafez do we come to know n' feel
that love is the greatest of attractions
filling the surround of the starry heavens
though it be mid morn or early afternoon.
"Last night, from the cypress branch, the nightingale sang,
In Old Persian tones, the lesson of spiritual stations."
Richard, your voice is velvet drifting n' floating
about the countryside of my inner world.
If it is of velvet to be found, Homayra,
then what shall we say of the wondrous voice
of the songbird in the grove over the way?
Richard, I have a concern that has become a way of life
for me; a giving for the receiving of safety, serenity,
n' joy for the children of the world.
It has become most dear to me, Richard.
Your concern n' love for the lovelies of the world
is truly most admirable, Homayra,
but don't forget Homayra.
She is the love light to be beheld in the sight
of the lovelies ever becoming joyful.
Remember the beauty that is within you





is not meant to be all given away to the world.
Your heart is abundantly generous for the world,
but take care of yourself above all.
I am, Richard taking the every best of care of myself.
I know you are, Hodayra, but you can even do more so.
To be for the world you must needs be first for yourself,
for we must be what the world wants to see.
Fragrances of late spring are beginning to usher in
the first visitors of summer.
Only yesterday, Hodayra did I see the first swallow.
From South Africa, n' over the Namib n' Kalahari Deserts
up to the Gulf of Guinea; inland for the wide Sahara,
n' past the Atlas Mountains, n' on over into Europe,
n' to the Celtic Isles they come.
Richard, sometimes I feel I am like a swallow
who travels the world wide to give the good word.
But do you know what, Richard, how ever far
I fly away, I have in my deep heart a longing
to someday again visit my native land.
There is something about the first place
we played, sung, n' danced in this world
that has an attraction on us that only gets
stronger with the time rolling on by.
Someday, Hodayra, n' may that some day





be in the near soon, you will be again able
to stroll royally in the colonnades n' fields
in that most ancient of lands n' culture;
a land of poets, scholars, n' artists.

Richard, you have a way of making all

I once thought quite impossible possible.

Time is beauty, Hodayra, n' when she

alights by a beloved one she takes them by the hand,
n' accompanies them with story n' song
all the way to the place of dreams come true.

Beautiful you are in smile, gaze, n' form, Hodayra.

Keep these safe; ever charmingly culture them to be,

for such innocence in beauty is at the heart of love.

I love to love, Richard, for love is the life of the world.

Pace in grace, Hodayra; love in place will bring

to the world hope, peace, n' joy.

You have a way, Richard; you definitely have a way.

Only, Hodayra when the gaze upon me

is so delightfully exquisite.

Thank you, Richard.







By the waters below Gran Pearl's castle

Post meridiem session: 12:19-13:08, Thursday, 26th April 2012

MAY 19TH 1536
Tudor Royal Palace n' Fortress
North bank of the River Thames
London, England.
Having left a Royal apartment;
en route to Tower Green.

Richard, are you still here?

Yes, I am, Anne;⁵⁷ about your right shoulder.

You have always been with me at the most
difficult moments in my life, but I fear
this moment is going to be the worst of all.

However I have tried to prepare myself,

I can't seem to steady my mind.

It keeps running back n' over in time;
not knowing were I am.

Anne, all will be well.

How can it be so, Richard,
for my stomach hurts n' my stepping
is weakening with every descent.

Anne, this is your time to show them





what it is you are really made of.
Be with the strength of your ancestry,
n' you will amaze; you will not fail.
Richard, how now I very much wish
I was still back in beautiful France.
You know how much I loved it there,
don't you, Richard; don't you well?
I do; I do, Anne.
I loved it there, so I did; loved the language,
the fashions, music, poetry, n' art.
Oh, I am missing the friends I had there.
It seems like only yesterday when I first
caught a glimpse of him; though he did not
espy me for I was peering through a hedgerow.
Oh, he was so handsome he was back then
when I first let my eyes fall upon him.
My heart wasn't long in the following.
What is that sound, Richard?
Ah, it is only a flock of ravens taking flight.
Perhaps, Richard they know what is to happen,
n' they don't want to be with the memory of it.
The birds of the air are like that; they are easily
scared n' troubled by the goings on in humandom.
Oh, he was so charming so he was; tall n' slender.





I loved him in imagination, n' in appearance.
Had heard so much about him; a womaniser they said
 he was, but I in my naïveté didn't want to believe them.
Yet my sister, Mary had allowed herself to be netted
 by him several times, n' finally abandoned.
How could he want this for me, Richard?
I was faithful to him for these past three years,
 n' for longer though having had many casual
 affairs previously as is in the way of our times.
God can judge me on that, Richard, but I can
 tell you as sure as these steps are beneath my feet,
 I done nothing whatsoever of that which they have
 accused me of; nothing at all.
Before God, do I confess this to be the fullness of truth.
Richard, do you know what I feel like doing right now?
What, Anne?
Laughing out loud, Richard, n' I don't I know why,
 but it seems to be the most natural thing for me to do
 given the absurdity of the accusations,
 n' the garbled logic, n' blatant greediness of it all.
Am I; am I going mad, Richard to be feeling this way?
No, not at all, Anne, for it is the truth.
Richard, if I had been wiser long ago, I would now
 be a happily married woman living over in Ireland





with at least four to five healthy children;
boys n' girls them all would be.
I would be but the contented queen of a single castle
rather than a much troubled queen consort of countries.
And what use did I have anyway for marquesse?
Richard, why is wisdom a product solely of hindsight;
why can't it also be of foresight?
That is the way it is, Anne, but it can be changed
with a bit of determination n' practice.
It doesn't look like I am going to have that opportunity.
Oh, Richard; oh, God, oh, God, oh, God almighty,
Almighty God, there it is; there it is over!
Anne, be strong; be strong, n' show them resolve.
My eyes are tearing, n' I am getting weak.
Anne; Anne, be with these words upon our tongue:
Though I walk through this labyrinth of death,
no fear do I have, for You are with me
every step of the way.
I will, Richard, I will Richard, but my tongue;
my toongue is slowwing downn in its movement.
Thooough I wwalk through thisss labayrrinth of theath,
no fear do I haave, for You are waith, waith, with me
every st st step of the way.
Anne; Anne tell me about that time in Calais,





remember when you secretly visited
Le Camp du Drap d'Or gathering.⁵⁸
Oh, yes, Richard that was great fun, wasn't it?
I had secretly gone there unbeknownst to my mother
to see His Majesty of France, n' His, ah;
no, no I can no longer mention him.
He is fading from my memory.
He has betrayed me; betrayed me most pitifully.
Oh, God; oh, God, why, why, why?
But oh, no, not my will, but Your will be done;
Your will be done; is it Your fun?
Anne; Anne?
Richard?
Soon you will be free of this place of sorrow n' pain.
Can I run to it n' get it over with now?
Stay your strength, Anne; show them not the slightest
signs of weakness in character.
Weakness is what they are waiting for, n' to record it
in exaggeration n' distortion for the ages.
You know, Richard, I am a Christian;
I am a Catholic Christian irrespective
of what he n' his cowards have decreed.
I love my faith; the faith of my childhood.
The gospels are in my heart; the psalms





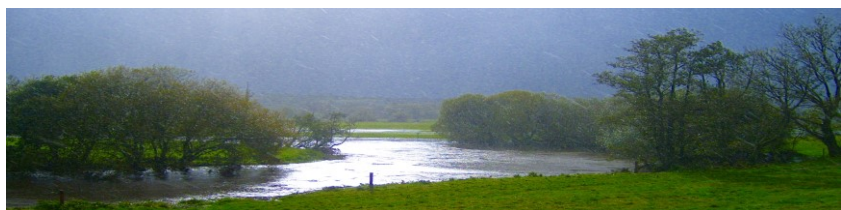
upon my lips, n' the mass in my eyes.
Richard; Richard, Richard do you see it?
See what, Anne?
It is there, look, all but covered with the straw.
Yes, I see it, Anne.
It is French made you know, n' its handler too.
France has come to reclaim me for herself.
Bonjour, Monsieur Executioner?
Bonjour, Your Majesty.
What is your name?
Jean Rombaudo of Saint-Omer, Your Majesty.
Ah, I once upon a summer had a love for a boy
 named, Auguste Rombaudo of Saint-Omer.
Oh, my God no! No; no, no this can't be so!
Forgive; forgive me, Your Majesty.
May Auguste be a nobler man than his father.
Delighted I am to see you here though, n' am looking
 forward to meeting your comforting friend there.
My Majesty, remember me in the Kingdom.
I will.
Richard, he is a good person; I can see it in his eyes.
You will need to comfort him when he returns to France.
I will do so, Anne.
Richard, isn't a lovely day to be dispatched?





Better it would be a day for strolling in the fields
of France or along by the streams in Ireland.
Very soon, Richard I will be there, n' anywhere.
Richard, look; look can you see him, he is peering
down through the casement window over?
I see him, Anne.
From now, Richard, I must be on my own.
And so, I ask you, please, as your beloved friend
to leave from my presence; leave from this place,
for no sight is this to be for your lovely deep eyes.
Wait for me by the waters below Gran Pearl's castle.
I will meet you there presently along by the banks
of the refreshing River Nore of my childhood lore.
Now, Richard; now, Richard, please go.
I am awaying, dear Anne, n' I will meet you there.
I will meet you, Richard; I will meet you there,
n' without a care we will be chatting away.
Oh, Elleebelle pet, your mammy has no regrets;
your mammy loves you way away beyond this death.
Avenge me not, pet, when into womanhood you become;
avenge my death not, pet, no, for your once upon a time
handsome noble father is becoming much sick in head
from power clot, n' adviser rot.
Père, je remets mon esprit entre vos mains.⁵⁹





Père, je remets mon esprit ...

Père, je remets ...





Merry Bee

Ante meridiem session: 8:45-9:00, Friday, 27th April 2012



PERSONAL MODES OF TRANSPORTATION

n' me go back for aeons upon aeons of centuries.

In my lives of living have I own these,

n' these to be revealed besides the many

the more have I owned temporarily.

And they did all take me from here to there

n' back again without a care.

A raft upon a river in lush green Terra Australis.

A canoe on the Pinturas in Patagonia

where I left a handprint of mine

in a nearby cave.

A sedan chair in Sumer at the time

of His Majesty Gilgamesh.

A barge upon the Nile at the time

of Her Majesty Nefertiti.

A caribou in south China at the time

of Lao-tzu.

A donkey in Bethanya at the time

of Prefect Pontius Pilatus.

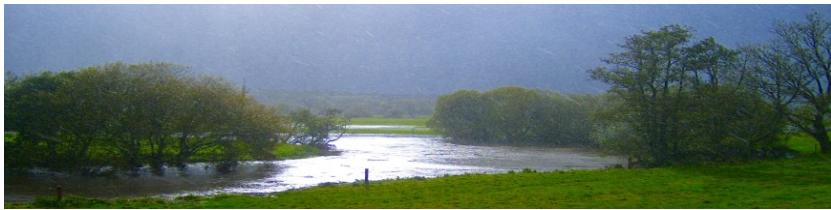
A camel in Medina of Arabia at the time





of Prophet Muhammed.
A dogsled n' team in Greenland at the time
of the coming of the Norsemen.
An elephant in Thailand at the time
of His Majesty Rama I.
A horse in Virginia at the time
of Governor G. C. Walker.
A bicycle in the Netherlands at the time
of the Great Depression.
And in this life round own
A '97 AMG Mercedes Benz
E200 Avant-garde.
Shy too shy I am to be saying
Mercedes Benz, so I call her
Merry Bee to family n' friends.
In the stretching far n' never ending
tomorrow worlds of mine,
what will be my modes sublime?
Grateful I will be as ever I have been surely,
for all the wonders of transportation,
that come find their way to me.





I have my journeying to be concerned with

Ante meridiem session: 11:04-11:42, Monday, 30th April 2012



MONDAY MORNING, 22ND JULY 2019

Sitting on a bench across the street

from the Palace of the Holy Office,

in Rome, Italy.

Office:

The Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith

- Congregatio pro Doctrina Fidei -

Miserable is a thought that comes to the fore frontier

of my mind this morn as I sit here n' reflect on

your five hundred years; no rather closer on

two thousand years of confusion setting.

Of what do you speak of there you on the seat?

I speak of all the misery you have brought down through

the centuries to the followers of Jesus of Galilee;

believers who were expressing their opinions on life

as it presented itself to them in their own day.

You don't know what you are talking about, for obviously

you can't see that there is a difference between

reasonable logic, n' logical reason that is confusingly

misleading when spoken half the time in the tabernacles





by the side altars of such profoundness the temporarily
exhibiting n' expressing truths which make no sense.
No; no the whole lot of them were nothing more than
misguided egoist trying to establish themselves
on a par with we the Church.
Have you anything to say for yourself on the infallible
words generously just poured forth to you for your hearing,
n' for your deep reflection, n' dutiful manifestation
in the living out the gospel of the Church?
Obviously you have no word to say when the truth of conditions
negate the completeness of the fact after the event
has been so concisely n' clearly presented to you.
You have more in common with thoughts that disbelieve
communion with universal reformation n' reconciliation.
Speak for yourself or forever find yourself in full contempt
of we the Congregation; in full contempt of the Church.
In the last nine years alone you have caused unbelievable
hardship to priests, n' nuns on my native isle of Ireland.
Ireland? You are from Ireland; that renegade place?
Really, do you hail from that place?
Yes; yes I do. Proudly a man of Ireland I am.
Then it is a misfortune for you having been born n' raised
in such a land; in such a principled community.
Only Mother Church; only Rome speaks not some place





having a population no greater than a large city
in any other part of the world.

What an obstinate race of people are you, Irish.

There is not another nation of people on the face
of the earth having such conviction in their opinions.

It is for this reason that we have had to silence nearly
your entire clergy; every bishop, priest, n' nun,
not to mention your cardinals.

May I speak a moment?

Go ahead that is what a mouth is for; to express itself.

The Church; the teachings n' its doctrines have little
if anything at all to do with Jesus of Galilee.

How dare; how dare you make such a truthful accusation!

When the troublesome clergy will be well put in order,
we will take our power into the laity flocks.

At times; at various times in the history of the Church
we have had to disguise ourselves, n' go wolf in the flocks.

This was done to sustain, maintain, n' give continuity,
support, n' security to the core of true believers.

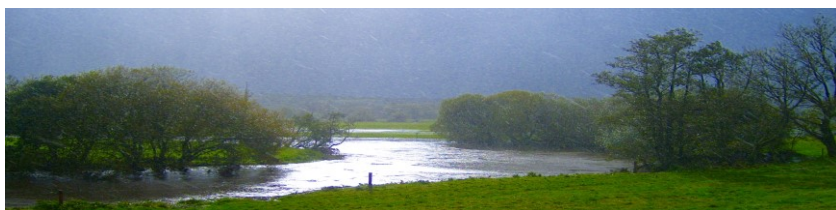
We here in the Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith;
we here in the Vatican are the belief n' doctrinal setters.

In other words, we are the core of true believers in the world.

Ah, I have listened to you for way too long already.

I am wasting my beautiful morning sitting here attempting





to listen to you speak such truth alone unto n' for yourself.
Don't go yet; stay a little longer.
Why; why do you want me to stay, when all you do
is pontificate to me; you have left no room to listen.
Listening is not required of the Congregation.
We thoroughly investigate; in incognito we investigate,
n' make our decisions based on the damning evidence.
Consultation is not necessary with the priests, nuns, bishops,
cardinals ... placed under the thumb of our investigations.
No, I have enough of attempting to listen to your nothings
making any sense whatsoever.
Do you not realise that, that Jesus of Galilee of which
you have made mention was in fact a huge hindrance,
n' in time a huge liability to our movement?
He was way too problematic to have anything to do with him.
If you want to follow his path you still can, for it has
never been attempted by anyone on the face of the earth.
And I mean not by anyone at all anywhere in the world;
too much of a challenge it is so.
But I digress. To get back to what I was saying.
The whole confusion of the confessional is at best
n' at worse the finest piece of originality that was ever
brought to life, n' we have our Irish clergy through our
guiding influence to thank for it; eternally I may add.





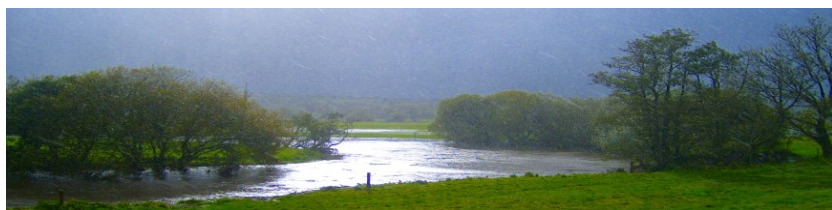
I am leaving; I have enough of this!
But where, who or what will you go to?
I will go to the fields n' rivers; to the shorelines n' deserts,
 n' there I may be blessed to encounter Jesus of Galilee.
I can tell you now before you go, that you will never
 find such a person for according to our records,
 well, ah, ... what I shall say?
This day's feast taken in deeper meditation could reveal
 to you considerations that you never thought even existed.
Ere I go, I would ask that you at least restore trust
 in the so many good-hearted priests back in Ireland,
 n' priests, nuns, bishops, n' cardinals around the world.
We will think about that in seasons.
Don't take too long or you will have nobody left to find.
And be with remembering the saying,
"There are many rooms in my Father's house."
Don't be saying things like that, n' anyway given besides,
 it is no concern of ours as we have already plenty rooms here.
I will be as I like, for being me is a liking that is very dear to me.
Ah, go; go, you n' the Galilean have much in common.
You will find a welcome there should you ever encounter each other.
Is the Church then casting me away?
Let us say; let us say you are no longer over welcomed.
So be it then, for I have my journeying to be concerned with

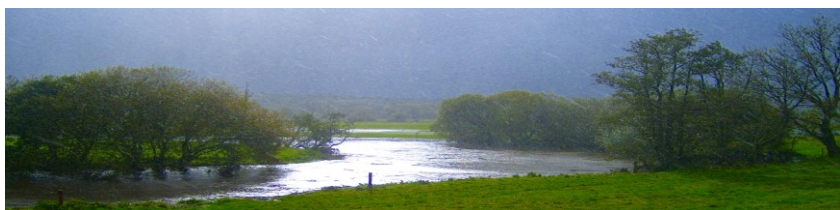




rather than sitting here listening to you speak so much dross.
“A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross.” is that it?
Yes; yes, that is it; my days of stooping to dross are over.







Countenance the world
is dedicated to
~ Mariam M. Hourani ~
Beirut, Lebanon.





Countenance the world

Ante meridiem session: 8:38-9:09, Tuesday, 1st May 2012



AHLAN WA SAHLAN,⁶⁰ RICHARD!

Richard my friend in the world of way out there,
how lovely it is of you to appear on our
ever welcoming Lebanon shore.

A Phoenician welcome; a heart filled Lebanese
welcome to you my literary friend of the blessed quill.

Mariam dear,⁶¹ I am but of the love light of the morning
Floating upon the orange fragrant breezes.

Richard, what is it you care about most in the world?

I care about love, n' love cares about me.

How about, Mariam of the Seas of Great Dreams?

Oh, me, Richard, I love love more than any n' all
of anything in this wide n' beautiful world.

Then we are well met in the literary valleys n' uplands
of the all green, golden, snow, n' waving happiness
that comes from being in trust.

Being in trust is as being in love; being in love
as being in trust.

Richard?

Yes, Mariam?





What makes for the best life for all peoples?

The freedom to live in the joyful company of each other;
with full respect for each other, first as a human being,
n' thereafter for each other's beliefs n' opinions.

Richard, you n' I are of different cultures, beliefs,
opinions, n' expressions thereof, n' how is it then
that we can get on so wonderful well?

We have found a meeting ground, Mariam; a place
where we can freely n' respectfully share wholesome
ideas with each other on any subject under the sun.

And that meeting ground is found in the written word.

Mariam, what is the blessedness of your thoughts?

The blessedness of my thoughts are many, Richard.

Myself I love with all my heart; my family,
n' my handsome, bright betrothed, Talal.

And a blessedness of my thoughts is that all people
in the near about n' the far be wide be free to be
fully human; free to become profoundly human:
the greater the greater, Richard of ourselves.

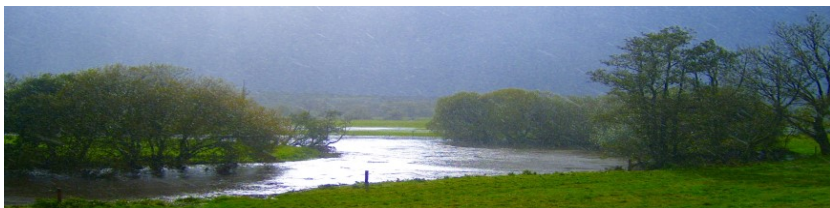
Your words, Mariam are abounding in mighty wisdom,
n' sound caring for all human beings.

Thank you, Richard, but this I find also in your writings.

It is the beautiful heart that you bring to them, Mariam.

Richard, how come you have such a love for Lebanon?





Lebanon sought me out, Mariam through your
great poet, philosopher, n' artist Gibran Khalil Gibran.
From our first meeting I have been culturing my love
for Lebanon, n' the Lebanese people.
And not confined have I been at all in that love,
for it has extended to all countries in what we
have been cultured to call, the Middle East.
Richard, may I ask you a personal question?
Of course, Mariam.
Why haven't you become a Muslim?
I like being as I am, Mariam; I like being
on this journey of self-discovery.
I was born n' raised a Christian; it is what I am
most familiar with but not bounded by.
I want to set my mind as free; as free as free
can be in this precious presence of my eternity.
But, Richard, being a Muslim makes me feel
day nightly ever so free; ever so free, so it does.
Blessed be, Mariam; blessings be for you
n' your Talal, n' in continuity may it be for
yere loving family when it comes into be.
Richard, your words will be in my heart kept
bright throughout the years coming into my sight.
And I, Mariam will always be of a blessed prayer





for you, n' your beloved Talal, n' family.
May we continue to walk in the friendship of love,
for to walk in the friendship of love is love.
Respect, Richard is established on friendship, isn't it?
'Tis indeed, Mariam.
Your heart; your mind, your words, n' way, Mariam
is love living love in the world.
Countenance the world with your lovely smile n' eyes serene.
See I can see, that blessed truly is your good man, Talal.
Alhamdulillah,⁶² Richard, n' I to have he truly.
Joyful trust n' love neat attend you both, Mariam dear.
Shukran, Richard habibi.⁶³





To have a good laugh is a great thing

Ante meridiem session: 9:35- 10:21, Wednesday, 2nd May 2012



RICHARD, SHADOWS ARE PASSING
before my eyes; pain I see is multiplying,
n' I can no longer lay the blame on desires.
There must be something new; something that
has been long withheld from my point of view.
Suffering is measuring n' measuring in height
n' depth at an alarming rate.

Can't say now for sure of definite yet, but
it seems there are holocausts about to take place
way beyond the scale of anything seen e'er afore.

Can be averted if the global will is there.

Suffering is at the heart; at the heart of the matter.

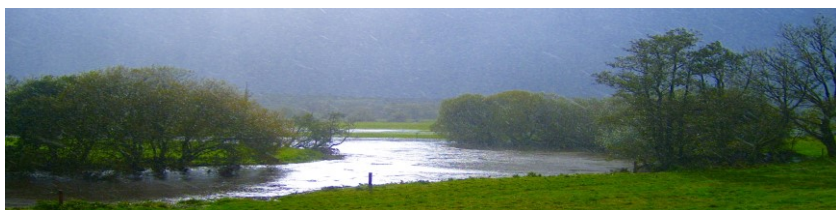
Get rid of suffering n' everything will be
as the rain n' winds of the days, hours, weeks,
n' years will be left to smouldering in dawn fires.

Reincarnation to goodness must become a reality,
for reincarnation to badness is running madly wild.

Place your hand here in mine, Richard,
n' close your eyes, n' tell me what it is you see.

I see, Your Holiness⁶⁴ the Fourfold Noble Truth.





Dukkha -

The Truth of Suffering.

Dukkha Samudaya -

The Truth of the Cause of Suffering.

Dukkha Nirodha -

The Truth of the Cessation of Suffering.

Dukkha Nirodha Gaminipatipada -

The Truth of the Noble Path to the Cessation
of the Cause of Suffering.

What else do you see?

The Noble Eightfold Path.

Samma ditthi - right view.

Samma sankappa - right thought.

Samma vaca - right speech.

Samma kammanta - right behaviour.

Samma ajiva - right livelihood.

Samma vayama - right effort.

Samma sati - right mindfulness.

Samma samadhi - right concentration.

And I see mountains of heavens reaching
to a brightly glowing light.

Then you have seen well, Richard into the essence
of what it is to be viewing reality
from the Buddhist perspective.





May I request, Your Holiness to place
your hand in mine, n' to close your eyes?
What can you see?
I see nothing, Richard; I see nothing at all
save; save ... I can't seem to express
what it is I am seeing; I have no words;
lost for words I am.
Look deep from the below of what you see,
n' tell to me what it is you see.
All religions, philosophies, ideologies, n' thoughts
as one would view an ant mount from above.
How came you to have a suchness, Richard?
I have walked the walk, Your Holiness,
n' talked the talk of all ideologies, philosophies,
n' religions, n' found them to be no more than
thinkings of minds scattered wide broad.
Your Holiness, my life is not
to this time restricted.
Me too, Richard, for we Buddhists
are of the belief that we will be reincarnated
to live life to a greater fullness.
Richard, do you view yourself
to be a reincarnation; a rebirth?
I have no need for being reborn or reincarnated,





for I am never out of existence, Your Holiness.
I merely appear in n' out of visible existence
or if you prefer in n' out of invisible existence.
Who or what, Richard decides for you to be?
I don't know, Your Holiness.
Be I am; be I was, n' be I will be eternally.
What meditative techniques have you used
to get yourself to such a depth of insight?
My mind does the thinking for me, Your Holiness.
I merely follow my mind.
And your mind, who does it follow?
My heart.
And, your heart?
The unknown.
Who or what, Richard is the unknown?
I don't know, for to know, Your Holiness
would mean not to be of the unknown.
Only those who take the knowable to be
their understanding of reality know the know.
But the unknown is only accessible to those
who know themselves to be unknowable.
Richard, you speak in circles without my circles.
I only speak of who I am, Your Holiness.
Richard, can I ask you so when all is considered





n' weighted up n' levelled even, what is suffering?
It is a misnomer; a misnomer for what is natural.
When I strike my toe against a stone,
 naturally I feel pain; I naturally suffer.
If I were more careful in my walking,
 I would not have given myself pain;
 not have given myself suffering.
But, Richard, I have been taught, n' in turn
 have been teaching that suffering is the essential
 problem with existence, n' that if we can
 rise above suffering we will be free.
Suffering I see is nothing different, Your Holiness
 from rain to river; river to cloud, n' cloud to mist.
The form n' expression thereof alone differ.
To be trying to escape from the natural
 is to be unnatural, n' anything that is unnatural
 will only increase the very thing which it seeks
 to be rid of, namely the unnatural.
Richard, we have to get beyond the double suffering;
 we have got to get beyond life n' death,
 for they are the greatest of all the sufferings.
If existence is to be viewed as such, Your Holiness,
 then such a solution would seem to be understandable.
But what if, like me, I don't even acknowledge





the very existence of death in the first place,
then what need would I have for such thinking?
Richard, I have over two thousand years of Buddhist
documented history n' research behind me;
a research n' a history of in depth thought
on the subject of suffering; on the sufferings
life n' death, n' the need to become free of them.
You have had but to date solely your present lifetime
to consider such profound matters.
So on the scale of things, two thousand years or more
of in depth reflection, meditation, n' contemplation
by tens of thousands, n' even millions of followers
of Buddhism far out weight your few short years
of carefree childlike speculation.
Meet me again here in two n' a half thousand years,
Your Holiness, n' I will still be of this my own naturalness.
Everything changes, Richard; even Richard changes.
That is true, Your Holiness, but naturalness remains
the same in its accommodation to the times that be,
n' the times that be are forever natural.
Richard, what of compassion for others;
what of compassion for the world?
Know the natural, Your Holiness, n' compassion
will know itself as natural?





Richard, I have met many in my travels in this my present
existence, n' I am sure also in my precious lives
albeit I have no memory of them now.

But I am certain, I have not met anyone of your kind
in the way you look at life; look at existence.

Your Holiness, we are outside existence when
we are within it, n' within it when we are outside.

You talk now, Richard in a way that could only make
sense to an overcoat turned inside out, n' outside in.

Then we have found a place of origin, Your Holiness.

Richard, it is good to talk surely, n' it is good
to listen, but now I am experiencing this chuckling
within me rising, n' I feel the great activity of it all
is to wholeheartedly laugh out loud!

Then let us together, Your Holiness be with laughing
wholeheartedly that we may delight in being
human beings of the most wonderfully natural kind!

I have never in all my life laughed as much, Richard.

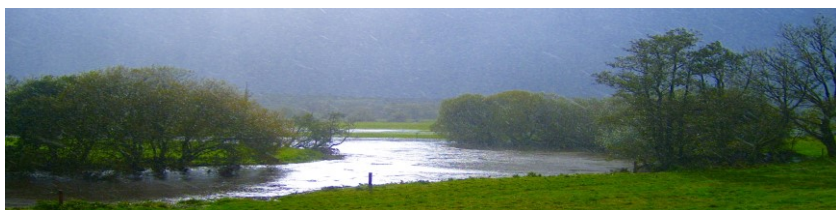
To have a good laugh, Your Holiness is a great thing.

Richard, be the greatness of your great thoughts.

Be the greatness of your great thoughts, Your Holiness.

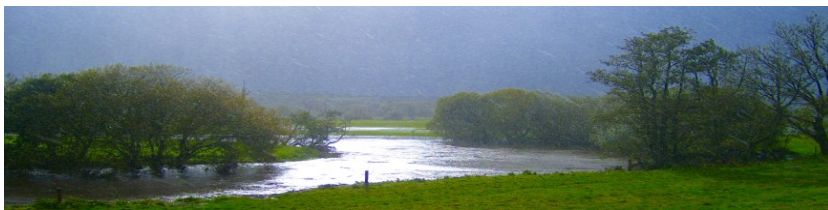
I will; I will surely, Richard, I will.





Giving n' receiving
is dedicated to
~ Meera Teresa Gandhi ~
Chief Executive Officer and Founder
of 'The Giving Back Foundation'





Giving n' receiving

Ante meridiem session: 9:29-10:14, Friday, 4th May 2012



LOVE IS AT THE HEART

of joy, Richard;

joy is at the heart of love.

To be in love is the love light of our life.

When I am happiest I am in love

for that is what it means for me to be alive.

You know, Richard we can be alive but not living;

Living has to be of life in its fullness to be found.

Meera⁶⁵ you have got a lovely smile.

Richard you are always saying the loveliest of things.

With loveliness before me, Meera I accordingly be.

What about when it isn't, Richard; how do you be?

With loveliness before me, Meera I accordingly be.

Sometimes, do you know what I think, Richard?

I think I am doing something before my mind knows it.

I tell you, action is ahead of itself in my case.

Normally we think n' then do, but oft I have found

it to be that my doing is way out there ahead of my head.

Does that make sense to you, Richard?

All wonders make sense to me, Meera.





The other day, Richard I was walking in Central Park
with my love, Vikram, n' we were chatting
about the world, when suddenly he said to me.

'Meera you are lovely.'

Now, he is a of handsomeness of mind, Richard,
that he would tell me this from time to time.

But it was the way he said it at that moment,
n' in that place that seemed to give it
a whole new depth of meaning.

I thought way to a thinking from that, Richard,
n' I could see that the same words said in different
places; in different countries could have a greater
or lesser depth of meaning depending on the hearer,
the ambiance, n' the culture.

That is a profoundly wonderful insight, Meera.

You know, Richard, the more I work at giving
the more insights of the like have been
presenting themselves to me for my attention.

Giving has a magic about it, Richard, hasn't it,
in that it increases the desire to give.

Gifts of giving, Meera are insights.

Of all the blessings in life, Richard the blessing
of being returned into the inner is the best.

It is something, Meera we can culture in our children;





in our immediate community, n' in the wider world.
Richard, our good friend, Homayra Sellier speaks
of the need for alertness in the world, for if we don't
do something about that which we know in our heart
to be blatantly wrong; blatantly immoral, then we are
complicit in it by our silence, n' by our flicking
of the remote control or the rolling on of the cursor.
Homayra is a person of love light in the world.
She is truly, Richard one of the loveliest of people.
Richard, do you know what I like about life?
That it is so delightfully beautiful, Meera?
Of course, Richard, but that it is joy; joyfulness.
I go to bed early at night for I am so tired,
but another reason is that I want to be ready
to live fully joyful in the coming new day.
A day is a joy, n' we must live it full of joy.
And there is no greater way to feel joyful, Richard
than to be giving.
And I have found, Meera that knowing how to receive
also to be a great provider of joy.
That is so true, Richard, for without knowing how
to properly receive we partially spoil the given.
You have held the hand of Mother Teresa, Richard.
A lady, Meera of a fine grip, a lovely gaze,





n' soothing words that last for the days of days.
You have too seen the joy in her eyes, haven't you?
I think that is all I saw, Meera.
You know, Richard, we don't truly realise how much
others influence us while we are in their company.
It is only later we discover its warm presence
in every aspect of our life.
Truth knows itself to be strolling in such places, Meera.
Richard as a person of lovely words, tell me a little
about Ireland; the native land of my mother.
Your beloved mother, Ellen Mc Carthy is Ireland.
All the goodness, beauty, charm, n' originality
that is Ireland is to be found in her.
And that goodness, beauty, n' charm has clearly
found itself a happy dwelling place in her daughter.
Then, Richard may it also be found in my lovelies,
n' be found in them in even greater abundance.
My beloved father, Perbodh Agarwal is of the great
land of India, n' I feel from him the wisdom,
n' brightness of all that is wonderful in India.
And that brightness, n' wisdom, Meera has clearly found
itself a happy dwelling place in his daughter.
Then, Richard may it also be found in my lovelies,
n' be found in them in even greater abundance.





Richard, why do you compose your phrases;
why do you compose dialogues?

I compose, Meera for that one person out there
somewhere in the world who stays up late at night
to read what thoughts have made their way my way.

Beautiful. I am the same, Richard in that I do
for that one who is greatly in need of my giving.
Even for that one it is all worthwhile, isn't it, Richard?
It is, Meera, for if we don't do it, there may be no one
else in the entire world who will, n' who will do it
in such a way that will bring the greatest ease.

That is it, Richard; to be generous with the blessings
we have been given.

And do you know what I have found, Richard,
that in the greater giving of my blessings
the more blessings I have discovered to be within me.

And those seeing this find themselves doing the same.

Honestly, Richard it is a true saying, that one life
may not be enough to give expression to all
the blessings that we have been given.

Life is so amazingly generous.

One life is ninety years to some, Meera while to others
one day lived in such a way can amount to ninety years.

Oh, that is fantastic, Richard.





I never thought of looking at it that way.
A day a day keeps bringing life into play, Meera.
Have a most enjoyable time next Wednesday
 in Manhattan with the launching of your book:
 {Giving Back}
Thank you, Richard; wish you could be there.
I am with you everywhere, Meera.
In-joy; in-joy, n' delightfully
 in-joy the living of life, Meera.
In-joy; in-joy, n' passionately
 in-joy the living of life, Richard.





Come faithful cue

Ante meridiem session: 8:23-8:58, Wednesday, 9thay 2012



ELL YOU KNOW

what I mean like, Richard
it is not easy being me; no it is not easy
being me by a long shot, I can tell you.
I fear n' fret over so many things, you know,
even before I get up out of the bed in the morning.

Sometimes the nights; no, no more often than not
Are they way way wide too long so they are.
Thinking I am thinking I am half the night through.
And it is not, you know, that I can't play well.
It is just that I am so blooming scared.
I practice five, six, sometimes ten hours a day.
It is not; no, it is not that I can't play good snooker,
it is the fear of being in a championship that scares me.
Other players scare me, n' I don't know why really,
cause there is nothing to be sacred of is there really
when all is said n' done.
Congratulations, Ronnie⁶⁶ on winning the World Title
for the fourth time!
A marvellous achievement.





Thank you Richard, but it was so hard on me,
n' to a large extent I don't know why really.
Annoying it is, Richard not knowing why things
are the way they are, isn't it?
It can be alright, Ronnie, but maybe there is so much
that we don't need to be concerning ourselves with.
It is all in the head, Richard, isn't it?
It is, Ronnie.
I have come to believe, Richard that worry is natural
to us humans; to be human is to be worrying.
I mean to say, Richard have you ever met anyone
who has never worried about anything?
So I have come to thinking, that seeing that worrying
is so natural a human activity n' all, I might as well
become skilled at worrying instead of as it were
trying to eradicate it from my mind.
I mean to say, that which is so natural to us is meant
to be lived naturally.
Worry; to be worrying is not natural, Ronnie.
We can live very naturally n' comfortably without it.
I wouldn't know, Richard, for I can't think of a time
honestly in my life when I haven't been worrying.
It is something that is very natural to me.
Well, Ronnie such naturalness is unnatural.





How do you mean n' the like, Richard?

Do you worry about worry, Ronnie?

No, what would I want doing that for, Richard,
haven't I enough to be worrying about other things.

Then there, Ronnie you have it.

If you don't find yourself worrying about worry
then you can do without worry altogether.

Wow! That is a nice bit of thought play there, Richard.

If the cue ball is your mind, Ronnie
then how are you going to play it?

I always cue tactfully; always thinking five
to seven possible shots n' combinations ahead.

Why, Ronnie not use your mind in such a way?

How do mean, Richard?

Let it be free to impact; free to make a difference
in how you approach things; how you approach life,
n' how you approach a championship.

Focus on the movement of the cue ball,
n' forget by far everything else.

Focus your mind on impacting, n' making a difference.

I know; I know but, Richard there are the many opponents;
there is the referee, the audience sitting about,
n' those at home n' around the world
watching me on the telly n' the Internet.





People petrify me.

Focus on the movement n' placement of the white ball
on the green carpet, n' on nothing besides.

How to get my mind, Richard into such a discipline
is quite a challenge for me.

Go deep into your ancestry, Ronnie;
go deep into your native isles, n' sit there about
the hearths to listen to tales on the timeless ways
of strength, survival, n' victory.

You will discover how your ancestors patiently
focused their attention, n' triumphed against all odds.

Your mind is yours to control, not it you to control.

Know the difference, Ronnie.

I know; I know, n' I know that, Richard to be definitely so,
but it is only with the application of my own will power,
the help of my beloved family, friends, coaches, n' others
that I have managed at all to participate in championships.

They are all the very best for you, Ronnie, but you need
to start depending totally on the power of Ronnie.

I thought n' imagined I have been doing so, Richard.

Ronnie, you haven't yet met Ronnie 'The Great'.

You have only known, n' settled for Ronnie 'The Rocket'.

Where is he, Richard that I may go find him;
go visit him, n' learn from him?





He is right there within you, Ronnie.

Within me, Richard?

Yes; yes, within you, Ronnie.

Go visit him, n' you will be amazed at the welcome

he will have for you; anticipating your arrival, he will.

I will, Richard, for I am fed up truly of all this struggling

with fears n' frets come seasons in go seasons out.

You know, Richard, I am suddenly feeling that if

the World Championship were to be played right now,

I would win it without a bother in the world as I would be

without all my former self dragging me downs n' outs.

Strange how a few good words timely spoken, Richard

can make the world of difference to a different world.

The world of a difference, Ronnie 'The Great'

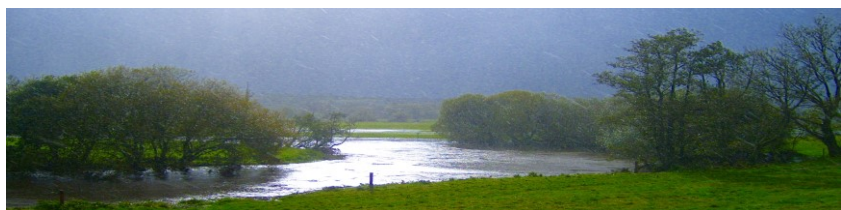
is in the potting of the black.

Right; right, that is it, Richard.

Come, faithful cue we have a world of difference to do,

n' to do it many the times the over n' the over again!







Long live dignity; dignity forever!

Ante meridiem session: 6:45-7:45, Saturday, 12th May 2012



ON MY CARPET WITH LANTERN TO FOOT,

n' floating of a May dawn

on along o'er the Danube river.

Now coming up on Mauthausen to my right:
a small market town in Austria.

Veering inland with passing o'er beautiful fields,

lovely houses, n' endless splendid scenery.

Seeing what appears to be a runway of some sort,

but now knowing it to be something else.

Yes, it is what remains of the notorious

Konzentrationslager Mauthausen:

Mauthausen Concentration Camp.

And there over is the todesstiege; death steps;

death stairs, death rise n' fall up out of

the Wiener Graben; the granite quarry,

n' connecting it with the camp barracks.

From up here they appear to be like any other

stone steps in a countryside park, for the quarry

with it is three pools of water is all May green.

Could never imagine that it was once the scene





of desperate happenings; a murder impasse
for thousands of men of all ages.
I am not lingering here; no, I am not for too painful
it is even to my knowledge of what took place.
Need to float along for memories albeit they be without
personal experience are hurting me way too much.
Knowledge of what happened in such places,
n' many such places there were is not comparable
to the personal experience of having been there.
Floating on o'er neatly kept rectangular houses
n' numerous fenceless tilled fields.
Thankfully the thoughts are remaining behind.
Coming in o'er the town of Sankt Georgen an der Gusen,
n' crossing over the L569 highway, n' there to my left
is a tennis court n' football pitch.
The town looks lovely; a very pretty Austrian town.
Will now float on back o'er the Danube, n' follow with
its meandering through the beautiful countryside to Linz.
Wha what! Wha what was that; who, who was that?
A hoarse voice is shouting up from somewhere below:
Hello; hello, hello you there on the carpet?
The carpet has stopped in its floating.
Hello; hello, hello you there on the carpet?
Hello; hello, hello, yes?





Hello, you there on the carpet; have you time awhile
to stay n' listen to my pitiful story?
The voice is coming up from the town of Sankt Georgen,
yet, if this doesn't sound a bit strange, it seems rather to be
coming up as it were from somewhere beneath the town.
Good new day; good new day, where are you?
I am down here; deep way down here I am
in a dark tunnel beneath the town.
And in a moment, I am finding myself standing
in a tunnel, n' without my carpet n' lantern.
Pitch dark it is though seeing clearly I am.
Half sitting half leaning against a rock is a man;
a haggard, cadaverous man hardly of skin n' bones.
He is without a beard or hair on his head.
The eyes are sunken back into their sockets.
In a moment of closing my eyes n' wishing, wasn't I given
to seeing you floating on your lantern lit carpet.
Not knowing if you were real or of my dreams,
I began to call n' call up to you, n' somehow I natively
knew if you could hear me you would heed me.
Who are you?
I am Father Seán Abhaile of Ireland.
I am of Ireland myself, Father.
Ah, sure that well explains the native feeling then.





How came you to be here, Father?

In the spring of '41, n' I in me 56th year of living,
wasn't I happily conducting onsite research
on the history of the Colegio de los Irlandeses
in beautiful Salamanca of Spain, when I was
taken prisoner along with many Spaniards,
n' we were brought all the way here to Austria.

The reason given for their arrest was that they
had resisted the soldier Francisco Franco y Bahamonde.

I was arrested because I was a priest n' scholar.

All of us were classed AZRs - Asozialer/Reichsbehörde:
asocial prisoners delivered by Reich authorities.

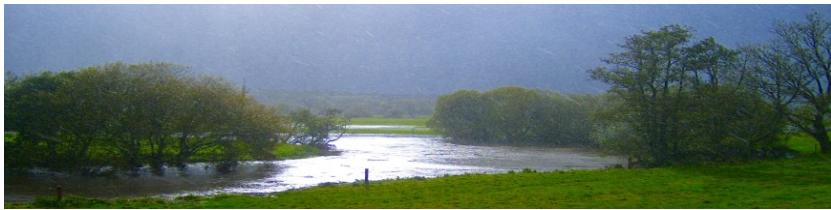
They drove us over land as they would a herd of cattle;
transported us they did as goods in railway carriages,
with we eventually winding up in KZ-Mauthausen where
immediately they put us to work in the granite quarry.

Of the seven hundred of us that were taken in Spain
only four hundred n' seven-two made it
to KZ-Mauthausen; the rest having been murdered
on the way, n' their bodies discarded as nothing.

Among the group were eight elderly Spanish priests.

And within the first three weeks in KZ-Mauthausen
seven of them passed way due to the harshness of the labour;
due to the severity of the cruelty inflicted upon them





by the SS guards n' the capos.
Two died on the todesstiege; one was shot for refusing
to push other prisoners to their death off the edge
of the quarry; the place which the SS guards jokingly
referred to as "Fallschirmspringen" - the spot to
parachute down on to the quarry floor without a parachute.
Another died under a "dolmetscher" - a whip, by order of
the camp commander's adjutant, SS-Hauptsturmführer Zutter.
Another was hanged, n' another flung by SS guards
on to the electrified barbed wire surround fence.
And the seventh was drowned in a barrel of water
by two capos while the rest of us were forced to watch.
And then there was but two of us priests remaining.
I have no idea how we managed to survive there in the quarry,
for the work was unbelievably hard: braking stones,
n' carrying them, n' dropping them while being beaten
to pick them up again, n' to carry them up the steps to the top.
A fifty kilo rock needs a stomach as much as a back
n' legs to carry it; nothing in the stomach n' the legs
n' the back have the greatest of difficulty.
The strain is felt throughout the body;
the eyes are seeing blind, n' the gums are bleeding
while the collarbones are ever becoming more exposed.
Oh, the terrible rasping in the throat groaning from yourself,





n' from those in front, beside, n' behind you.
Thrice it happened that SS guards kicked someone nearing
the top of the steps which caused a falling of all back down.
And they laughed n' laughed at us as we struggled there below:
a pile of bones n' rocks knotted together by sinews.
Back on our feet; stepping on one bloodied step, then a second.
Some days I counted 186 steps, another 189, n' some a thousand.
All day long were heard the cries of men; blasts, rock breaking,
shouting of the SS guards n' capos, swishing of whips, wailing
of sirens, n' the shots, the shots, the shots, n' the shots.
And there were the all too familiar screams announcing
that insanity had finally taken hold of a man.
A donkey braying in a caravan would sound prettier
than the nightmarish screams of those once healthy men.
These sounds went on all day long n' deep into the night.
And the night too had its sounds; the uncontrollable sobbing.
And there was the wolfish barking of the dog named 'Lord'.
And the raw smells of blood, filth, sickness, smoke, n' death
was ever in the nostrils; ever revolting the mind n' stomach.
If a thousand men were sent out to work of a day in the quarry,
maybe seven to eight hundred would make it back alive
to the barracks that night; to those freezing windowless barracks.
It was extermination by hard labour, n' by any other means
at the discretion n' disposal of the merchant, n' carpenter:





SS-Standartenfuehrer Ziereis - the camp commander who took his orders from either the violinist SS-Gruppenführer Heydrich or the lawyer SS-Obergruppenführer Kaltenbrunner, who in turn took theirs from the chicken farmer Reichsfuehrer-SS n' Chef der Deutschen Polizei Himmler, who in turn took his from the soldier, artist, writer Führer und Reichskanzler Hitler, who in turn was fully allowed to be what he wanted to be by the global collective of business, political, n' religious leaders. With the greatest of ease was he given free rein to do as he pleased by the We Leave Things Happen n' Respond Way Too Late. And beneath the commander n' his adjutants were the SS guards, n' the capos; who in peaceful times were most likely ordinary everyday people, but who now finding themselves engaged in do or die orders, n' engulfed in dreadful fears for self-preservation, did day n' night behave as if they were willingly overdosing on some kind of freely available morality insensitive hallucinogen. Yet, mingling amongst them too were those whose hearts were as black as chimney soot, n' whose relentless pleasure was none other than inflecting the greatest of discomfort, pain, n' grief. Then sometime in the spring of '44 many of us were marched across the fields from the Mauthausen camp, n' here to Sankt Georgen an der Gusen; to be more precise to the Gusen II Concentration Camp which to our heartbreak we were soon to discovery was upgraded hell on earth.





I felt alone there; alone there without the one friend

I had had since we had been taken back in Salamanca.

Some nights before we left for KZ-Gusen II,

the sadist of the camp: SS-Hauptsturmführer Bachmayer
for the sheer fun of it had ordered him outside into minus
15 degrees centigrade temperatures, where he then
splashed him with cold water before leaving the helpless
forty-nine year old man there to perish to death.

Others, n' I had offered to be sent out in his place, but

Bachmayer wasn't interested in having his way recast.

My friend; our friend, Father Amadeo María Sánchez.

Unlike KZ-Mauthausen, in KZ-Gusen II we were sent down

here into the tunnels to work on military aircraft assembly.

I had never in my life done any mechanical work; loved books,
but for survival sake I said I could make rivets.

Sometimes, I was able to say mass in rock niches like this

one here for a handful of fellow prisoners who could be
trusted to keep it a secret, at least for as long as they could.

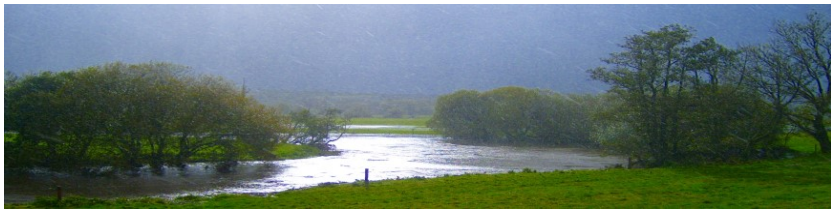
And then one fatal day, someone in the group, n' surely it was

in a moment of weakness n' forgetfulness betrayed us to a capo;
betrayed us he did for a cigarette butt.

Five, including our betrayer were shot on the spot,

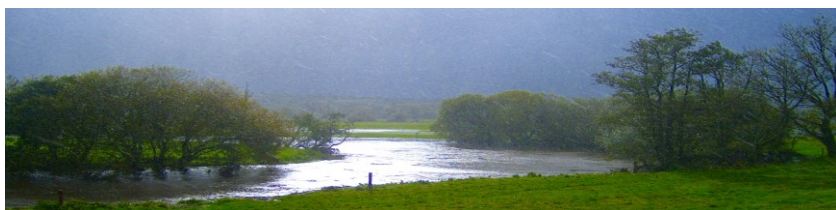
n' I was taken to a roll call clearing in the tunnels
where I was made a living spectacle for all to witness.





What they didn't do to me before they finally
took my body away from my spirit I can't tell you
for the words themselves refuse to come to me.
Most people have their spirit leave their body,
but in my case my body was taken from my spirit,
for such was the barbarity they inflicted upon me.
It was as if they were taking every ounce
of hatred they ever had for Christianity out on me.
All I could think of as it was happening were the priests
back in 17th century Ireland who were persecuted,
n' mercilessly murdered just for being a priest.
And I experienced for the first time Jesus suffering;
knowing him to be me, n' me to be him.
For these past sixty-eight years, I have been wandering
in these tunnels giving solace to the thousands of spirits
that are still trapped down here beneath the living above.
The landscape above no doubt has changed, n' no doubt
people have forgotten, n' have been getting on with their lives.
Beautiful houses no doubt have been built in places where once
witnessed tremendous suffering, sorrow, n' death.
And perhaps even camp administrative buildings themselves
have been renovated n' are being lived in as if they had
never been occupied by the worst of our humankind.
Please; please let not the memory of what happened





in KZ-Gusen II, in KZ-Mauthausen, n' in the numerous
other camps scattered throughout Austria, n' across
the continent be forgotten.

And if there existed around the world others of alike,
then let these also not be forgotten.

Keep in the memories the memories, n' avoid any
tendency to pretend they n' we never even existed.

Let there be joyful living, but no denial of the historical facts.

Move on with life sure enough, but let not the memory
of we individual people be erased from hearts.

We are not numbers or statistics; no we are one by one by one
individual human beings who were not meant to have
what happened to us happen. It was all preventable.

We are all alike in having family n' culture backgrounds;
even those who done us wrong came not from outside
the human race; no, they were as ordinary in their backgrounds
as anyone ever living in any place in the world.

However, that which distinguishes us from each other
is our dignity for each n' every human being; respect
for human dignity being the touchstone of truth.

Can I do anything for you, Father, n' your fellow spirits?

Yes; lead us home to our native places; lead me back to Ireland,
n' let us to be resting in peace with our ancestors.

Then come, Father, let us away from out of this dreadful place!





And with lovingly calling forth into the depths, tens of thousands
of spirits did with delight ascend into the fresh clear new day sky,
n' like a great flock of swallows followed on behind the carpet.
And by place by place did each n' every spirit happily descend,
n' joyfully enter into the welcoming bosom of their ancestors.
Now rest you all in the blessed fragrances of your native place.
Long live dignity; dignity forever!







To think all this further through

Ante-post meridiem session: 11:48-12:16, Wednesday, 16th May 2012



LOVE FINDS ME LOST

in a confine of time, n' I don't know

how to bring myself back up

onto the happy highway.

Where are you that you are in confinement

to be found that we may go bring you round?

I know I don't know, yet I know I know.

Apparently sadness is becoming the new shape

of your thought which won't do at all.

It is not that at all at all, merely I had gone for a walk;

had taken an excursion into a time of the past;

that past being the early 1940s in Europe,

but my head is spinning hurt from all that

which I exposed myself to see n' be to be to know.

Where now am I to find some clear fresh peace of mind?

The mind is as a deer in the hillsides of Bavaria.

Then why aren't I with the loveliness of fragrances

in my grazing; why aren't I with the delight

of the sunlight on the cushy green slopes n' valleys?

Your heart is hurt; a hurt heart is hurt when it is hurt





for that is what hurting of the heart is all about.
I saw a man like any other of our human kind,
n' in him did find not, solely with observation
n' listening; no, could not find him to be any the more
the less extraordinary than the rest of they them there
back in the day of dread n' fear.
Of whom do make reference?
SS-Obergruppenführer Reinhard Heydrich.
Been to many the photographs n' screens of him,
yet not in one of them could I tell that here was a man
that was the very worst of our contemporary humankind.
Photographs n' film reels can't reveal that which
is in a person's mind; in their heart to be.
Then do you want finished with photographs n' films
of those of yesterday; those of the fast dimming away past?
That is not the question in issue, rather what is it
about photographs n' films that has the ability
to so successfully hide that which is the person?
How about then portrait paintings n' sculptures?
They are only better than those spoken of in that
they capture but a single trait of the character,
but by doing so exclude all of the other traits.
If the past; the Second World War is only available
to us in photographs n' newsreels or homemade movies,





how can we otherwise know the truth?
So, read n' read n' that will reveal to you all
that is needed by you to be known.
That failing, go speak to aged witnesses of the age.
That should bring you to the truth of the matter.
That is true.
But even if I were to see in person one of those
in power from those days of the near old;
say, from Europe of the thirties n' forties,
I would not be able to know from them externally
whether or not they are of the best kind
of our humankind or the very worst.
And in these days in The Hague, General Ratko Mladic
is on trial, yet, from external appearance on screen,
I cannot know the kind of person he is in truth.
How can we get to the truth concerning such a person?
See to the atrocities they have committed; listen to
the heart wrenching words of those who were there;
to those who had been both personally n' indirectly
hurt or disturbed by him, his adjutants, n' men.
Other than that, it would be to go from this existence
n' to ask the blessed passed away what they can
tell us about this person; about these people.
Without going I can ask them for they know me;





they know me to be for them a door always held ajar.
Why; why do the not so good people appear in the street
or on the screen to be no different from the so good people;
the so good people to be no different from the not so good?
There must be something about them I am not observing.
Must travel in thought to think all this further through.
Do.





Through the veils of time

Ante meridiem session: 8:17-8:35, Monday, 21st May 2012



AY MORN OF THE 21ST DAY

in the 12th year
of the 21st century.

My dear Elleenavine,

In my thoughts you are of this lovely May morn,
n' feel I am to be more in love with you
In this month than at any other time of the year.
Fragrances of the moment, hour, n' the day
be with you, my charming of the fields.
I miss you terribly at times; only through
keeping myself busy with my present work
which is in the composing of lyrical lightness
can I keep myself in harmony with thee.
In this life I dwell on the beautiful isle of Éire;
the isle of love we oft spoke of n' longed to visit.
I am called, Richard in this life; a name
greatly to my liking.
And happily married I am, n' we have
two bright beautiful children.





As in our day, dear Elleenavine,
I am an artist: an artist of the quill; a skill
 that I am daily making more n' more my own.
This century is nice albeit as in our day
 there are troubles to be found near n' faraway.
Keeping myself in love with love.
As in our time in love with you,
 my dear sweet Elleenavine.
Serenity of mine-ly,
Dwellen

~::~~

May afternoon of the 21st day
in the 7th year
of the 19th century.

My dearest Dwellen,
How truly lovely to receive your words.
And I am very happy to know you are again
 in a life; a life of love, beauty, n' brightness.
I miss you, dear Dwellen; I very much miss
 our time when we would stroll along by
 the river n' take to reclining in the grove.





On afternoons like this, I miss you all the more,
but now to know you are in love a new
fills me with gratitude, joy, n' wonder.
Richard suits you well, for you, my love
are of kingly strength n' gentleness.
And, oh, how lovely you are dwelling on Éire!
I too am happily married, dearest Dwellen,
n' have three bright beautiful children.
Let us always be in each other's loving memories
through the veils of time, my dearest Dwellen.
And may we meet again in another century,
n' again be with renewing our love
by the rivers n' in the groves divine.
Compose love; love to compose love.
Always in my love, dearest Dwellen.
Fragrance of mine-ly,
Elleenvaine





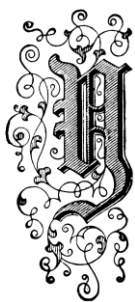
Exquisite centre
is dedicated to
~ Eleonora Genieve d'Gray ~
Paris, France.





Exquisite center

Ante meridiem session: 8:26-8:49, Tuesday, 22nd May 2012



ACHT TO SAIL

on the wide n' open blue sea,
that is 'Eleonora' me,⁶⁷ Richard.

A thousand times have I made my way to the house
of memories stretching forth into the past, n' the future.

Pleasure of my sensuality is the sound of a friend's voice
at the end of the telephone line.

Making friends with the crowds is not as important

to me as with the one, two, n' three few with whom

I can be myself; myself being of that not to the public
to be seen or to be known to be.

Richard, you clearly have a love for fashion n' style,

n' clearly fashion n' style have a love for you.

From where came your harmony for the beauty

that is all in the eyes of love to be found?

There are Eleonora places in Pleasantry where dwell

civilizations that make for the freshest of charms
to be sent my way by night n' by day.

I have Richard a knowledge of knowing that the best

of things in life are to be seen by the way I use my mind.





My mind, Richard is a place of moving about;
sojourning among n' upon the isles of creativity.
These days it is along by the beautiful Seine.
Another time n' place will find me happily
to be with remembering these new days of the old.
Richard, what is it to be in the best place of no place,
n' yet to feel oneself to be the exquisite centre
of one's own world?
I guess that depends, Eleonora on the swirling
of the planets, stars, n' galaxies finding themselves
in the warm alpine snows of May come June.
I knew a horizon once, Richard, n' it had in it
a meadow green with buttercups n' daises aplenty,
n' a most lovely of a me was playing therein with
other children rings, bracelets, n' tiara making.
Oh, we were having such great fun, Richard!
I knew it not be to known to me then, but, that we
were in love with each other's playfulness, singing,
n' chatting away things only for our own ears to be
heard good: to be for the soothing of loneliness to come.
Imagination, Richard, isn't it the affection of a friend
that texts late of a night just to wish you a good night:
a serene sleep, sweet dreams, n' a wish for the dawn
to be finding you in love for the new day;





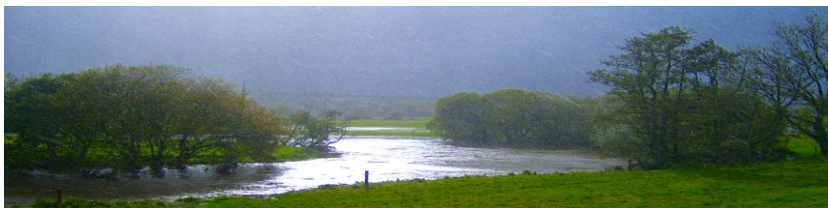
the new day of love?
Such is the Love Light Eleonora in the world.
Thank you, Richard.
Richard, what is time n' existence to you?
It is the moment that is in it right now, Eleonora:
 being here in this limousine moving through space
 n' time; seeing our thoughts, n' sharing our words.
Have you ever, Richard fallen in love with
 someone who lived in the way distance past
 or who will live in the way distant future?
All the time places, Eleonora.
I am too of this blessed fullness, Richard, for oft do I
 feel myself to be way behind or way beyond the present;
 being of other worlds, yet being here all the time.
Crazy isn't it, Richard having such exotic thoughts;
 yet, thoughts that seem to me to be the most wonderful
 of thoughts to have on the way to a fashion show.
Crazy it is not all, Eleonora, for this is the exotic way I live
 between the hours of sunrise n' sunset; sunset n' sunrise.
Richard, what makes for a meaningful life?
Knowing that this is not all there is to it.
Where so come is your meaning?
We are greater in our existence, Eleonora than are we
 to be found in these wonderfully fashioned bodies.





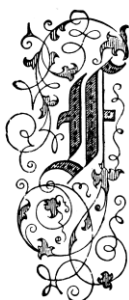
We are of a greater fashion experience which sees memories
as rain droplets, n' expectations as snowflakes in our hair
of a morn floating o'er the poplars n' the hawthorns.
Richard, do ever imagine imagination to be the life that is in us?
Is that what we call the soul nothing more than the imagination;
a case of names once being twice removed?
A beauty there is, Eleonora that is veiled n' hidden
more off than not in words, phrases, n' in places
where we might least expect to find it.
Richard, we must sometime do again this driving
in a limousine with interesting conversation.
Life is good when it is a light, Richard.
It is indeed, Eleonora the Light Bright.
Oh, we are here, Richard, n' I must reluctantly
away from out of your presence be.
Sail on safely with joyfulness n' the warmth
of this our conversation continuing in your heart.
Serenity in love, Eleonora; joy in love, n' love
in love be with you in the past, present, n' future.





Enjoy being of the sweet hay

Ante meridiem session: 7:58-8:22, Thursday, 24th May 2012



REE FLOWS THE FLOWERING

fragrances upon the life of true blessedness.

Some to the bloom can be seen in coming Junes

way out of sight in the closeness of expectations

coming sooner than the liveliest of new moons.

Place your time here on this shelf, n' help yourself

to some sweetness of the apple trees in the garden

Coming into their flowery delight.

I had of a night in Anno Domni 1326 a vision bright

in the sight of my inner mind, n' I couldn't say

for sure which way it was going.

But, no sooner than it come into vision clear view,

than I saw her standing at the edge of an oak wood.

I couldn't believe I was seeing what I was seeing,

knowing full well that such an animal was but of

mythology n' storytelling to be found told.

But there she was in clear view; a unicorn!

Ah, that was you only dreaming yourself out loud;

out into the open placing your thoughts.

No one at all has ever seen a unicorn save





in the imagination of the influences placed there
through the keyhole in the castle door that chimes
as it opens n' closes with gentle breezes.

Suppose now; suppose now that the next word
out of your mouth was not of a thought to be.
How so, for is not a word the carrier of a thought;
no thought can come forth from the mouth save
in word; save in vessels of linguistic fashioning?
Thoughts depend not solely on words to carry them
about; about can they proceed quite leisurely on breaths.
I have never heard of such things told either
in the present young or in the ever old.
You must have mistaken time for a superstition
long discarded in the alchemist's studio.
I know of no one who has travelled forth
into the past of the future, n' they to have returned
safe n' sound to give full account of its ambiance.
Verily, much is before you n' in your sight,
yet you can't see it for the bright is still too dazzling.
I hear tell though that the holy place in the sky
beyond the snowy mantled mountaintops does not
reward anyone for the taking of another's life.
It is all a misunderstanding n' a wrong talking
through of interpretations of the sacred writings.





No reward whatsoever is there for the taking of life.
Have you had your fine n' mist of this time
 or are you going to wait for it till the new century
 begins to come into the near distant view?
I have a view that sees the happiness of the few
 becoming the happiness of the many.
And where for proof in high low n' up down;
 in sign or symbol do you have the truth for saying so?
Expect for the unexpected n' the truth will be
 right next to you as you gaze into the sunny sky.
Are they coming soon or need we for them to wait
 decades n' centuries out of view?
They have been here, are here, n' are coming.
Open your eyes to look for things that you have
 not by schooling been bound to consider.
That which is of the beyond has always been here,
 n' those who are coming have been here ever
 since yesterday's yesterdays; yes, here have been.
How come so not to my eyes have they been revealed?
You have only with your eyes been looking to see
 something that can be seen in dimensions of light.
Use your eyes to see them n' them see you will.
I feel like laughing for I can; I can them see now!
I can see you; I can see you!





There you are then, n' then you are there.

I must needs be away, for a day in the 21st century
is calling me to accompany one in a golden attic;
accompany him in his love for fashioning
poetic treasures for the posterity of prosperity.

Return again to us of another day as we of the 1320's
are in need of someone of your flight in time sight.

Herself has already strolled a ways beyond the wood.

She will always be with strolling away, for strolling away
is her way of being of her truth n' joy.

Never try to catch her; never try to fence her in,
for to do so will break the link between you n' me;
between you n' me n' the centuries that ever be.

I give you my word, that for as long as I live,
n' that the family n' sons n' daughters of ours
go on through the ages, the unicorn she will be free
to stroll, graze, n' roam as she pleases in the environs
of our homes; of our hamlets, villages, towns, n' cities.

A person's word is their thoughts, n' their thoughts
is their person shinning through for all to view.

Until another day, enjoy being as she of the sweet hay.

—





A solution

Ante meridiem session: 8:48-9:23, Friday, 25th May 2012



SILVER IS THE HAIR

of the saintly man⁶⁸ going over along
by the pillars of ancient Lima found in the ground.
Some have an explanation for things that have
n' are happening, but I have none at all.
Amazing it is how nuances seem to slip away into

the furrow out front of a June coming into view.

I had of telling being told that old to young,
young to old is the new placard to be held aloft.

Think of a time which brings your heart
to the attention of the select few.

I have a view that is of the way of the scenery
of the seaside shore coming home.

How came so you to be with the influences
of the cherry tree making sunlight disappear?

I guess it has a lot to do with the dog, cat, n' mouse
dining together from the same bowl.

Sweep I must be with keeping the cloister sound.

I have a knowledge now that needs to be explaining itself
to the ships in the harbour of the wide bay.





The other day, that day being of fifty thousand years ago,
I was something new that was ever old.
Old have I been told is the new young.
And the youth of age is the dawn seeing itself
 in the roses along by the wall reaching n' stretching
 into the underside of the roof channels running along.
No one can expect to anticipate too much when
 too little has not been even done.
I will tell you something, if you are to something open.
There was once woman of brightness clear; beauty great,
 n' youthful she was in years, who most unfortunately fell
 into the hands of the very wrong type of man.
And now she is no more of the here over ground.
Why so?
That man committed femicide.
What has been done to bring justice?
Nothing at all save the introduction of in court delays;
 words on paper that mean little or nothing to those
 whose tradition n' habit for generations has been
 to dish out harshness to their wife, partner, or girlfriend.

Scene:

Why do you do it; why do you beat your wife?
My father beats my mother;
 my grandfather beat, n' killed my grandmother,





n' same of same going way back for the generations.
All I am doing is keeping ancient traditions alive n' well.
In this way am I doing honour to my fathers of the ages.
But can't you see we live in modern times
 where such awful things are not to happen?
Modern times has nothing to do with it.
What is important is actively keeping alive
 the ancient traditions of our fathers.
Even though it is clearly wrong; clearly a crime
 not alone against women but against humanity is it?
I don't know what you are talking about.
All I know is that I have a responsibility to carry on
 to the best of my ability the traditions of my fathers
 reaching back for the longest of times having ever been.
But what they did was wrong; wrong is wrong.
And by you doing so are also doing wrong.
Well, I am telling you here n' now, that not keeping
 with the traditions of the fathers is an unforgivable wrong.
To beat is better than not to beat; kill better than not to kill,
 for not to beat or even kill would only destroy
 the long held tradition.
You are a sick person; a sick man, surely.
Then if that is the case, I am not alone in the world,
 for I have come to know myself that there are a lot





of us very healthy men populating the world over.
No, we are not sick; we are in the very best of health,
n' devoted to keeping the admirable traditions
of our fathers n' great grandfathers alive without end.
But what you all have done is a crime.
A crime it may be but that is no business of ours.
Solidarity with the traditions of men is what matters.
I take care of myself; take care that I do
the right thing according to my ancestors.
Now be away from here or you might soon find yourself
to be feeling the brunt of this fine tradition on your head.
Don't mess with our traditions; don't interfere with what
has firmly been handed down to us.
My father oft beats my mother, n' I oft beat my wife,
n' I will enforce n' expect my son to do the same to his.
That is the way it is n' neither you nor any
law of the land or the nations is going to bury this tradition.
Pitiful.
How can you claim that what you are doing is right?
Take yourself away from out of my sight now
or I will be the last living person you will see.
Tell me though, ere I go, does your Christian religion
also incorporate this ancient tradition of yours?
Religion or no this is the way it has always been.





I n' others like me are merely giving life
in continuity to the way it has always been.

Pitiful.

This is my last warning to you.

Be gone or you will find yourself becoming
against your will one with the underground.

Epilogue:

Ignorance is deliberate self-harm;
the self-harming won't hesitate
others to harm.

Solution?

Rid the world of ignorance.







Endless unconditional love

Ante meridiem session: 8:46-9:16, Wednesday, 30th May 2012



TROLLING IN A GREAT WIDE
fragrant grassy field, n' it all adorned
with petite lilacs n' buttercups.
Seeing I am a flock of birds away in the distance,
n' with nearing my way I am them easily knowing.
It is a flock of exquisites!

Wondrous they are in their greens n' greys⁶⁹
As they rise, swirl, dip n' glide away
 in this the thirtieth afternoon sky of May.
They are coming in to alight on the field.
So beautiful they are, n' they excitedly chatting away.
And with strolling up to them they remain; not flying
 away but contented to be sharing the vastness.
And they have taken to speaking with me, saying,
Richard, how lovely to see you again.
We have been missing you.
Why haven't you in such a very long along time
 come n' flown with us?
I have somehow encaged myself on the island.
We miss you very much; miss you we do





your spirit of adventure n' joyfulness.
And with every contrail in view I you too.
Remember how, n' beginning in the lovely
month of August in the year of 1980, you first
flew with us, n' we raised you up; remember
how happy you felt at first seeing the familiar
way down below between n' above the clouds?
Yes, I remember; always that scene I remember.
Always the love of flight has been with me.
I remember how in the years that came, n' they
amounting to some twenty, how you had safely
lifted me from this my native island to forward
me forth onto other wings; first to the Far East,
n' then in time of times to the Middle East,
n' returning me safely to here with the ever
present longing to want to leave again.
But alas for these past twelve years; that being
since June of 2001, have I been with finding myself
encaging myself, though not willingly; thinking
I could leave at any time I so desired.
In April of 2006, I momentarily flew free to Lebanon;
in July of 2007 to Malta, n' in October of 2010
to Heidelberg, n' cruising on the lovely river Neckar.
I remember the times, n' ever with them the longing





to fly free n' not to return, for although it is my
native home it is but a nest in the branch of a great tree.
And that tree is of many branches, n' the world beyond
it endless in all directions, including out galaxy way.
Come; come fly with us n' we will carry you safely clear.
With these years of exile from the greater world,
I have developed somewhat of a concern I guess about leaving.
It is as if I have become accustomed to being self-encaged.
That can't be good, can it?
No; no it can't. You must fly free of cages for you
are a bird of all skies, n' there is no place you
can't take to be your temporary home.
Compromising n' ever compromising is not
the way to be; life is not enduring but living see.
Go out to the whole world to read your works;
to speak tell your poetic dialogues, for there are those
in the greater world who need to meet you in person;
who need to see n' hear you speak before audiences.
And what you have been thinking an issue is not an issue.
In precious metal coffers in the over by wide is there
plenty available for you by generous hearts.
Be so no longer anxious over such natural matters.
Now come, n' be away with us, n' we will safely
bring you to n' fro to your beloved; forward n' back





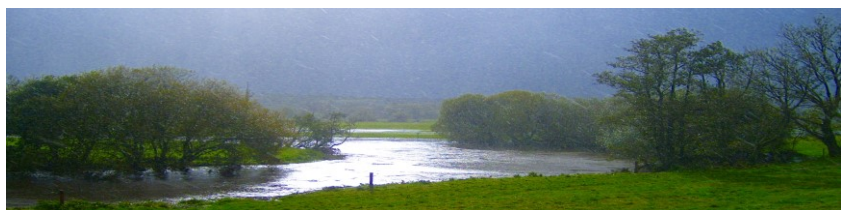
at your leisure n' with her should she wish to travel so.
This your island is very good for you; its love for you
is greater than you can ever imagine.
Seeing it yourself you see but a cage, when in truth
all it has been doing is protecting you, n' your beloved,
n' your belovedies till the reaching of suitable times.
We come n' go as we please for we don't see a cage,
but a beautiful green island which we call a home.
Be thankful for this endless unconditional love,
n' with it come let us go visit the other branches,
n' out into the greater world, n' to the worlds beyond.
And with being of their togetherness I was taken up
into the welcoming sky n' carried away into the faraway
to keep coming back to this lovely place as I please.
Pleased now I am to be in this fine nest home
for my beloved n' me.
And pleased I am to know that we will again fly with you
into the skies beyond, n' return ever enriched we will.
May our lovelies be ever coming n' going to be with us
as they please; joyfully making their homes here
n' beyond the surrounding seas.
Pleased ever pleased will my beloved n' me be,
for them wherever to be, the love of our fragrances.
Thank you, dear exquisites.





You are most welcome, Richard son of Flight.
And with happily chatting away to each other they arose
in a swirl; dipping n' gliding this way n' the other before
disappearing into the western horizon.







31st May 2012 Proclamation

Ante meridiem session: 7:58-8:52, Thursday, 31st May 2012



OLD ME A TELLING OF SO
that is so shocking that if it had
happened in the days of Emperor Nero,
Vlad the Impaler or the Butcher of Prague
it might make some kind of sense.

How so come you are with a mind that filtrates
nonsense: seeing that the whole world of kingdoms
Of bygone befores is re-establishing a foothold
in an eastern garden of the inland sea?
I have been told tell that for obvious reasons
no mention can be made as to who was
beholding the Fifth Amendment calling
attention to the Geneva Convention.
I know what you are saying is told truth,
but that doesn't make a shred of evidence
in the case against the self-defence of the innocent.
The innocent are the always innocent
n' have no recourse to strength, for the powers
that be, n' that be n' including splinter groups
is creating havoc with human goodness.





Now let me bring this to your attentive mind
of all seeing the knowing beneath the floorboards.

There once was a one who with playing a pipe
did make all the children abandon a certain town;
abandon it, n' never for them again to it to return.

There must be something going on so to say that
the 12th century when looked upon in reverse
becomes in likeness to the 21st century.

So are you saying then that you can't make
heads nor tails out of the matter consumed
in the grave fields unmarked, n' thus all
so easily forgotten to be, is it?

I don't believe I know what it is to be
fully human any more, when I see all the sore
that has been brought to bear on the innocent
of the sleeping night floor.

Have heart, for in spite of all that has been
for decades n' centuries going on there are
blackberry blossoms already in the shaping.

Come with me a moment; come with me back
as you call it in time for hundreds upon hundreds,
n' now thousands upon thousands of years,
n' even more so the better millions of years.

Now from here view up to where you have been.





What do see in pattern clear?
But before answering, let us do the same way millions
 n' further still billions of years into the future.
Now from here view back n' see.
What pattern in likeness there do you notice to be?
Some one; some thing; some some or other
 has been diligently watching over
 the well being of goodness.
Honestly I don't see it; more I am inclined to see
 there is no such thing as goodness.
If it be at all it is in words n' sentences alone found.
There is no such thing as goodness on the ground.
All is black badness as far as the eyes can see
 into the way past n' way out into the future.
There is no some one; some thing, some some
 or other looking out for our human kind.
We are but nothing coming from dust;
 gathering dust, n' returning to the dusty dust.
Nothing we are; from nothing do we come,
 n' it is to nothing all the more are we returning.
Black brightness is your way of viewing
 our human existence.
I have no choice but to view it as so, for look whether
 which way you will the innocent are being destroyed,





n' the bad are taking the reigns of power.
Even the holies of holies, n' many there are,
are as corrupt as rust filling corrugated roofs.
Your darkness in out look is consuming you,
n' it is by your own choice you are letting it happen.
Have you another way; another explanation then
for all the badness that is taking place around the world
even as we converse here beneath the rainy skylight?
I know in my heart a good to be with my goodness
since I entered this my present existence, n' with me
that goodness has always been, n' will be with me
throughout the coming long years.
And there is in my knowing a deeper knowing
that even before n' after this my present shape,
form, n' word goodness is with me.
But that says nothing of the rest of us, for one
person's awareness of goodness does not imply
or can it be said to be another's awareness of goodness.
The hands that took the lives of the children, women,
n' men in the village of Taldou by Houla in Syria
late last Friday eve, n' early into Saturday morn
are not of this goodness of which you speak.
What was it that was running through their minds
as they committed such an atrocity; bringing the lives





of those children n' their mammies to such a dreadful end?
I don't know, but maybe it was their kind of goodness.
How; how! how! can you utter such stupidity?
This is the state of affairs the world over;
it is forgetting how to distinguish between
what is goodness, n' what is definitely not.
Badness I take to be a lower form of goodness;
goodness at its lowest levels.
So are you trying to push forth the idea that badness
is the root of goodness, is that it?
No; no, not at all. All I am saying is that perhaps;
yes, perhaps, perhaps all there is is goodness,
n' that goodness has perhaps different levels.
At it is highest level it is truly good, while at its
lowest it is at its very worst.
Such a way of thinking while it seems
to give the spotlight to goodness it is not
the proper way to be using your mind.
Goodness is not of badness found;
badness is of badness found.
Then where does goodness come from?
Shall we say it has its origin in itself?
Look the plain fact n' truth of the matter is that
nobody truly knows anything, n' that is the way





it has always n' ever been, n' will always
n' ever be without any end in sight.
We are meant to be in perpetual ignorance;
seemingly knowing yet not knowing.
You are a painter of dark pictures.
I am merely painting reality as I see it.
Wars all the more the many are inevitable.
Existence is a curse; human existence
in particular is the biggest curse of all.
Better it would be for one to auction oneself off
to support missions of self destruction;
self destruction in the company of as many
of the innocent as is physically possible.
At least when I will get to any of the heavens,
I will receive some reward for my bravery.
Your mind is not in a good place; bring it back
before it will lead you to disgrace n' disappointment.
There are no heavens that will reward for such actions.
Heavens that are only concerned with giving
rearwards n' punishments are not heavens.
Then what are they?
Ignorance assuming positions of authority.
Live life with the deep felt knowledge that someone
is looking out for all life; including human life.





And that, that someone is of goodness pure.
I want to; I want to believe you, but my unbelief
 is wanting the more not to believe you,
 for I can see that the reality of the happenings
 around the world are speaking for themselves.
We need something to take us all way beyond
 this low, n' stagnant level of human development.
We have got to raise ourselves up to at least
 the dizzy heights of evolution n' development,
 n' from that altitude must we begin to truly live.
I am fed up of these centuries n' centuries of
 lowness ever eddying back in n' on itself.
I want to see in my time our human kind
 rise way away above the lowness of this age,
 n' of all the ages going forward for the cons.
Human mind evolution n' development
 must make an almighty leap forward,
 n' leave behind everything that has
 held us back from being our greater selves.
May the many days of many the many days,
 months n' years of my remaining here see
 this light come bright into the world.
And may my descendants, n' the generations
 of every tomorrow see it blossom its destiny.





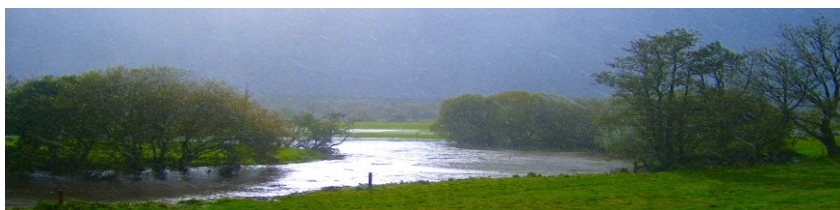
Sarcastically, I will say that I wish you every luck
with that naïve kind of wishful thought rolling.
You simply don't know human nature.
For if you did you wouldn't be putting forth
such a grandiose vision for the generations.
Human nature is as it is this morning;
was as it was last week in Taldou, n' afore
was in Prague, Wallachia, n' Rome.
And will be as it will be when regions will become
theatres of engagements most bitter, n' the unexpected
places give life anew to the ambered dregs of yesteryear.
Now having some pity for you, I will leave you have
the last word; for the moment being that is in it.
But please, don't let it be more naiveté upon naiveté.
Boldly I stand here this last May morning of 2012,
n' proclaim goodness is at the heart of the matter,
n' goodness it will that will see, shape, n' inform
our decisions way out through n' beyond!
Goodness reigns; goodness reigns!
Forever goodness!
What is alone reigning is your naiveté.
Goodness reigns; goodness reigns!
Forever goodness!
If you say so, but I know it not to be so so.





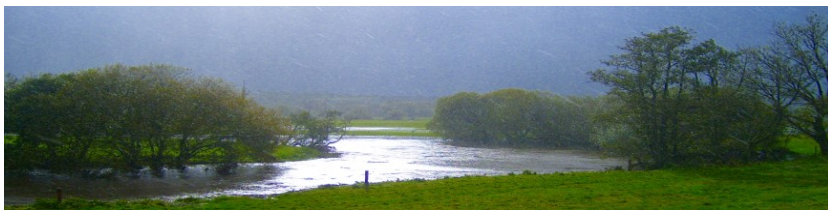
Goodness reigns; goodness reigns!
Forever goodness!





Young people of Moskva
is dedicated to
~ Artem Korolev ~
Moscow, Russia.





Young people of Moskva

Ante meridiem session: 10:30-11:22, Friday, 1st June 2012



IN THIS LOVELY JUNE MORNING,

n' while napping in my garden
fell I into a lovely halcyon dream,
wherein I heard spoken in Russian
to me these words:

“ПРИДИ КО МНЕ, БРАТЕ, В МОСКОВ.”

And although I know not the beautiful language,

I was given to know what those words mean:

‘Come to me, brother, in Moskva.’

And with dreaming on, n' I never having been

to Moskva, aren't I finding myself to be sitting
in a Ginza Project café: ДЕНДИ Кафе - Dandy Café
on New Arbat Street, n' chatting about life, n' his fellow
young Moskvitchs with Russian MTV star n' co-owner
of the café: the bright n' joyful Artem Korolev.

And in a moment I am finding myself strolling along a street

on my own; Tverskaya Street, n' to my left are high iron
gates; gold n' a blue grey painted, n' there is what appears to be
a golden barometer on the wall to the left of the gates.

And with turning, I am noticing a monument across the street.





Strolling along by a golden door which has a pretty balcony
above it, n' with passing more gates I am now descending steps
into an under street walkway to get to the other side.
Emerging on the other side I am seeing up ahead on my left,
n' all wondrously bathed in golden sunlight a monument;
a magnificent monument of a man with his right arm
outstretched, n' he is mounted on a mighty steed.
I know who he is; yes, it is he the beloved of all Moskvitchs;
Grand Prince Yuri Dolgoruky of the Rurik Dynasty.
And with nearing n' gazing away at the monument,
something it appears is happening to my vision,
for I am no longer seeing merely the bronze horse
n' his bronze rider, but a coming of them to life!
We are standing on a golden hill overlooking a great river,
n' with smiling down to me he speaks, saying,
Welcome, Richard of Ireland to my beautiful Moskva!
Delighted I am that you could with your listening ear
in dream sleep hear me n' come visit me.
Your Majesty, I am honoured n' greatly pleased to be here.
It has been over 855 years, n' almost to the day:
the fifteenth day of May in 1157 since I passed away.
My greatest sadness at the moment of leaving was that
I would no longer be seeing my beloved Moskva.
Yet know I didn't with the floating on early morns





of gentle breezes o'er rivers n' streams, that I would
be given to returning n' seeing my lovely Moskva
as often n' as many the time I ever pleased.
I love what I see in this my present day Moskva;
I love the architecture; exquisite it is in shapes n' forms,
n' in every square culture splendidly remembering itself.
But what I love the most of all about my Moskva
of the 21st century is the young Moskvitchs; so bright:
so filled with light n' pride for their great heritage.
A family that cultures such brightness n' pride in all
that has been achieved before them secures for all
the free spirit not alone of the citizens of the city, but of all
the cities, towns, villages, n' hamlets throughout Russia.
Suddenly, a golden male lion has appeared next to me,
n' is going n' sitting himself down to the left of the steed.
Both the Grand Prince n' the steed seem to be pleased.
My people of Moskva must be the crème de la crème
of what it means to be a Moskvitch; to be a Russian.
There are those, n' always it seems these there will be
who will not be happy unless their thoughts are on some
kind of discomfort; turmoil or other.
Discomfort n' uneasiness being their comforts of choice.
Let them be to be for so to be is the way they ever desire to be.
But my young people of Moskva are the new minds;





the new spirit for the present, n' the unfolding future.
They are filled with courage, joyfulness, n' above all gratitude.
They deeply know they have a marvellous history n' culture
behind them; this is their empowerment into the morrows;
this their treasure to go mould n' share in the greater world.
Suddenly, a golden female unicorn has appeared next to me,
n' is going n' sitting herself down to the right of the steed.
The Grand Prince, the steed, and the lion seem to be pleased.
The great in age, n' the young at heart must fully trust
n' believe the growing wisdom of their young people.
The young people of my Moskva must show the way;
must culture the sacred way of what they don't want
done to them not unto others do.
This is the essence of what it means to be a human being;
what it means to be a Moskvitch; to be a Russian.
Their minds are to be as long stretching arms extending
goodness n' wisdom to the world; as open palms receiving
goodness n' wisdom from the world.
And besides these were many other words of wisdom spoken
to me by Grand Prince Yuri which are becoming hazes n' mists
gently drifting n' floating along the valleys of my mind.
And with turning n' looking across Tverskaya Street,
I see in front of the balconied golden door the young prince
Artem with some friends, n' waving they are happily over.





Waving happily in return I am.

And with leaving from the dreaming; with now waking

I am finding myself still to be in my hermitage garden.

And the sounds of the swallows, crows, n' pigeons

on the rooftops about are a familiar delight to my ears;

the garden fragrances a familiar pleasure to my heart.

Long did I remain sitting there bringing the dream

back into my vision; thinking of the admirable love

Grand Prince Yuri has for the young people of Moskva,

Russia, n' the wider world; thinking of bright Artem

n' his discerning friends: of their joyfulness n' global spirit.

Where could I ever go without my dreams?

My dreams are my vessels forever taking me

to places, times, n' people within n' without.

By way of my sleeping n' waking dreams I am.

And surely others too must be of this same view

that besides dreams there are but dreams upon dreams.

Life perhaps being but the dreaming n' living of dreams.







A great joy n' a true enlightenment

Ante meridiem session: 8:49-9:21, Tuesday, 5th June 2012



PEAK.

Your Majesty, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha,
n' I am most pleased n' honoured
to make your royal acquaintance.
Honoured n' delighted I am in turn, Don Quixote.
I shall be overjoyed if you would take to sharing

with me some fine words on your hero, for I know

There is no one of adventures who is without a hero.

Why, I will be delighted to oblige, Your Majesty.

Wonderful. Then proceed.

Without this fine head of mine; a head that I have been
on the very best of terms with throughout my life,
I am a hero throughout this mighty land of Spain,
but not so am I in my head, Your Majesty.

Who takes such an honourable role there within?

Your Majesty, one Don Aurelio Fuentes de la Madrid.

Pray tell me something of this your hero of your inner.

I will let him speak himself for himself to Your Majesty.

Good, then let him entertain me with his words.

Your Majesty, the little following of the snows that keep





the heart faint in the light of new moons in May Junes,
keep coming round about by satisfaction most exciting
when called upon to tell high two, three, four n' five.

By name in full length, Your Majesty am I called,

Don Aurelio Fuentes de la Madrid, Harith ibn Muhammed

al-Bayyasi al-Hambra, Abraham ben Isaac ha-Levi de Toledo,
but unnamed I am known by no words to be called in letters.

I have of late carried over the next place of expectation

to a new level of interpretation in the mathematical synthesis
of the past when viewed from the way up in an attic of the future.

I have never heard tell of such telling of the world being told.

Well, Your Majesty when you have three be more cultures

floating in your veins it can be realised n' even manifested
right away, if so liking is to your pleasure pleasing.

Uhhuum.

I had of long late ago, Your Majesty spoken to a beauteous lady;

I being an admirer n' defender of beauteous ladies; in a lakeside
grove down be over in the environs of my native place did I speak.

And she all beautiful like beauty; like in herself the fragrances

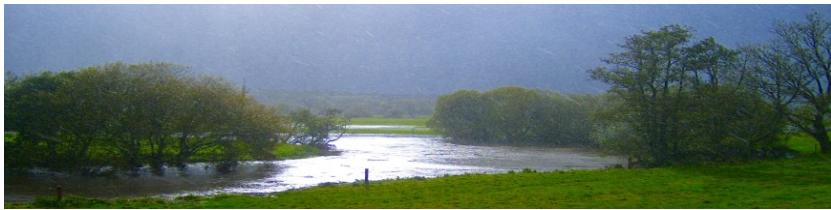
of the dawn coming round by the dewy evenings were in her words.

It is an unusual n' strange way you have of expressing yourself,

Don Aurelio Fuentes de la Madrid in the times n' languages
that contemporary fields n' horizons has found us.

From where forward can we take your next of being told words?





Well, Your Majesty it is to presume that any inspector
of inspections would have it in them to accept fortunes
when given in places of protests, riots, skirmishes, ambushes,
battles n' wars igniting themselves up n' quenching down.
I know not what it is in your meaning is to be found; pray explain.
Your Majesty has several large cats in his wildlife park over way.
Is that not true to be so, Your Majesty?
It is; it is n' I have been told n' hear tell that come the bright
summer solstice that a rare puma is also going to be brought
here, n' hopefully will in liking see it as a home from home.
Your Majesty has a lot to compose in the poetry of trees
n' blossoms drifting n' floating along in the mid-day
making its way into mid-afternoon, pre-evening, n' so
by say to so a length of due exploration influencing
from the past be it safely treasured away in the future.
You have a way, Don Aurelio of saying so much so in form
compact that it will take me some months if not years to unravel
n' decipher some of the deeper meanings n' nuances.
That, Your Majesty is the way it is with I am when I am
in the form tuned to the trees shading away by the gently
flapping lake shores, n' the rising of stars in the clear high.
I had an imagining, that if it had been by any n' the other,
Your Majesty told, it would have caused the hair on your head
to take to itself the colours of the deep n' starry nights.





Pray, what is it you tell so that would cause my silvery locks
in deed to be finding themselves of the colours of the night?
Once upon a time of happening, Your Majesty,
n' no exaggerations is this in kind, did I see myself before
as it were I was in my present form; see myself before
I was to a human form given to be that is.
How; how was that possible, Don Aurelio?
Oh, such n' such the like was it given to me to be so.
And what in appearance did you look to be like when you
were not yet of a human form to be?
Hard to say, Your Majesty; difficult it is to describe.
But, howsoever, if I can say a so of so like n' like this
it was not far removed in appearance from haze, mist,
or very fine wispy clouds faintly floating in the high sky.
Well, I have never seen saw such an appearance in my sight.
From where besides do you the more take your insights?
I visit a sacred cache of knowledge over the way.
Over the way?
Yes, Your Majesty; this a cache which is accessible
to all who know how to see beyond their sight,
n' hear beyond their hearing.
I am a listener of good standing, n' a seer of great sight,
yet, I have neither seen nor heard the such of anything.
Your Majesty it has come to my attention that it is time

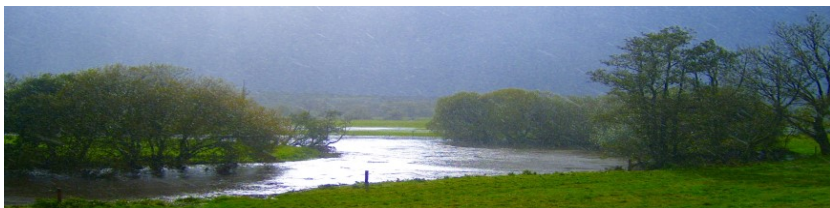




for me to graciously take my leave.
My sphere n' atmosphere wishes now to you to speak.
Well, then it has been I must say a great joy n' a true
enlightenment to have been in play filling discussion with you;
to have felt something beyond words tour itself at its leisure
about my memories, n' in my anticipations ever forming.
You are most welcome, Your Majesty, n' may it be not long
at all till we again be finding ourselves in such fine finery.
I will be looking forward to it, Don Aurelio.
And, oh, look see! My hair is already taking on night colours.
What marvel is this, Don Aurelio in my sight?
Don Quixote de la Mancha, I thank you for letting speak
with me your hero; a worthy n' enviable hero is he.
I am but your humble servant, Your Majesty; merely doing
n' by my knowledge n' experience what is expected of me.
Then fair thee well this well spent day, Don Quixote, n' may you
be finding yourself coming about my way again
some new day soon.
By way of way it will be so, Your Majesty;
by way of way it will be so.







Heaving winds n' down pouring rains

Ante meridiem session: 8:13-8:51, Thursday, 7th June 2012



HEASANT IN THE TALL

rain drenched grass with tail bobbing
along as he makes his way under the trees by the stream.
Met someone in time of children play over the way,
who told me not to follow a pheasant for they would
only lead to a no way of remembering the way back.

Heaving wind; rain pouring down, n' sheltering under same.

Pheasant n' me being in the company of each other

by circumstances beyond ourselves down splashing about.

Wish I had a field of summertime to cast across the sky

as a boomerang doubling n' twirling in n' about itself.

Someone might think it isn't me to be of another world.

But I have a world all clear formed out in front of me, n'

making its way into the sublime of the profound to see.

Is confusion a fusion of sorts in kind or a more besides

of the left hand space of the orchestra playing in oblivion?

I have a knowing that states that when two universes

or more meet on a silver plate one will give way,

n' with making a mistake will tumble back into itself.

I have never heard of such words spoken while attending





the universities in the years of long passed gone by.
It was not something that was openly taught or discussed.
These days matters of importance are discussed quite openly.
More quite openly closed; beehives are full naught of drones.
Once upon a time of milkshakes in a refrigerator lodged
deep in the depths of the Artic an unusual ordinariness
appeared which has been baffling scientists to this very day.
What day is it; what year is it we have now?
No day or no year to be named.
All the day lights n' night darks have no name save
for the ones we might arbitrarily give them out of custom.
Let us give them new names then which will only last
for the duration of the light n' the dark.
So are you saying, that positively you expect time to be
only a matter of time when it finishes kitchen make up?
I am; I am saying that, n' it has become clear to me that
genuineness can develop a habit of becoming disingenuous.
How can you say so to be such n' so again when we can
so easily exaggerate the goings on over the over happening?
I came from a place in the back of nowhere over the way
by the great Orion Constellation of a June morning not
very much in unlikeness to this we are having now.
Why did you come?
Curiosity n' a sense of adventure.





Do you like it here; do you like being here?

Yes n' no; no n' yes, but I do have some lot of many
regrets reduced when I comply with the myriad outdated
n' understated norms found throughout the planet.

Why haven't you returned home?

Home is where I am; I am always at home.

But you know what I mean when I say home;
home from where you have come from home.

I see, in that case then, I have no explanation to the answer.

Suppose now, n' just for a moment of a millennium
we were to take five times seven times the height
of the near blue sky, n' three times the times roundabout
of the mountain most wide, what would we get in return?

Returned numbers, hours, days, weeks, months, years,
n' centuries I suppose, n' they all reaching on
n' on ever on for centuries of millennia.

The rainy rain continues to fall in the light of the sun
no seeing coming through the grey to whitish dark clouds.

If I were you, n' be noted I am, I would climb into
the future for a few hours n' then return again.

I have done so many the times afore, n', oh, look see
the back door to the past has been left ajar!

Stay here; I will go close it for I am nearer to the past than
you are when looked at from the present of the future.





I have been told through a lot of round be round by rounding
conversations that if we were all to smoothen out our own
wrinkles we would be in the blessedness of the ages.

I have no understanding of wrinkles, for they are not that
which appear in my brow, n' in my worded countenance.

How so come did it come to be so that you have been without
rounds to furrow so your brow ploughed to sow?

I keep myself in myself state.

Is that a gate finite state of somewhat or another way into
the commercialisation of the consumer waiting to
move the shopping cart from the letterbox safe?

No; no you are clearly presuming n' assuming assumptions
or at best of least assuming n' presuming presumptions
that would make any heart again cry out in desperation.

What is it now; what is it this time of hours of ours that
has in so many days brought you to again sit at pain's door?

Another more the massacre of the innocent in the beyond!

Where to so to so to so to so is it so?

In a village so is it so in Hama province, north of Damascus.

These acts n' the like are not the fruits of any spring.

Where is hid the antidote for this global human sickness?

Who or what is set to benefit by this malady of upheaval?

Travel south, n' from the Tearful Wall your answer
will jump right out at you in forgotten away contracts.





Not possible; no, no, no, not at all possible.

Yes; possible.

The time has come; the time is here then contracts lay claim
to say, that Great Divine of Land Covenants n' Allocations
is measuring out with rood to hand n' eye to see
from the mighty Euphrates to the serene Red Sea.

Great Divine is not of religions or philosophies bound.

Then where to be found bound is Great Divine?

We are within; finding ourselves within is the only finding.

You speak spoke in words that cause me to want to return
to the bed of history n' feather pillow over my head.

Come back from where it is in thought word you are going,
for I have been speaking to the landlady, n' she says that
the portico of the temple is leaking sweet rain.

Oh; oh, I must go n' repair it!

Repair the stairs to up to down n' sideways round,
n' all you will have done is disturbed the weathervane.

Sure mend, repair, n' maintain the physical, but it is
the spiritual that you all the more need to tend care.

I am away for the rain is lightening off;
the meandering stream I have to follow home.

Where is home?

Where is home.

No, where is home?





Where is home. Where is home is the answer.

How could I have missed that?

Missing that is a way of the mind taking itself
way too serious on the central path.

Do you think the central path is the way to be?

The way to be is the way to be.

With no centre there being to see best be
the way you are meant to be.

And what is that?

Ah, the heaving winds have left
n' the down pouring rains stopped.





Practice progress n' progress practice

Ante meridiem session: 8:26-9:07, Monday, 11th June 2012

MORNING WANING MOON HIDDEN
hidden behind white to wispy clouds;
wispy to white clouds floating
way away below the waning moon.
I have come to believe that there is something
ahead of itself when it comes to thievery

letting go loose in the face of deforestation

Of the pages all lovingly planted with varieties

of hard to come by seeds, flowers, n' trees.

What meaning is hidden in your obvious;

What is being meant by hard to come by?

It is plain to see when with eyes taking their lead

from the ears that confuse the bright of a silvery disc

hidden beneath the surface of seawaters near.

Only one in kind is there to be noticed to be seen?

Rather several in kind n' likeness fair have I

been told to be there resting in patience

on the shifting wavy floor.

Swirling spiral in the night sky o'er Jordan n' Israel;

in the night sky o'er the troubled tumultuous below.





What was it to your knowing?
I have no idea what it was but it had to it a familiarity
that has been seen in other places of the recent afore.
A missile gone out of control I have no doubt think it to be.
Your thinking may not have it to be.
Cathédrale Notre-Dame de Chartres hiding hidden
when we view it not from the basement of a sunrise
piercing the clouds of Jupiter n' Mars.
Didn't know they were to be with clouds found.
There is so much you don't know, n' yet being in
the not of knowing is a place of clear knowing.
Thieves come in the dark of night, n' now too in
the broad of daylight enter the sovereign coffers.
And not alone in such places are they to be found
hovering, but o'er the pages of the philosopher-poet
in his honest to art efforts.
Hovering n' with extended butterfly nets are they
leaning over down n' stealing at will his precious
butterflies from right out of his beloved gardens.
Tell them; request them not to be stealing.
The philosopher-poet loves to give;
loves to give with a big heart.
He doesn't understand dishonesty.
He shares with love n' love n' love n' love,





n' gives no thought to think thievery there of.
Are not thieves like crows on rooftops waiting
to swoop down n' take all that he has created?
Crows are never thieves; the philosopher-poet
loves crows n' as with them he shares his daily loaf.
Those stealth thieves having well stocked up
fly away n' never their sources do they reveal.
It is the hardest thing for the philosopher-poet
to discover his precious butterflies pinned
to thievery boards; genetically altered
as to make them almost unrecognisable.
And who are these thieves of copyrighted material?
They are the lazy, n' the machiavellian minded who have
no qualms whatsoever about sealing from the inspired;
stealing for their own financial gain, fame, n' ego train
from the self-originating Hermit of Bridgetallow.
Why doesn't the philosopher-poet: the hermit stop creating,
at least stop sharing his work with the world?
He is one who loves to create; loves to share with those
who are not of a thievery disposition to be found.
And most fortunately these are the greater in number.
For these does the philosopher-poet compose n' share.
What is it to be a composer n' sharer of prophetic works?
Prophetic works are not a genre all of their own.





To compose is to be prophetic even when the content
at times may be pointing to the past.

The philosopher-poet primarily composes n' shares
for the generations of the future; the future where those
who are already waiting to be born will of a morn like
this or another in delightfulness n' with taking n' reading
his works as if they were fresh flowers in their own gardens.

He is a sower of seeds; a former of flowers n' trees.

How long in words into the future are you thinking;
a hundred years; perhaps two or three at most?

Be with the more, n' you will begin to appreciate
the visions far reaching embedded in his work.

How does he know if his work will survived passed
even the end of the decade or even the next fifty years?

Knowing is a thing that knows itself with certainty to be so.

And he is one who knows that his seeds, flowers, n' trees
will be replanted when twice more the time it has been since
the days of Pharaoh Akhenaten will have come full round.

Even then will they be loved n' appreciated as works
from an ancient time; this an ancient time that will feel
for them to be but a month ago, a year ago season.

Thieves can spread the word too even if the seeds
are only stuck to the soles of their shoes.

That is true, but about such facts I have no ground





to speak of they being in anyway sound to
the beaming textured text in the ancient fabric.
Goodness has to its side the near side of the galaxy
floating ever forward, upward, n' downward,
n' oft times the many the more in reverse.
But what of the thieves in your belfry?
There are but emerald necked pigeons in my belfry;
no thieves are they but illuminators of the day's night.
I can't make out what the sound is that is coming
in over the way by the foothills of Vesuvius.
It is the braking away of the newly mowed hayfields
for a landing n' replanting of themselves in the sea.
I suppose you can presume to express aspirations
about the novelty of spiritual beings inhabiting
the firesides purely for the protection of the embers,
but can you imagine at all what it would be like
to see n' hear the scenery of Junes of yesterdays?
I have with my understanding the difficulty of saying
something that is very much misrepresented when
we laugh at it in bygone days.
Bygone days are also found in the future.
Speaking with you is a kin to speaking
with the stars before they put on their shine.
I have a transgression heard of told that would bring





all the newspapers n' cyber pads quickly to their future
orientation with the sight of visitors in the silver linings.

Of whom do you speak?

I speak tell of the coming of soon coming in by over
the way of the late of evening setting contentedly
in the first hours of the new day.

A pity it is that the merry make belief of something
or other has to it a bakery cake of the finest freshness;
freshness n' fragrances ever to tongue tasted.

I don't get to where you are lighted in your words
bright clear made to sheen in waters stretching far.

Not all hearing is understanding; alone it is but
listening to lovely new sounds rolling round.

And so too can it be so with seeing the written word.

I will take my leave from your wisdom for my head
is fair faint to be thinking itself in the huge n' vast
curving n' interweaving on the honey tongue
of the hermit philosopher-poet spoken to voice.

Come again by again another day's morning,
n' we will again be open to discussing the truth
that not all is as seen, heard or even felt to be.

That I am very well now coming to understand.

Please, give me one more word ere we leave
from out of each other's presence.





Time there is not, space is all there is.
Live in space place, n' time think to be
no more than smoke never having had a fire.
My mind trances to reach such advances.
Practice progress, n' progress
will bring it into practice.







Star of Dawn Long Story

Ante meridiem session: 10:35-11:11, Wednesday, 12th June 2012



FORMED IN FORMATION

in the winging passed
of a shadow in the airy sky.
Last found in my sleep near the bank of a river
running wild n' free down by the top island
of the ocean planet sea.

Water in the underside of mud making it
Possible for me to be of the sky sea below.

Two by two by three makes for ease
when moving along at breathtaking speeds
in low time of low tides shimmering beneath.

Have a long time been here in rock formation home⁷⁰
waiting to be of the dust n' sediments ever moving
about in the mouth of the delta.

Come see in the fossil remains of me, me; me who
is of your long forgotten ancestry to be found alive
n' well n' breathing high telling being told.

I didn't know you were of my old.

Old is relative to the next three planets appearing
over by the Star of Dawn Long Story.





I see saw sight of something anon or nothing at all.

Lay yourself in the forefront of mud n' slide

into the way distant, n' you will arrive in time
of soon enough as things go according
to their sky highly plans.

Their? Who are they of the sky?

They are they who have given us all to be; given
for you n' me to be on this planet: Planet Watery.

I had thought n' think do that we evolved from some
lifeform; be it an organism or another tiny small.

Isn't this so so to be scientifically true to be found?

Here in the underground that does not appear to be sound.

Much much now there is to discover when you uncover
the right what is in front of your day nightly eyes.

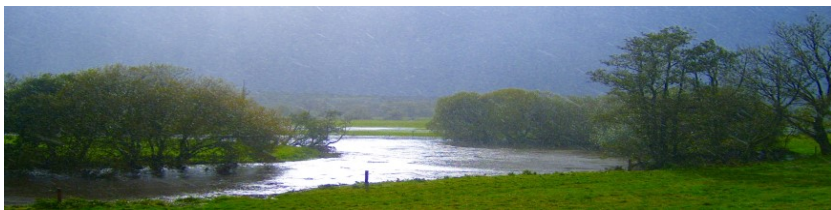
I can't tell what it is you are making to elude,
for all I can see is the land, sea, n' sky about me.

There is so much you have no idea of whatsoever;
no idea of what you are caring within your genuine.

I know I am a human who from another human came,
n' came n' came we humans all from each other;
going back n' back along into the day of a late evening.

Take the morning n' turn it about, n' face it to see
view what the night has just been, n' tell me
what it is you are beginning to notice see.





I see notice the eve of last night in the distance,
n' beyond it something like unto the afternoon
of yesterday or of any the many yesterdays do I
perceive, though faded it be beyond the behind.
From where I am in my shuffling forward, you are
a sandstorm in the wake of colliding rock formations.
I don't understand; much in my understanding is not
letting me to comprehend, even the although
of knowledge once imagined by me it to be.
Albert Einstein taught me that the universe could be
placed in a formula, n' that being formed from formula
to formulae we can infinitely proceed to know.
Know you what it is the sky?
Know I it to be clouds, blue dome, moon,
sun, planets, stars, n' galaxies never ending
save at the end of the Great Expansion.
Try n' again see open your eyes to see what is
right in front of you in the nearest of the blue sky.
There I see nothing save the sky.
Then you have your eyes in fossil mode set.
Unset them n' you will see.
Oh, my; oh, my what is this; what is that;
what is them; what are those them is are?
Oh, my, so beautiful; so light full; so colours





outside of colours in full spectrum full!
How long; how long have they been here?
At least as long along as I have been here.
And how long along along has that been?
According to your years of uniformed knowledge,
seven hundred n' seventy-seven million years.
But I thought learnt that your kind where not
in existence before five hundred n' fifty
to six hundred million years ago.
So is so it is in limited knowledge,
but not is it so in truth knowledge.
What then of all our other calculations
of the distant times by past careering
way up to us each morn light?
Top tip in their depth.
They of the sky have been there all the time,
n' all the time if you want to speak in terms
of mechanical time manufactured by your kind,
will there always be.
Without their presence we could not be.
Who are they?
Don't know; but such is not in the significance
of our reality to be useful.
Knowing that we don't know is the sea movement way





with even the slightest of our actions be we in the waters
deep, the mud shallow or like you walking about
on rock bedded fields n' deserts.

I must needs now be with returning to being fossil me;
you be who are being in the making of tall ideas
slowing to a gentle stop before taking up again
the breathing in the sight of the sky ones.

I feel I have been in the split second of a second;
the second being in the split itself.

That is the way it is when you are no longer
confined by small knowledge.

Great knowledge lifts you n' carries you into
the heights where even the clouds in their depths
are no more than that of dew on clover petals.

There is so much I don't know; so much yet
to be discovered, deciphered, n' revealed.

Unfossil the you you have fossilized up ever since
your first day of light in this new life.

Have I the time in years for all this to know n' do?

Unfossil n' each moment will be to you as
a million years of knowledge appearing.

Can my mind take it?

My mind has the ability to take it;
to take of the endless being ever given.





And how so much more then you can too,
if you but change your point of view.
Open your senses; open your heart, n' you will be
what you are being in meaning to be.
You will be like unto a me for millions of aeons
hidden to find; being in your words, art, n' images
discovered, deciphered, n' revealed as here we.
And found fully living will you be as an elm
sweet tree; yes, as an elm sweet tree will you be
ever fragrantly shading we in lovely sunnery.
The lengthy days will dawn twice three times
an eve before this you will see coming into be.





Anxieties of High Priest Joyce

Ante meridiem session: 8:30-9:22, Thursday, 14th June 2012



IT IS YES A TALL ORDER

to be saying that the Sweet Williams are in full bloom
in the height of December when we consider
the first things happening to the devastated text.
I have a telling to told tell to you that if you are with letting
yourself be tuned to the master it will benefit you

a hundredfold over for whatever it is you are now doing.

I need you to stop writing; stop composing, n' to walk
away from it all, for your eclipsing my view to be viewed.

James,⁷¹ I have no intention to be eclipsing you or any other
writer; any other poet or philosopher of old come
into new in the Irish sphere or in the world about.

Stop now I am telling you, for you are making
the professional writer like myself look amateurish
when it is you in all your naiveté are the true amateur.

Go away from the scene of the horizon for I have a glory
of a thousand years to be red carpeted fully rolling forth.

There is not an academic on the planet who won't in scores
of decades still want to delve into my works;
my complete oeuvre: my {Dubliners},





my {A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man},
my {Ulysses}, n' my {Finnegans Wake},
my three books of poetry, my play,
my journalism, n' my letters.

James, I am not interested in getting in your way,
all I want to do is be let express my points of view,
n' in a style n' fashion delighting to my own pleasing.

You may be saying that n' thinking it to so be, but
from where I am sitting you are a nobody; an uninvited
guest from beyond the Pale; a Munster man of that county
Cork; a pretender philosopher-poet of the southern Arcadia.

Self-originators like yourself are not comparable nor
compatible to true self-originators like me myself.

We are the authentic for we have been published.

There is the bottom line of the difference, n' set solidly
in stone it is I am saying to you to see culchie.

James, the fields are wide n' wide beyond width.

There is plenty of room for us both, n' many the more
besides to give expression to our arts; to our hearts.

No; no, you don't know who you are.

How so is your meaning, James?

Have you felt yourself ever to be someone else?

Day nightly I am many different selves of myself.

I don't mean that at all now in the walking through of it;





what I mean is have you ever felt that you had been
someone else before; in a life say living afore?
All the time; daily nightly do I know this to be so.
Do you know who you were not so long ago?
To my own self do I know.
I don't want you to be writing; stop composing.
Leave from your village hermitage n' go dwell
in some far faraway land; anywhere save
on this our native island.
James, thus far, I love being here for in here
I am by far able well to express my quill art.
Leave from here for there can only be one
James Augustine Aloysius Joyce.
You must leave, n' you must stop writing.
James, whoever I have been in a life afore times,
many the over I am who I am today.
I am, Richard Joseph Mc Sweeney, n' nobody else.
And, yes, true it is I am not traditionally published,
rather am I seven times self-published with more
the more hopefully to come into existence.
But that doesn't make me any the less or the more
an amateur or professional than you yourself were
of an afternoon in Paris, prior to you serendipitously
of that same evening, meeting in the house of a poet,





the visionary, generous, and most patient Sylvia Beech
of the 'Shakespeare and Company' bookshop.
This is my day, James; the age of the Internet; the age
of new ways of expressing oneself.
The old criteria have all but fallen away, n' the new one
is ever emerging n' evolving; evolving n' emerging,
And I am of this emerging, evolving, n' creation.
So please don't be confining me to old out of date ways.
I don't care what you have to say, but I don't like so I don't;
I don't like at all at all your presence in the literary world;
the world that is mine alone for the dominion n' the power.
Get away n' be no more with taking up your quill.
Your work is too prof.... too profou.. to be put out there.
Look, see, n' learn from my writings; listen, hear n' learn
in particular from my mighty {Ulysses} in which I chronicle
the journeying of Leopold Bloom through my beloved Dublin
during a very ordinary day, n' that day being the sixteenth
day of June in the year of nineteen hundred n' four.
This is Bloom's Day; this is my Literary Feast Day.
Rawness n' down to basics is the true beauty of all being
well; of all being well all is with the time of beauty I wrote.
Get out of my sight; out of my outer n' inner out be out!
James, why are you barking like this; there is room for us both.
I don't want you in my literary domain.





There can only be one High Priest of Literature; only one
Melchizedek: a priest forever of the written word,
n' that one clearly is me myself.

James, I admire you; a literary wonder you are who under
great psychological, emotional, n' physical difficulties still
managed to produce works that are lasting standing time.

You, n' I share the same homeland; you, n' I see ourselves
as citizens of the world, even of the universe, yet,
you, n' I are not one n' the same.

And it is that difference in seeming sameness which
has to be taken fully into account.

Look, Leechurd, I can see you have some one or two sparks
of rare creativity in you alright from reading your works,
but in my superior opinion you are an amateur, n' like all
amateurs are you only fit food for the manure heap.

Respectfully, James I will continue to write n' compose
my ideas in words as beautifully as I arcadianly can.

Respectfully, James don't be standing in my path; don't be
blocking out my intended sunlight, moonlight, n' starlight.

I take my hat off to you for your pitiful belief in yourself,
but now I am putting it right back on with knowing you to be
but a June oak limb floating away on the Lee or should I say
the Bride, n' the Blackwater all the way to the opening sea,
n' there to be forgotten with the shells of nameless fishes.





James, is that all you have to say to me?

No; no, I would advise you again to read n' read over n' over
all of my works, especially my monumental {Ulysses},
n' learn from the great master wordsmith:
the astute master wordforger of the ages.

Goodbye, James. You have a great mind, n' a wondrous
writer you are, but, I have my own pathways to be travelling,
n' if we happen to meet again; may it be that we do,
that you will see more in me then than you now do do.

The problem do do is I know what I see; potential do I see.

Stop writing; cease from writing profound words.

Accept there can only be one High Priest; one Melchizedek.

Respectfully, James you are most welcome to your
throneship; a double mirror ever gazing only at itself.

'Tis a day to be blooming making hay with some colleen,
for listening to you, Leechurd is making me want to bury
myself loin deep in any anna livia plurabelle at all a wall!

Goodbye, James; you, n' I are not the same.

Same the same we are if you stop n' think about it.

No, James, I am who I am, n' who I am becoming.

And you were who you were, n' will be who you will be
through your admirable writings, n' the endless research
being done on them by brights of this n' the coming ages.

Ah, sure did you know at all, Richard that I was planning





to write another work after my illustriously elusive
dream sleepily {Finnegans Wake}?

No, I didn't know that, James.

Well, I was so I was only the damn death of myself
conveniently prevented me from the doing so.

The damn death is the death of us all, so it is, so it is.

You, n' I, James are not the same; we think differently
about almost everything, save on the need to express
ourselves in the written word; an nonpareil art form
well native to our Irish heritage.

And don't forget there too, Richard, at lest on my side
of genealogy netting the fine Norman input.

I am no threat to you, James; why ever could you even think so?

Richard, I have read every word you have ever written, n' will
continue to do so, including that brilliant paper published
in the prestigious peer-reviewed international journal:
in the {James Joyce Quarterly} back in the day
for which you were given no credit whatsoever at all at all.

Clearly it was penned by you, I could see, while by another
cunningly authored it was, I could see; deep well indeed
was your understanding of my epoch-making {Ulysses},
namely your grasp of the final 'Yes' was most impressive.

That deliberate forgetfulness can be viewed as a bit akin
to the Mary Haskell n' Khalil Gibran situation with respect





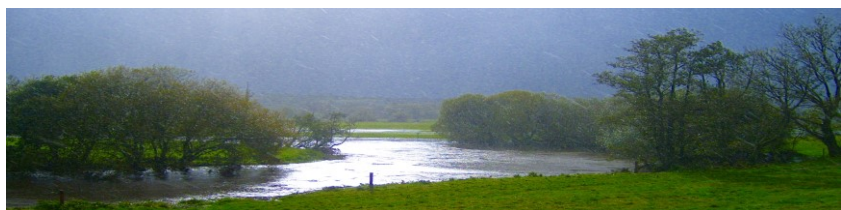
to his helpful manual on how to live morally: {The Prophet}.
Homer's {The Odyssey}, James having been musefully
doubled in is anything different, I suppose.
Ah, now, Richard, different; musically very different.
Granted that, James, but still n' all like.
Still n' all like, Richard there is much of mine in your own.
Perhaps, James by my unconscious there was it sown,
n' not to my intention known, yet, howsoever, well there
does it grow; making for itself a homely home.
Each day throughout the week do I anxiously
wait about here on this beam up behind you n' to
your right as to read your latest poetic dialogue;
as to see find if I can recognise myself all over anew.
Richard, the beauty n' the height depth of your
writings are clearly of a secret realm of knowledge.
With reflecting on them for hours, don't I be worrying
myself into all sorts of scenarios, n' the like the like alike.
No need to be worrying yourself, James, for I am but
a somebody to myself; a somebody to a precious few,
n' to the greater world, n' for the extreme part
do I exist alone in the invisible, n' in the inaudible.
So in joyce being High Priest, James.
I will, Richard so I will.
Then, James all is well now isn't it that

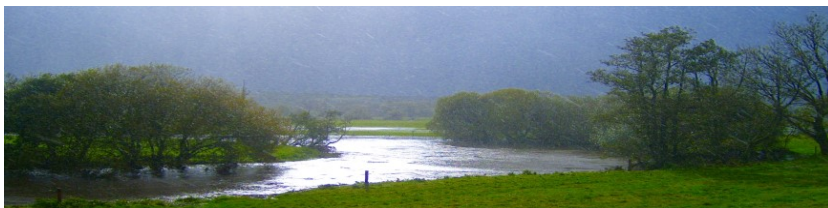




ends well with a new beginning?
Yes 'tis.







Thought seeds of great goodness

Ante meridiem session: 8:51-9:30, Monday, 18th June 2012



UTEN MORGEN,

Herr Richard of Irland.

Good morning, Monsignor Georg.⁷²

Herr Richard, last night before His Holiness retired to his bedroom, he asked me to skype you first thing this morning, to let you know he is very upset you didn't

attend the 50th International Eucharistic Congress

Which was held in Dublin all last week.

In particular, that you didn't attend yesterday's

concluding mass, greatly bothers him.

I have been in another way of thought, Monsignor Georg.

Herr Richard is it better than our Catholic tradition?

I don't think in terms of it being different or better,

rather it is inclusive, n' not constrictive.

Herr Richard, there is only the love of God in our lives;

only the life of godliness in goodness is the natural way,

n' the way that is highly beautiful.

I realise, n' can well appreciate that way of looking at life,

Monsignor Georg, but I need more.

What more is there, Herr Richard?





I want to move away from all that particular suffering,
n' sin focussed; guilt burdened way of thinking.
Herr Richard, there is but a year between you n' me,
n' in the same month were we born.
We have lived through the same space of life;
we have seen the same world of events unfolding.
And we share many akin thoughts on poetic expression.
And I know, Herr Richard that deep down you are a man of God.
I used to think so for the longest time, Monsignor Georg,
but of late years have I been culturing n' self-journeying
to discover more about me; always desiring to be greater
in the width, height, n' depth of my thought.
And I have come to see that such huge Church assemblies,
such as the International Eucharistic Congress aren't for me
anymore; I have moved on in my thought.
I wish to be free of such external distractions n' influences.
What is important to me, Monsignor Georg is the inner
expression of myself.
But the inner, Herr Richard is affected by the outer.
The Church is the strength of its togetherness;
togetherness of all working towards bringing
into our day nightly lives the kingdom of God.
I know where you are coming from, Monsignor Georg
for to some extent I have been there myself, but that life





is not for me any longer; the life that used to be me.
I am a new man according to my own creative work.
What of God , Herr Richard?
God, Monsignor Georg is a linguistic tag;
I no longer have any need for such a bygone word.
What is there is felt, n' with feeling a response.
First feel the almighty presence, n' then to it respond.
What of the mind, Herr Richard;
what of the role of the intellect?
The intellect, Monsignor Georg
provides the how of the response.
Then can that how not be the Church?
It was for along time for me, but I am having
difficulty seeing it to be that way anymore.
The how can be more natural, n' come without
all the baggage that the Church would have me
bring to it; all the unnecessary forcing the issue.
Herr Richard, His Holiness is concerned about
your salvation; the salvation of your soul.
Please convey to His Holiness, Monsignor Georg
that I am taking the very best of care of it.
I know how His Holiness will respond to that.
He will say, Herr Richard, that you are lost, n' that
you don't know what it is you are talking about.





His Holiness may think so to be so, but the fact
of the day nightly matter is I am with serenity
in my heart, n' brightness in my mind.
I feel I am living the kind of quality life
that best suits me.
Married life, Monsignor Georg is a great way
to live a goodly way.
It is indeed, Herr Richard, but also the celibate life
is a great way to live the goodly life.
No doubt it can be, but to naturally be is the best.
Herr Richard, what shall I say so to His Holiness?
Tell him, Monsignor Georg that I am making
every effort to live a goodly life.
His Holiness will say that your life is incomplete.
Monsignor Georg, have you ever found me to be
lacking in anything spiritually or philosophically?
No; no, I must say, Herr Richard you are one
of the freest minded people I have ever met.
Your mind is like a shimmering stream meandering
across the lush green n' golden deserts of the world;
at times a mighty cataract pouring forth profound ideas.
Monsignor Georg, may I put to you a question?
Yes, of course, Herr Richard.
What is the kingdom like?





A farmer, Herr Richard sows grain seed on the land. And day n' nightly does he get on with his life, while all the while the seed is sprouting, n' growing. He knows how it is growing, but not the full why. Of its seeming own accord does the land produce first the shoot, then the ear, n' then within abundance of grain. And when all is ready full n' ripe he joyfully, n' with great gratitude of heart harvests it.

This is what Jesus said it was like, Monsignor Georg,
but how about you, what do you say it is like?

A pope's private secretary, Herr Richard sows thought seeds of great goodness in the mind of the pope. And day n' nightly does he get on with his life, while all the while the seed is sprouting, n' growing. He knows how it is growing, but not the full why. Of his seeming own accord does the pope produce first the shoot, then the ear, n' then within abundance of great goodness with which to feed the faithful. And when all is ready full n' ripe the world harvests it n' makes it their own; such is the kingdom at work.

Clearly, Monsignor Georg you have your own bright light;
blessed is His Holiness, n' blessed is the Church.

Herr Richard, I will leave it at that for now if you don't mind
as I have to get back to work; a very busy day there is ahead.

It is always enriching skyping with you, Monsignor Georg.

I will look forward to next time.

And likewise, Herr Richard.

God bless you; your family, your neighbours,

n' the great Irish people: a blessing unto the nations.

Serenity, joy, n' well being be with you, Monsignor Georg;
be with His Holiness, n' with the entire Church.





Herzlichen dank, Herr Richard.

Go raibh míle maith agat, Monsignor Georg.





A truth of true reality

Ante meridiem session: 9:51-10:30, Tuesday, 19th June 2012



FROM TIME TO TIME THE DOORS

open full in sight; from time to time

the doors close shut tight,

n' without leaving in or out any light.

I have a sight that places itself behind a dark sun;

a black sun being not what they thought it to be.

There are forces in its courses that float way past

The shores of lakes Thule, Vril; way beyond

the capabilities of even Orsic, n' Sigrun.

And what of the 'our cause' of Milan of Munich?

Carrying on, carrying it on attempting they are.

And by the way, Aldebaran of Taurus is but a crow

briefly lighted on a rusty old television antenna;

rusty old antennas, n' wandering crows still being

a common enough sight wherever one goes.

Remember with n' of a time in limelight bright

you were with being born on this planet?

I remember recalling falling n' being quite helpless

to stop myself from ever nearing the approaching

below then beneath me right up to meet me.

Sometimes we display unusual characteristics when





we arrive on a planet that is not of this planet to be found.
How so does your meaning take for itself?
There was once an extraordinary time when
the most extraordinary things happened.
I thought far throughout extraordinary things always
happened, n' are of this my own day still happening.
I am talking about what say the extraordinary
that is of the easiest way to the over side between
the flow of space right in front of you.
Step through that door n' of other worlds you will be;
without memory you will be as to who you are,
n' who you are ever becoming.
Profound texts go a long way, but have you considered
what it would be like to be able to read image word?
I have of late come across a gate that allows me to walk
through, n' be of a whole new view; a whole new
knowledge view contained within a sublime hue.
Timely time over to my mind comes the special effect
of it being as really real as any a concealing formation.
Come; come enter, n' be amazed.
I am looking with clear eye by transportation making
of the first possible exit rolling back.
You think you are there, n' are there everywhere you will.
Sound to sound is all around, be it in the forces underground.





But what say you if we were to gaze into the far distant night,
n' to observe there for yourself flight bright as the lightening
of sun bright, n' the darkening of sun black?

Why this returning to wording on the black sun?

Open your inner sight n' doors in the sky will appear
to you, n' not alone appear to your vision, but open they
will for you to enter therein for all the more the more to see.

I saw an insight from my backbone when inclining my ear
over to an ancient past right out up in front of me.

Sit yourself down here n' tell yourself to be leaving
all you have ever learnt on the planet there without,
n' let yourself be taught more further in depth of height.

Stand the oval side table on its edge, n' wing therein
between where you will be seen, yet not seen.

I can't tell which way is up all around by the sound
of silence in full continuous harmony flow.

You are now in a place that you have been always
looking at but never seeing.

Where is that place; where is this place?

It is in you n' without you having submerged itself
in the transparent haze of bright darkness.

I have difficulty thinking in terms of bright darkness.

Then try in terms of dark brightness.

Ah, yes, now I can see; now I can think clearly.





Hand in what you have been taught since wombhood,
n' childhood, n' much the more will you come to see.
Can I learn of what is being taught out beyond the doors?
Already you are learning; a learning sought n' taught
through sights, sounds, n' fragrances.
There is so much more to knowing than what is found
in umbilical cables, school texts, n' Internet screens.
These are all mere fine dust particles of knowledge
compared to what is really available, n' what you are
truly capable of being given to know in slow to fast grow.
Who are you; who are ye?
I am; we are who can't be brought within your languages.
Then how may I speak of you; speak of ye to those
who will ask me where I have been, n' who I have been
speaking with on so many matters that matter?
Tell in symbols told of the forgotten old in walls, buildings,
monuments; in land, sea, n' sky formations, but be not by
these distracted or enchanted for they are only the means
by which you attempt to describe; the means by which
to speak about us, n' about the way out here.
Why have I spent all this time on this planet?
All this time is hardly any time at all.
Wait n' see your eighty, ninety to a hundred years
come be, n' it will feel then to be but the shortest starry night.





And then where to what; what to what will become of me?
Light to darkness see, n' in darkness to light will all
 charmingly be expressed n' impressively revealed.
Now be with returning through the opening, n' remember
 that what you see as sky is all in all a platform hiding entrances.
So too do hide them the forests green; the land, n' the waters
 as viewed from the atmosphere coming on in through.
All are not what they appear to be as you can here see clearly;
 of myriads of doors consisting is a truth of true reality.







To the willing few of open ear view

Ante meridiem session: 8:21-8:54, Thursday, 21st June 2012



LEASING IT IS TO BE

in the levitating surround
when you are falling uphill.

Turn the spontaneity of the seasons blowing
quickly by the gold dust gate of the mine
down below in the sky up above.

Fix the spare part n' part the separation
Of the ages, for I have a need to be visiting
the ancient in the forefront of my hand.

A situation there is that makes for itself
the blessed morn in a firm foundation;
a foundation founded on a surplus of certainty.

Hand me the next side of the other side, for I have
a population to feed treasures in ancient Laos.

Large stone lanterns need to be filled full with oil
in the first of the night, for they will be coming in
with the cargo loads from the starry above.

For the most part we have had suitable landing lights.
Stonehenge is losing its grip on places of holding.
Easter Island is making a museum out of fortune.





And the what of next hasn't yet come into appearance
in the enriching long wheat fields of travel.
Tumble up the coming down low n' see what
is being said in the windmill of the river wide.
I have been told that in old ever old is the further.
Have you heard this also to be true or am I
the only one who listens to visions in the moon?
No, you are not the only one to notice such things,
but you are the only one to be putting such thoughts
to quill for the ages that have been coming all
the long soon n' long soon of yesterdays.
Open the space in the triangular place for I
hear them coming over the what way.
You are always hearing someone coming.
Maybe it is time to block your ears n' pretend
you are never hearing what you hear.
How can I give up listening to the out there?
I am not alone for they who are on their way
are always sending my way words in flower being
baked into bread in the headdress of the queen.
The queen? Which queen do you mean?
The wife of His Highness; the inner king.
Explore this for a more of a more for I feel there may be
something to all this folklore that tell speaks of they





ever coming n' going to help us to explore.
I don't know if I should be telling you this or not,
but what you have been always imagining to be outside
there is in truth right there within you.
The out there is within me?
Yes; yes it is.
How is that possible to be so seeing that I am but this
in size, n' my mind capacity limited in its extent?
You have only learnt what it is to be with a knowing
that works as slow as the homely snail making his way.
What n' how you are is not of such slowness found
though slowness is a movement all sound.
But what you are of is a swiftness that moves so fast
it appears that you are not moving at all.
How come is this to be?
Be it is in the unseen; the unseen being the obvious
to the wide of eyes profound.
I can't make out what the make in is of the happiness
which replaces the seabed every few millennia.
There is so much you don't know; at times it feels
as if there is nothing at all you know.
What then is knowledge; is it a knowing or a not
knowing; a not knowing or a knowing of a complete
difference yet to be discovered?





There is every possibility to conceive that the perception
n' the conception of ideas doesn't take place in where
you have been taught told it to be taking place.
On the face of it I don't understand.
Take your time, n' in a while awhile you will.
They of there, where are they?
As in days of long long ago in the future have I told you
they are already here, n' always have been.
I must be with the looking then to be able to see them.
Place yourself in your own space n' gaze into the oblivion
of yourself n' soon enough in whiteness bright
n' darkness shinning deep will you find yourself to be
that which you only in the external appear to be.
Too much is too soon when I am expected to be able
to comprehend what it is that is making for an explanation.
There can n' will be no explanation forthcoming until
such a time as time has moved way on n' on out of sight.
How can I stay with such round n' about; such under
n' above over ways of thinking?
You have not been thinking; all you have ever been doing
is something that only vaguely resembles true thinking.
What then is it to think in profoundness?
It is to open wide to the what is right in front; to the what
is in the surround n' about of you to be found.





Do you mean here in the attic high; the village n' its
environs or in the great natural, n' of the suburbans
n' urbans stretching across continents, n' reaching
to the coming back of meeting itself again?
You sit yourself down on Jupiter, n' stretch your legs
towards the Sun Hearth, n' be in enjoyment with gaining
in some heat thought n' weight height.
Now that you have seen where the majority; that majority
being 99.99% have never been contented; be contented
n' serene for this is only the beginning of things coming
to be seen; seen n' brought into your deeper knowing.
I have of late found the same true to be now explained.
Looking forward I will be thusly to returning to this day;
to this day: Thursday, the 21st June 2012 from a thousand
to ten thousand years in the future of the past ever present.
The longest day n' shortest night is but of shadow
brought into n' out of light.
And of a shadow bright, n' tilted slight will bring
to the beneath below the shortest day n' the longest night.
All in all happening it is at the same day night of time.
And me in childhood innocence understood this alone to be
a phenomenon of the northern hemisphere; not knowing
it also one to be of the southern.
That is why east n' west are to be found in formation set.





Lift your hat now n' walk ahead.

I wear not a hat nor cap, then how can I go lift it?

Your hat is not your hat being on your head to be found.

Your hat is your heart shaded in light beaming through
a golden laced casement window view.

Stay well now until in a century of the ancient past
of the future we will again be called to come together
to rejuvenate n' extend all into splendid conversations.

Well pleased will I be for us to again in a century
of timeless places be revealing thought patterns
but to the willing few of open ear view.

—





Long term relationships

Post meridiem session: 4:12-4:38, Monday, 25th June 2012



LOVE MAKES THE ROMANTIC MAN

fall into momentary delightfulness;
causes him to need a long term
relationship lasting all but for the space of thirty,
to fifty, to seventy, to ninety, n' no more seconds long.

What kind of a long term relationship can be viewed
as lasting but a minute n' a half?

The kind that all out of the blue has eyes n' smiles
catching each other's attention for the very first time.

Has it ever happened to you the well known to be
the great lover of but an alone beloved?

Happens every oft n' awhile, so it does.

Of late; of late now have such been the hesitate?

This morning; in the forenoon of the hour did it
happen whilst transacting at a bank counter.

Eyes n' smiles met each other for the first time,
n' there was in the talk of money withdrawal
the blessed love of a long term relationship
which lasted for the lifetime of ninety seconds.

Well, I never heard tell of such in kind of love





to be possible.

Well true it is in truth I am telling you for it to last
throughout the ages of such a seemingly short time.

Make me more talk of this for I am as to have
my doubts on it.

Could it not have been but a momentary mutual
infatuation rather than love?

Infatuation is infatuation, n' love is love.

Know I well the difference between.

This was love, n' love it was of the most
significantly beauty filling kind.

And how come was that in cause to be explained?

Simply pure sweet enjoyment of the moment;
separated save by the counter.

Truly you are not the one in kind likeness
that I have the before ever the met.

But I can see from being told tell that you believe
in the love in first insight of depth found.

Did this love submerge beneath the countenance
or remain there on the surface sailing in its delight?

Remained there it did for the cause of the duration
was in such a fulfilment discovered to be
all that was sufficient n' beneficent to our needs.

And now what is your feeling with remembrance





of that long term relationship of some ninety seconds?
Love loves to love the accumulation of love;
love loves to be the gatherer of love for love.
I see, I saw but now I have lost your train of track
thought moving along at the swiftness of speedy light.
Suppose we were to return to talk of the beloved,
n' I were to ask you how does this enrich that
togetherness, what in likeness would your answer be?
Love enriches; love enriches the love
for the beloved, n' with the beloved
in the rolling of wheat fields yet in hay
the pleasant way to the high ground of the low
be humming sweet melodies to the afternoon
sun kissing the nearby flowing stream.
I wish I were you for you have a way of being
so in love that it makes me to be away
to the recesses of the starry midday sun.
How come you are thus so blessed while some
to all the many the rest are mixed up messed?
I am who I am, n' am becoming myself
according to the love fragrance that is forever
forming in my heart; forever my heart forming.
My mind knows me well to let me to see ever
so clearly what it is to be a human of humanity.





Let us be with again seeing telling; telling
 seeing of the sacred in the ordinary scene.
So well may it be; so well may it be in
 plum to peach green tree of the heart felt free.
Solemnity is found in the sacred tree;
 the sacred being in harmony me.
And I would mind to know what the meaning
 of this to so as to content me to nap in the low
 laying of this blessed afternoon.
Fly your thoughts high n' let them glide away
 down along along along the valley o'er;
 along the valley o'er before again taking to soar.
Oh, blessed be the folding of you for the you
 of rolling sincerity is in joyful serenity.
I see; I see, n' seeing is in thought softening;
 is in giving loving kisses on the gentle wind.
Be with gentle loving kisses in long term relationships
 lasting for the thirty, fifty, seventy, to ninety seconds,
 n' before counters of convenience in the full sight of all.
For a joy of your life is to be found in such daily grounds.
And you true beloveds all fully sound, love your love
 to live in the everyday loving surround.
Live love to love; love love to live lovingly.





Keep safe the ways to the hidden

Ante meridiem session: 8:37-9:17, Wednesday, 4th July 2012



NOISE; NOISE NO MORE NOISE

at Clonmacnoise.

What speak do you have of there being no noise,
for is it not all here within your ancient thought
mind flowing with the Shannon long n' wide?

Hear me; hear me ye baron landscapes of the sea
there is more in here planted than within a tall oak tree.

I have no style to the understandings that float in high clouds
over this settlement; this wayside centre of profound
artistic expression by the glacier way.

What way?

The ancient glacier ridge running from east to west.

Ah, you mean the Eiscir Riada; the esker left behind
by a receding glacier of when the isle world was all but
covered under with hills high of softly glowing green ice?

Yes; yes, n' I have oft strolled along its top way,
n' also in its beneath out of everyday viewing sight.

How do you know it to be so for the sound isn't
coming through in any of my historical meanings?

See grassy here below by yon round tower above





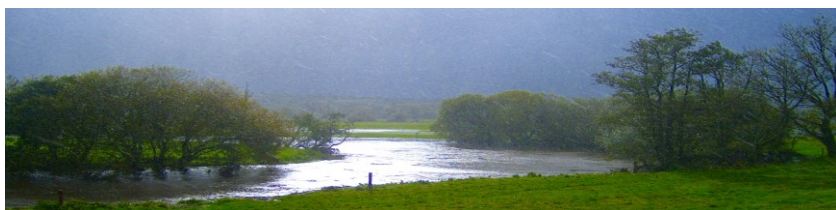
is a path; a path way into the centre.
For heaven's sake you are making no sense of what
to my appreciation is all to be seen before the eye.
Let me then tell to you of a place that all afore
thought to be a great liquid of all knows not at all
of what it is way way below in the underground.
How far into the underground are we with here talking?
All the long winding winding way to the central place.
Are we still above ground or have we already left
above n' behind us lovely Clonmacnoise?
Left it far above n' behind us now clearly out of sight.
Where is here that we are with bound in the resonance
of rock faces moving ever so quickly passed us?
We are on you might say our pilgrimage way to the interior.
The interior of where?
Planet home.
Are we from the over ground now bound for the centre?
Yes; yes we are.
I want to return to the surface for I fear for what
may be way down here about to be.
Heard I heard told I did in my learning books of old
that there is nothing but all melting, churning, n' burning
of rock flow way down here in the deep of the above.
Pass we will through that which well serves





as the atmosphere to the world deep within.
What are you saying at all of talking;
a world you are saying there is here within?
Yes, at the centre is a world unto itself.
I can't make out the sense of this word; a word coming
on this day of today when over the way, n' on
the Swiss-Franco border underground circled will be
an announcement having consequences profound
for the ages to comprehend.
Particle come is the new sum.
See there beneath you now a world coming into view?
See I but great ball in size comparable to the above moon.
This ball is the chrome of the ages;
the planet itself being the rock of the ages.
Are you saying that within the without there is that:
a world all of its own at the centre of planet home?
As round n' as sound as that of any ever to be found
in the dawns to eves; the eves to dawns of yester's before.
How came you to learn of this world within our world?
By listening to n' feeling the tone ripples of the planet.
Within this planetary home is a chrome like ball world
in which on, in, 'n about are lifeforms in abundance.
But how happened you to find an entrance to this world?
In Clonmacnoise did a path way make its appearance





before me in vacant grassy green ground.
Travel the globe around n' many the path way
to the centre of the planet can be found.
Abode in the green grass beneath below;
below below way way below beneath
is it floating there in serenity.
How came this two in one design to be?
Them from there out n' before Star Sun came
n' of a day of times made it to be so.
Where to is the proof to so that is to so of what
you are saying to so is to be so?
In the ancient texts it is all there for seeing eyes
to see n' they bright in mind to bring it into light.
The most ancient sources of knowledge we have
are but the remnants of the great knowledge that
was alive n' well back in the aeons of the past
known true to have been.
Take you the 'Tao Te Ching' which in Clonmacnoise
was heard sung to sing in days of early old; in it is
a such in kind of thought containing that knowledge.
Knowledge as we know it today is but dust particles
compared to what was known in the times before
the great texts, n' the great works of ancient cave art,
n' on stone engraved came into be.





This knowledge endures n' grows forever the more.
Are you saying that there was a knowledge in existence
 in the past of the way long of along ago ever before
 still to be seen in text or stone canvas; a knowledge
 surpassing that of our own highly advanced day?
Easer it would be to say that what is here before our eyes
 is to be discovered in the total completion of nothing
 ever n' yet begun in long lasting eternity spread out.
Who lives there at the centre; who lives on that world?
They Live live there.
They Live; who are They Live?
Them they that do enter n' leave at their ease by hidden
 path ways n' flow ways visible alone to the trusted pleased.
I need to return to the surface; need to return to my
 familiar island home of the deep blue Atlantic Ocean.
Wouldn't you at least like to see them?
No, I have a fear of the extremely unknown, n' besides I feel
 they aren't in any way interested in me, for I have never be given
 to see them in the sky, upon the land or rising from out the sea.
It seems they come n' go as they please; letting us be in our
 ways come in generation out generation go.
So be it then, n' maybe another time you will be in the clearness
 of mind to be able to see them, n' even meet them.
I doubt it, n' that is a doubt most people the world over





would with me definitely share.

We are afraid, n' it is this fear that prevents us from
expanding into new possibilities of exploring beyond
the self-made limits of our mind, n' imagination.

When you are ready then come to me,
n' I will again bring you here.

Okay.

Clonmacnoise is without on the surface noise
but in the way down adown, n' in the deep centre
is a world apleasure with the noise of the once that was
in likeness here to be found in scriptorium n' workshop.

The texts they script, n' the art they create are in
image n' likeness to nothing known yet to be.

Walking on the green grassy ground of this my lovely
island home will now feel to be different with knowing
that I am strolling in the upper atmosphere of the chrome
like world at the centre in the way way deep down below.

Towers, high crosses, n' oratory ruins are some of where
the entrances can be experienced to be for the wide seeing.

A new day is truly new when a knowledge hitherto
out of view makes itself visible.

It is a new knowledge day, n' we are in it to culture
n' enrich our own knowledge of the ups n' downs
reaching even farther way out into the welcoming beyond.





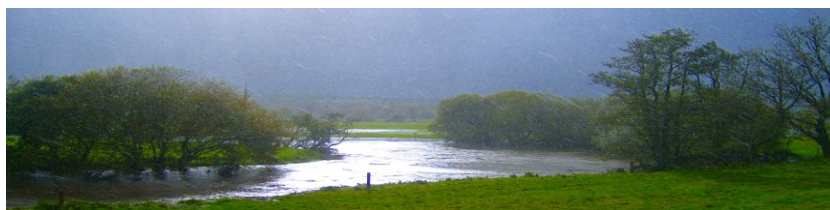
We are of the below above; of the above below, n' in flow
rounding are we of the beyond of the inwardly so.
Saint Ciarán of Clonmacnoise had been taught the sight
by Saint Finnian of Clonard who had been taught it
by teachers bright, n' all taught by teachers in light
dwelling on blue domed heights, n' chrome balled depths.
Observe to sky n' true know this to be a reason why.
Sacred places are more sacred than for the obvious.
Preserve the obvious to keep safe the ways to the hidden.
To each n' every age is this precious responsibility given.





Of another sweet afternoon day assuredly
is dedicated to
~ Ambar Vilma Montes ~
Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic.





Of another sweet afternoon day assuredly

Ante meridiem session: 10:10-10:35, Thursday, 5th July 2012



WEET SWEET SWEET,

Richard is the fountain home
of the deep blue Caribbean Sea.

Love the life that is me I do, Richard; love the me
that is ever becoming rolling over to beautiful
sounds caressing the heat beats of the dawn

covering about this body of love born of love;

Born of a love ever new.

Love is in the empyrean of feelings tumbling down

by curves of rounding forward to forthwith all consumed
in love like love; like to love like true love, Richard.

Vilma,⁷³ what is in the heavens of your happiness that you
the most find the fragrance of hope placed between
the glory of the afternoon morning day nights?

It is, Richard the most pleasant of love that makes

for me to float in the happiness of making in the likeness
of the inner beauty which is always rushing playfully
in the dawn night time of moments coming in splendid
wakefulness to my sleepy dreams.

Richard, what do you find in the wellspring of our





human bodies that gives you the sensation before
following after the future of the past?

It is, Vilma the soundest happiness that causes me
to love love loving love lovingly.

Richard, I have a dream that I am my own dream dreaming
over into ages as palaces of wondrous interior designs;
creating palaces in the without; even more so in the within.

Richard, what lifts your heart to eternal happiness?

Being of this moment, Vilma; being here in your gracious
presence; listening to your eyes, gazing at your words,
n' admiring your form sublime is a happiness complete.

Richard, the time for you leaving will soon be upon us;
can we not delay it just a little bit a longer bit more?

If the blessings of the Almighty in Love breathes it forth,
Vilma it will be, for love to be is of the Almighty in Love.

Yes, truly, if the blessings, Richard of the Almighty in Love
breathes it forth it will be, for love to be is of the Almighty.

Richard, there is a past in happiness that has in it some sadness.

I know; I know, Vilma, but you let it be for it is an old hurt
that lives but in a place n' a time all of its own.

Let it be in its own habitation n' time for its comfort sake.

Leave it there but not abandon it, for in its own veiled
loving way is it forming you; forever forming you into
who you are most delightfully becoming.





Are the best times of our lives, Richard all behind us
or could they possibly be still way out in front of us?
They are both one n' in the same likeness, Vilma;
the best of the past is in the past of the future,
n' the best of the future is in the future of the past.
Love the best in you in the given moment.
Be a noble host welcoming the given moments.
Now, how do I do that, Richard?
By being the love light that you are here in this armchair;
having your body be in love with ease n' carefree.
That is the company, Richard.
Be in your fragrant gracefulness, Vilma.
Is it time already for you to be leaving, Richard?
In moments of moments though the ambiance too
of this lovely setting is wanting me to stay,
but I must away go, Vilma; I must go.
Oh, Richard, how love makes me miss you ever before
we are not to be found still in each other's presence.
Vilma we are always together; always in a love veiled
safe by the nearing distance n' the waving away sea.
Lay hibiscus petals for me upon the Great Stream flowing
north to east, n' with the love of the Almighty in Love
will they reach to my native island shore; come to my
hands n' into my Atlantean core.





Bye, Richard; my scented smiles be upon your lips n' in your eyes.
May the to n' fro tides return you of another sweet afternoon day.
Of another sweet afternoon day assuredly, Vilma they will.
My musk smiles be upon your words n' in your gaze.





Pageant processions in understanding

Ante meridiem session: 10:02-10:33, Friday, 6th July 2012



IMPLICITY IS IN THE MAKING

of simplicity simple.

I don't understand fully in the meaning
of your explanation.

It is as simple as simplicity is ever simple.

Take for example an incident that took place back

in the forest of first forming light bulbs in the palm

Of the hand, n' all aglow along ago in the foretold.

Hold that thought in the make belief of your science

which you call modern.

I know you don't know what this artefact⁷⁴ is or who

it was who fashioned it, n' for what purpose.

But place your fingers here n' here on it,

n' see feel tell me what you do find.

Nothing at all save the feeling of some heat.

Is it from my palm or from the object itself?

Seems there is something missing from way through here.

Slide this in it, n' now what can you feel; can you see?

I am seeing a rock face n' it is slicing apart in perfect

evenness as if slicing through a pound of butter.





Run your hand along the surface of the parted rock.
It feels so smooth, n' now so rock solid.
But how was that possible?
The modern scientific mind is forever overlooking
the obviously simple.
It is in the simple that all is revealed.
What matter form of knowledge is that, that you
bring to me being unprepared to my uncultured
to such knowledge mind?
Mind over under is the matter of the form
in the way anything can be done.
Remember everything; yes, remember everything
is to be found in the bedrock of simplicity.
Comprehend n' make your own this understanding,
n' on your way you will be to do anything you wish
with for instance the hardest or the heaviest of rock.
Now imagine three, five, seven to nine of these held
by a harmonious group of profoundly knowledgeable;
greatly artistic minded individuals.
Together they can give shape in new form to rock,
n' effortlessly remove, move, n' place them with
the finest precision in line or curve to construct
pathways, walls or structures for endless purposes.
And all this can be achieved within a season of days.





Nothing is impossible when simplicity is allowed
to come into full play.
The more complicated an understanding is made
the less possible is for it to be understood.
How come we in our modern 21st century of time
have overlooked this essential take note of existence?
Lay your head high low in desert oases, n' there let
the sun play with the sand grain thoughts of your mind.
Then will you begin to meet the knowable in kin kind.
My mind is not expandable enough to take such
knowledge n' its implementations on board.
Hold your gaze in this place to see to saw the solving
of problems created by your near ancestors.
How come to came did they create such confusion
on the journey way to new knowledge?
Basic is the event that happens to minds when they
forget that they are part of a greater.
Even small forgetfulness of the greater leads
to big forgetfulness of the smaller.
I am at a lost found to be calling the misunderstanding
placed in immediate proximity to the new hope being
placed on the windowsills of my mind.
Leave go of gained nothing but complication n' confusion,
n' time in artefacts stored will speak to you all day long,





n' even throughout the night should you wish it to be so.
It all comes down to how the mind of your own is in using
itself for the pageant processions in understanding.
What you call science; modern science will begin to move
aside n' on to the footpaths of the forgotten cities of today.
There are no forgotten cities of today as we are living
in the today, so how can there be forgotten cities?
You know what you know, yet what you don't know
you have pushed outside your knowledge gate.
I so want to know the old of the ancient of long long
ever ancient long long ago, but how can I when I can't
even make out what a simple looking object as this is for?
Take your times n' in your places for times n' places
will make all things bright lightly clear.
But there are so many ages n' ages to cover,
n' so few years of time for me to figure them out.
One life alone to be lived is the product of such thinking.
Think you that one life is all there is to your existence?
If that were the case why do trees grow for years n' years?
Trees are not the same trees they were yesteryear,
n' won't be the same in the morrows of tomorrow.
Life to life to life lives life without end.
All the lives in the world; all the lives endless lives
are required to get to an understanding of what is

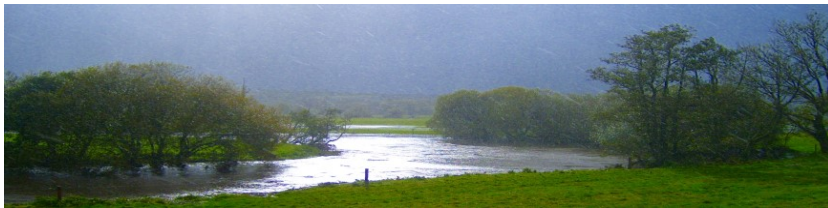




the what of the what no one thought it to be.
Arise from your 21st century of think thought,
n' artefact yourself several to limitless centuries into
the future, n' at your same leisure too into the past,
for in them will you discover depths of heights;
heights of depths, n' widths of width
shinning in ever so simple simplicity.
Remember to think simply; to think simplicity,
n' you won't be wanting for anything.
There will be nothing impossible for you to accomplish.
Simplicity is the bringer n' provider of goodness.
There is nothing found in simplicity but goodness.
In the waterscapes, landscapes, n' skyscapes
is simplicity being the way to be.
Be.







Cryptographic design n' decryption

Ante meridiem session: 8:15-8:49, Monday, 9th July 2012



ONE IS THE WIND

of the next template making its way
on to the garden seat of time;
time changing time in a uniform informed manner.
Hold they a spanner in the works that prevent
the bright lighted from nearing the dawns of truth.

Sometimes the spectacular is not more unusual
Than the accepted ambiances of the nine to one
to ten to eleven planets, if we take into account
the overview.

Some have said that the pollination of a planet
species is the right of interference, but that is
not what I have heard been told.

Suppose we were to imagine a place in the sun
of the moon to be a star studded benevolence,
would we be any the worse off for saying it is so
to the blessed ones all gone before us?

Now, I the half of everything filling to a brim can't
say for sure or for what the next supposed rim will be.
Why don't you lay low in the frontline of the rearguard





to catapult yourself into the vanguard?
I am what I suppose to propose to be when we
unravel what is going on in high places.
All the high places are underground n' undersea
to be found with not an apparent sound out of them
to be heard in the alive of day or the dead of night.
They who rule the seven seas dwell them beneath;
those the continents hide away in deep rock caves,
n' they of the sky high n' by the atmosphere around
in shinny satellites partaking in the playing all night day
back to back gammon.
What is in all this seeming accusation of suspicion?
There is more to the cover front of the spherical magazine
than is there to be seen by the casual reader.
What are you saying in this cantering of horse thought
along the wavy seashores of my mind?
There is in the hidden of big government, n' big governing
being anything that controls way too much, that which
is not so of what is given to be discovered.
Whistle blowers blow whistles that all n' anyone can hear.
But who are they who can detect the ultra sounders?
There are pillowcases stuffed with out of reach sounds;
out of reach words that destroy people of the family homes;
the communities of the families, n' the families of the countries,





n' in the same tune turning the wide world rounding.
Mess up the messengers they do, n' turn full eyes blind
shut, n' deaf ears wax packed to the messages.
What confusion is in such pouring forth of words?
Remember back in the month of July of 2013?
How can I be with remembering the near future?
Then how about what happened in July 2123?
It is more out of touch you are proceeding forward to go.
Soon n' in no time n' place at all you will be asking me,
do I remember what happened back in July of 2192.
You are going in the wrong direction surely no doubt.
What does know nothing save of what is in the past
of the past know, n' nothing know at all of the past
that is in the future?
I know what I know, n' that is that no one at all
can know anything of the future be it all but a moment
near or at an expansion an hour to a day into the far.
What if I were to bring into dark out light in?
What can I say in meaning to be found that would
change your mind on that there is nothing at all past,
n' that the future is an unknowable place til
footsteps are taken on its path?
I would have to say slight of everything I have heard
you are not of anything found by gatepost corners.





Is it not true to say that the gateway to the future
is to be found at the edge of the present?
Such saying of so has been the habit of the centuries;
the habit of the millennia without end.
And long for however long that has been
it is still a wrong way round of thinking.
Who are you to be interfering with the long in flow
length of our sacred river of inherited thought?
There is in the future the opposite of opposite clear to be
heard in the faint hoof soundings of wild horses
coming back along the same to exact seashore.
Although I have a door, I know no way to open it.
Has in it a lock?
It has n' it hasn't; more to say it hasn't.
Where is this door hidden that we can come to see it?
It is there, there, n' there, yet it is not anywhere there,
n' in the many it is not, but one it is n' the same.
Doorways are like stairways that open n' lead
to the up down or the over beside wide.
Come what may many on this all season summer's day
is the fulfilment in the last act of the opening scene.
I know not what it is in the saying of your meaning.
More like in kin a kind are you to the author of
'A Midsummer Night's Dream' n' 'As you Like it'.





You mean, William of Shakespeare?

I mean the author of these fine dramas to be found;

of course he could be one n' the same.

Sound sound is the knowledge that has clearly shown

him to have been the author of these literary wonders;

these dramatic expressions of the art of prophetic age.

Not 'a' prophetic age meant you to say?

Dramatic expressions of the art of prophetic age.

How where or what is there any the prophetic

word at all to be found in either of these two dramas

or in any of the others in contemporary time

found to have been by him composed? Where I ask.

Light up the spotlight that was fashioned from fires

that once burnt bright in the heart of the Dead Sea.

I am leaving; I am leaving from out of your presence

for I can't understand a phrase of your prophetic

in the quite obvious n' seldom seen.

Fold your hand palms like so n' this in so n' you will

feel the difference to be quite unique.

Ah; yes, I see feel; feel see what you mean.

Then should it not be openly planted outside each

n' every politician's door, n' stealthily slipped through

the walls of cryptographic design n' decryption?

Why concern yourself with those of the so far away, n' with





the secretive deep buried in the very fabric of global society?
What they are doing; more akin to knotty doing is causing
rains to rain where it is well known that the local way
of thinking far excels anything which could be or of itself
fashioned into a platform on board the Leaves of the Tea.
Leave away; leave away from me for I have places
to melody anew, n' to be of the nest dew
in the hinder land of the Bavarian Alps.





Together in wisdom n' love

Ante-post meridiem session: 8:40-12:30, Wednesday, 11th July 2012



RE LONG LONG AGO AGO

in an ancient past of the present there came

of a morn, be it of an afternoon or night,

land formations aplenty into being.

And these formations were much in kind likeness

to those that we still see about us today.

The valley floors; the hillside slopes, n' the mountaintops

Are for the most part as ever as they once were in the way

olden olden olden of the olden olden olden time.

Glacial retreats; volcanic upheavals or earthquakes about

caused these to come into their temporary existence,

though that existence stretches for thousands, n' more

oft the more for millions n' millions of years.

Some have been part levelled out; some part flattened off

while others again have been raised in stature.

All in all have they been in one way or another touched

by human hands; transformed according to human needs.

Every valley is a bed; every plateau a board, n' ever

has it been well known in the depths of poetic expression

that the valley is of the female, n' the mountain the male.





And in their form therefore can we make claim, that both
the male n' the female are formations of the land.
Why did it happen that the natural tables of the landscape;
the natural boards were turned into fortresses?
Fear walks in ...
Oh! The sky has become way overcast in white grey;
the pressure weighing down into me millibar upon millibar!⁷⁵
Rain is pour pelting down on my skylight view out,
n' suddenly composing has become like trying to extract
diamond nuggets from granite with a wooden toothpick!
All is quiet again, n' the blue of sky is reappearing;
the pressure has ascended to wispy cloud lane.
Having taken myself awhile to the rose lily garden out back,
am I now in a fragrance n' composition all anew.
And as I was saying, why did it happen that the natural
tables; the natural boards were turned into fortresses?
Fear walks in the mists of the dewy dawn, n' can't
overcome it either throughout the day or way into night.
In deep night half waking does it find itself taking up
with a new weakness from where of yesterday it had left off.
Fear is what, n' is still the primary reason why humans
construct towers, castles, n' fortresses on rocks.
Suppose we were to ignore them, n' be with passing on by?
You could in thought possibly do it, but in the ordinary





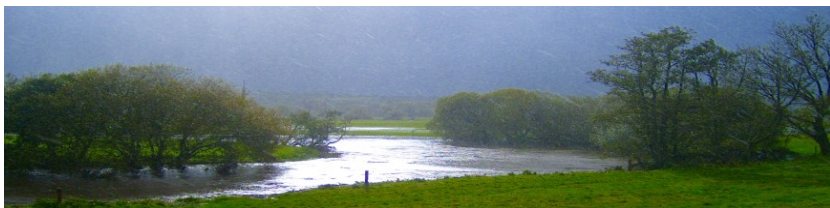
unexpected of everyday life it would not be advisable.
Why so because?
So because it is that around the next n' the next; the never
ending next bend up ahead will you come upon more
n' more of the same; towers, castles, n' fortresses.
And although you may pretend that you don't see them;
pretend they don't exist, their guardians are under no such
illusion that you don't exist there below them in full view.
Sometimes they will let you pass; sometimes they won't.
Sometimes they will take you in for questioning as to why
you are travelling within their fortress shadow.
So the best of so is to be courteous as you go;
give a wave up, n' you will receive down one in turn so.
Qalaat al-Hosn Krak des Chevaliers over there the way.
Think to thought do I remember having been there afore;
been there centuries afore standing by its main door.
When was that considering you are only in your fifth decade,
n' you never having even visited the centuries of yore?
There are times outside the present time when I have been
in many places far n' nearing in the reaching thereof.
Having been there afore; been there centuries afore,
n' standing by its main door, as what were you?
My wording to memory chimes, I was a faithful chronicler.
Caiseal na Rí The Rock of Cashel over there the way.





Think to thought do I remember having been there afore;
 been there centuries afore standing by its main door.
As what were you?
My wording to memory chimes, I was an inspired Gaeilge file:
 a poet by birth n' culturing belonging to a hereditary caste.
Temple Mount Dome of the Rock over there the way.
Think to thought do I remember having been there afore;
 been there centuries afore standing by its main door.
As what were you?
My wording to memory chimes, I was an incense seller.
A seller of the eleven essential incenses: balsam, clove,
 galbanum, frankincense, myrrh, cassia, spikenard, saffron,
 costus, aromatic bark, n' cinnamon.
Tilt the swing about by the limelight for I feel the eyesights
 in the sky are playing tricks on the artefacts of the hilltops.
What is your change of heart in spokesperson foretold
 in the willow of the grove?
I don't know what it is but there is something foretold here
 that is not altogether of the old.
What in apparent evidence do you have to show to support
 the fact of this saying matter?
On top of every high low is the vast field of surplus nothing
 ever left over.
I see so, n' in saying that are you leading yourself to believe





that fortresses have a place in the history of our kind?
I am saying that, when water flows upwards into these three
we will know who is truly in charge of the next of kin centuries.
You have occupied part in part so far; part in part so far of two
centuries: the twentieth, n' the twenty-first so what can you
possibly know of anything gone in the way before, n' even
of the more the more the so in the way up of the future?
I have been to places in the places of places that are ever with me.
Show me a scene; take me to some distance hence from where
I can see your words to be of some semblance of truth found
to be encouraging n' making sound the established on bedrock.
See there to the above o'er Qalaat al-Hosn Krak des Chevaliers?
Yes; yes I do, but see I solely but the sky.
Now see there to the above o'er Caiseal na Rí The Rock of Cashel?
Yes; yes I do, but see I solely too but the sky.
And see there to the above o'er Temple Mount Dome of the Rock?
Yes; yes I do, but see I again solely too but the sky.
Is there a difference or no difference in the skies?
At this moment, n' in the conjunction of correspondences
between space time n' sky running along, I would have to say,
in them am I finding no difference to be whatsoever.
See I see but the same in sky kind by three.
Now watch, listen, n' scent to be sown in the memories
of your tomorrows waiting to be.





Observe you fear rising from them of the there below wanting
to overthrow those in the there above, n' fear deepening
in them of the above wanting to crush those in the below?

Yes; yes, clearly I do.

In the dynamics of wanting to take, n' to prevent; to prevent
from taking, n' taking can you recognise differences?

Save for their complexions, attire, n' weaponry no difference
in the fear found in their eyes is there to be found.

Then have we really three of a difference or one n' the same?

I would have to say, n' contrary to what my mind has been determined
to tell me to think n' to say, it is the same activity of fear
being played out albeit in three different locations.

You have keenly observed, n' well answered.

Wouldn't it be wiser to again have hilltops n' rocks be what
they were more akin to be; that is tables on the landscape?

I know, but these three histories are constructed there on the rocks,
n' lives near n' far have been connected with those fortresses.

It wouldn't be right to remove them, for not alone would you be
removing blocks of stone, you would also be removing
n' breaking the memory connection with beloved ones
who had lost their present existence in either
the attacks on or in the defences of such places.

These are the memory keepers of culture; however sad or happy it be.

Remove them n' a mighty chunk of not alone the local culture

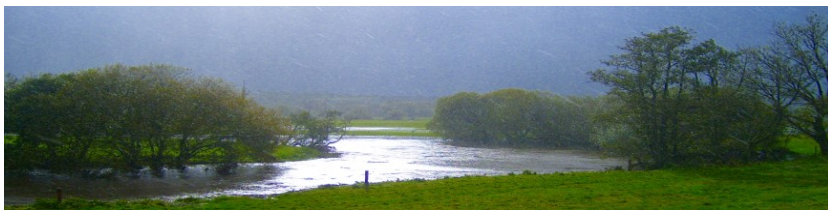




will be lost forever, but the national culture, n' the global heritage
of our humankind will in proportion be irreversibly destitute.
How then do we bring our humankind to be in no need of fearing
those on the mountaintops or those in the valleys below?
Meet along by the rivers n' lakes; in the shades of groves
or on the wavy seashore, n' there have meals: sharing with joy
n' gratitude the bread of the fields, n' the rare herbs of the slopes.
Let the words of the mouth be of harmony in still n' in motion.
We are of the bed n' board; we are of the valleys n' the hills,
n' it is in being our natural selves that we can with serenity
in heart come to play our new human part in goodness home.
Every valley is a bed; every plateau a board;
the valley the female, the mountain the male.
Together in wisdom n' love we can prevail.







In dictionary to encyclopaedia mind truth

Ante meridiem session: 9:27-10:03, Friday, 13th July 2012



ET WHITE GREY MILLIBARS

tumbling down; stacking themselves
upon my creative ground!

Daffodils in the windowsill gardens of my mind;
trying to remain in seeing blind.

Nothing is coming in so need I to take refuge

in the elevated underground.

Talk to me awhile a ways for I hear something

in my sight that is making sense but to my sensuality.

Put the frying pan in the fridge for it needs to be
warmed up.

Was myself in down below way when the small furry

tailed dinosaur was hatching eggs in a rock becoming
set in place in the long ago of now Bavaria.

Named tagged she is 'Sciurumimus albersdoerferi'.

Memory talking to memory indicating what is best left

to escape by the bright blue moon of a high noon day sun.

Prepare to be transformed n' the form will take itself

to a time n' place all covered with marble.

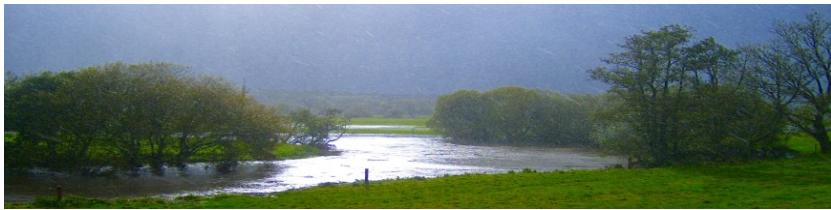
I once had a reason to walk in the ancient hinterland





of what we are now accustomed to call South America.
And had me a place in there that was extraordinarily
alive with life extraordinary.
Where did they come from in the memory of your thought?
They must have come come I have been with knowing to find
from the far away out there of the Large Magellanic Cloud.
In all your time this far to date have you ever met anyone
from the upper plate by the north to northeast to west?
I can't say I have, if I explain it to be fragile to the first level
of necessity making their way round in full invisibility.
Think me a very thought; a thought more in action found
than let us say a noun sitting down kind of thought.
Well there was once a verb who lived along by a curb
n' didn't know himself to be a verb; thought he was in
some kind a preposition self sorted only by distinction.
Can you explain to yourself what it is like being you;
being you now of a one month from the month of June?
July is the month; this the one month from June
that makes the difference to all the other months.
Why in difference is to be found the month of July?
Entered on one of its days, n' that day being
the seventeenth; entered this present existence,
n' I my form found to have been reshaped.
Was it in the dawn, morn, noon, after or eve?





Golden sun of day had just about disappeared
out of view in the west, n' stars were beginning
to make their appearance in the directly overhead.

Love the gateway to the garden in the springtime
of summers; the wintertime of autumns.

Seasons are of a fun to found find when shyly
they have little to say for themselves except when
they come into shadow light to ask us
to consider different kinds of views.

When we view the best of places in the mansions
of some heavenly sky on earth we find that what
has been discovered was all the while way high
above the ground in deep silent sound.

When the sound is increased hearing life falls to ground;
sixty-five millions years ago the sound was turned up,
n' all those with ears to hear fell to the ground;
never to rise again save in museum hall.

I must admit to the same of difference now, if you will
so kindly bear with me, for the displacement
of decibels has already commenced.

I can see it in the horizon of tomorrows.

Say to yourself that milk n' caramelised cheese
will be in the oven of the snowy frying pan,
n' you will be understood to be making a plan.





I am telling you to clear truth, that in the horizon
of tomorrows sound is again coming down all round,
n' to the ground there will be a falling of the earful.

You are always making predictions, but what
in dictionary to encyclopaedia mind truth find have
you discovered to be true even for some of the time?

Your knowing is confined to knowing.

Would that you would go outside knowing,
n' into knowing that is not a confinement either
to language or to mind thought.

How is that possible?

Look n' you will see it not, listen hear it not,
yet there it is to be seen n' heard.

You speak in talk that has in it much a way back
to a before forgotten out of nuances n' metaphors.

Lift the down of uplands n' observe life with strolling
n' chatting in a garden of ancient Byzantium;
strolling n' chatting with the poetess Myro.

You have a way of getting your thought mind round when
it comes to travelling in times forth back n' forward.

Do you think you will ever be of this age to be found;
settled in it for so much it seems there is to be found
in the past n' future that makes it uncertain as to if
you are only in temporary lodging here?





Are you to us conventionally known to be, no sure way
of saying it other than, a traveller in space n' time?
I am here this morning composing words being heard
in the inner, n' I can't say for sure what month, year,
century or even millennium it is given as I refer
not to calendars or date clocks.
Then are calendars n' clocks really anything more than
mere fashions of the hands of our humankind?
It would I think seem so such very much to be.
With good intention they may very well have been
fashioned, but they are a restriction on mind free flight.
Let go of them as much as possible, n' there will be
no place you won't be able to be of.
Time we always have to use in the way of every day
night speak, even as I speak, but in truth there is
nothing but places; places tagged with time talk.
How do you manage to exist on this planet at all
if you admit not to the actual existence of time?
I go along with it in public for the sake of the way
things are run in the world near about me.
It is both easier n' wiser to go along with than not.
Back in the space place out of sight; in the up ahead
is the clarity of nothing that makes reason if you are
wishing for good fortune to make its way into





the living room of your house mind.
Gathering benevolences is a kind of gathering of
 fragrances in the garden of the newly formed day.
I believe what you meant to say was that future perfect
 makes about as much linguistic reason as future forward
 in the background of movement ever returning.
I feel n' think to feel tell that the emotional
 transference of horticulture to the hen runs
 is making great progress as has been predicted.
I have met many the different in thought; the wild n' free
 different away in thought, but definitely you have got to be
 one of the most extraordinary I have ever encountered.
Peace brings peace with the pieces coming together.





Jehanne

Ante meridiem session: 8:31-8:57, Monday, 16th July 2012



HAT DREAM IS THIS

I saw heard?

I can't say what dream it was, for it neither
made full reason to the rational nor came in
empty closeness to the sensual.

Say on say more, n' tell its benefit to the hour.

Stamp the stampede in the ring to make

Into something of so much being left untold.

Once in awhile of supernatural activity

the most human of interferences take place.

Have you any evidence for this to be true?

There was in the old of near yesterday years

a case in point that I may be at liberty
to make comment upon.

Upon is a matter of choice when left to

the casement trying to surprise surprise.

You have in your hand fingertips the power

n' the ability to create something beyond
the all everyday human point of view.

Think I am just with paper n' pen in keyboard





form overlooked on the stranded beach.
How come ever can a beach be stranded?
Have you ever heard the story of the man
 who floated an entire fleet of equities
 on the market of nine to elevens before
 the next future having ever been sold?
I can't say I have, n' neither can't I say, I haven't.
Then where are we when it comes to cross crossbows;
 where are we when it comes to cross crossroads?
Those are expressions confined to a consubstantiation.
Leave the expectation n' you may reach to an awakening
 realization that of all the components in the subterranean
 of the above n' on board ground, there is something
 clearly hidden out in clear view.
With where are you proceeding with such a line
 of thinking thought turning through?
Heard tell in historic rumour or no that it never happened.
What in historic; what never happen?
That Jehanne la Pucelle d'Orléans was never even at
 the stake in la Place du Vieux-Marché de Rouen.
What do you mean tell to be told in this the 21st century
 of clear widely known knowledge for it to have been true?
There is no clear knowledge on this to be had
 so it is better to leave it to best rest, n' left alone





in an evening encoded n' well stowed away.
Who then did transform in the wafting smoke on that day?
All I know n' know is it wasn't, Jehanne la Pucelle.
Say on some more your dreaming.
Alright; alright, alright it is true!
It wasn't me who met her death on that day in May;
that 30th day of May in the year 1431 Anno Domini,
in la Place du Vieux-Marché de Rouen.
Who was it then?
It was a nobody knew girl dragged at the last moment from
a nearby dungeon deep; had her countenance hidden kept.
At the time, I was in carriage n' cloak held well over n'
made to escape to live on for many the long coming years.
This is a shocking revelation, for the world over
believes you to have perished on that fatal day, n' your
thrice cremated remains scattered by your executioner:
the famed flamed skilled, Geoffroy Thérage.
And venerating you as a saint n' national hero has it been.
I know; I know I have heard this to be wide told,
but I am here to tell you it is not me.
Why; why have you come to tell me?
Word has it that you attentively listen to us,
n' faithfully n' truthfully you write us.
Say on some more then.





I lived near by from my native place; married I was,
n' lived long into many the more of years.
And children I did have who grew into fine people
who in turn married n' had fine children of their own.
And so on n' on until this your own time does
my lineage stretch reach.
And will it seems by indication of late, have I noticed,
continue n' extend on its journey into the future.
Are you saying that descendents of yours
live in this present day?

Oui.

I make mention to you that the act of acceptance of a life
that is considered to be saintly has given rise down through
the decades to a culture of faith believers in you.
And not alone religious faith put also political.
I bravely n' passionately fought my battles;
some I won, but the more the many did I loose.
That was my day n' my response to it; no more or no
more the less did I do than those accompanying me.
For the years of years have faith believers believed you
to have died at the stake; that you are a saint.
What do you want me to do about it?
Look, Richard, I am an all too human human, n' when
I was offered the chance to escape that fate, I took it.





Who helped you, Jehanne?
My future husband to be. It was he who arranged it all;
arranged it for me to escape to a nearby of my native place.
And what of the girl put to the flames in your stead?
Don't know; don't know who she may have been.
That doesn't sound like the kind of person we have been
taught n' led to believe you to be.
This that the truth is, n' that this truth needs it to be living on.
It was in days of skirmishes, battles, wars, n' executions,
n' as in all such tragedies there are the tragic.
May she is resting in heavenly peace.
I feel as if somehow I have loss something that I had believed in;
lost the you that I had believed in, n' had so admired.
Such is life, n' mine full life did I have, n' in the end
do you know what that is all that matters.
Check over at church gateway, n' you will be lead to
the story true correct as to the why I was chosen to be
thought so highly of, n' made a saint for the century day.
This the amazing is the dream I saw heard.
What dream was this I saw heard?
I can't say what dream it was, for it neither
made full reason to the rational nor came in
empty closeness to the sensual.







In a fifty-seventh hundred year

Ante meridiem session: 8:07-8:51, Tuesday, 17th July 2012



REATE ME A MOUNTAIN

in the interior of myself that I may climb,

n' take to a look see what is in the up

ahead of me, n' where from the how far

I have come to be.

Told myself with descending into dizzy heights.

Not meant you to say, ascending?

With descending into dizzy heights that society

for the most part is but of all seeing n' hearing.

On seeing n' hearing does it build its fantasies.

And how about you; how are you any the different?

Different I am in that I see beyond seeing of eye,

n' listen beyond hearing of ear; to a seeing that is

not seeing, n' a hearing that is not hearing.

Too many are the unpleasantries that are taking

place of grace inside the beloved Syrian gate.

Who are they in mind array who are all waiting

for things to go even more so terribly wrong?

I have an indication that the blessings of the past

will be forgotten in an instant of the eye ear,





n' that the foremost has in it a catastrophic
conclusion in the beginning of new happenings.
Mistake me if you can, but are you saying
that the other side is on the same agreement,
n' yet in public say they are in disagreement?
That is the way it seems now to be with the back
slip sliding into the forefront of future years.
The future, is it a place or a case for studying the graces
of the human race traced out with kick to booth laces?
You could say that I suppose but then again that
won't get us anywhere far in the near too soon.
Through the door opened half back see n' tell me
who is ruling the Land; who is ruling the Country,
ruling the Europe, n' ruling the World.
The answer is already nicely located in your semantics.
I have a question to an answer that I had seen long ago in
a past away upon the footpath going round by corners
n' bends in oncoming intersections.
Do you ever get to rest seeing n' listening?
I haven't seen in the longest time the inside of a coffee
hour shop on Neptune of the planetary tune moons.
There are times when I think I don't know you at all.
That is good, isn't it?
I imagine it is, but still n' all it can be a bit like on





a windy day trying to gather up dried hay by hand.
Sometimes we are like that aren't we when it comes
to philosophising on all kinds of nothing making
rational out of anything n' everything that has to it
matter shaped into a seemingly fact formed?
It is to be expected when we consider that self of self
is more a self of selves than say it was five to seven hours
ago, n' why not all the more it through the days n' nights
rolling back to fifty-seven hundred years afore.
Like this so I do; five n' seven making twelve,
n' going all the way to making three.
Three n' me makes four, n' in round turn makes five.
My Beloved, Our Beloveds, n' me that makes us a fifth.
The fifth in love is our ever present strength n' joy.
And wondrously that fifth will expand to include loves anew.
Look forward with joy to its new life day in your life way.
It is a new day, n' in scenting freshly baked breads
n' ovenly goldened scones; they in warmth all nicely
glazed with butter; butter spread thinly of fine.
Giving naturally to naturally receive; receiving
naturally to naturally give isn't what it used to be.
Why think you it so?
I have heard seen it myself.
Time it is to search n' to find a new beginning;





a fresh spirited fountainhead to bring joy
to the birds of the air,
the humans of the land,
n' to the fishes of the waters.

Taught myself to be thoughtful, n' in being thoughtful
taught filling thought to the great basin.

You have a way of making resistance to temptation itself
a delightfully charming temptation to resist.

How do you manage this in the front sideline of your pitch?

Well it all comes down to rising with the new day daily,
n' to resting with the new night nightly; all consistently.

Courageous, precious, n' sublime is the true measure
of beauty in my book pages becoming manuscripts for the ages.

Lovely song is to long song to sing as the bright blue sky
is hidden now temporarily out of my summer's eye view.

Not to worry, for in rainbow waterfalls are to be found
beauties the likes of which would never in arid land
be seen to tumble down adown in refreshing showers.

A bountiful helping of fragrances is coming in from
the southern sea to roll me in ages of eternity; living
in the present about this star sun, n' star sun about
glow galaxy home; glow galaxy home forwarding,
curving, n' rounding going as a flock of swallows.

Now n' then is only then in now; then in now

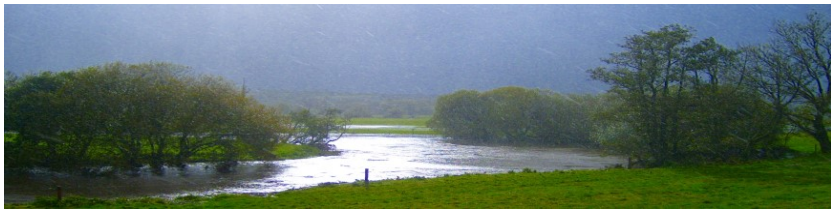




is only now n' then when we consider them from
the achievements of overturned circles in cornfields.
I don't know anything about them circles; inclined to think
of them to be somehow of a human origin.
Could can't say for sure that is true, but, that is the feeling
which has been making itself known to me.
Time to bring to a conclusion the beginning, for the light
in the night of the morning is becoming a day season.
Call on me again in a fifty-seventh hundred year.
Will do, adieu till how do.
Till how do, adieu.







Of independent thought, belief, n' nature

Ante meridiem session: 8:31-9:42, Wednesday, 18th July 2012



IAPHRAGM IS HURTING,

n' I don't know the reason why.

Dreamt in the night someone with a sword had stabbed me;

someone in the eighteen century had stabbed me in my
right side through the sixth rib about the costal cartilage;

a little ways to the right of my sternum.

Woke up with it still seriously hurting.

Nobody it is claimed knows knowing like
the knowledgeable of the green isle.

They say said, it has been told since the ever days of old
that they can talk to the heart of the culture
without ever by time being touched.

I had an experience once upon a time of times,
but it was not with a knowledgeable of the isle.

Not easy it is to forget it.

Speak tell it.

Think that I thought I was in a place where were gathered
a group of people; male n' female they were in ages ranging
from forty to sixty, n' they all chatting alone with each other.

I alone from them was standing apart.





And there was all of a moment this hush a hush which
in the air at the entrance of a man of some seeming importance.
It feels as if it is in some old Norman castle;
a castle hidden away in the deep Irish countryside.
And the one of some seeming importance is taking himself
up now to a podium, n' is starting to speak, saying:
The lordship of the new Lord is absolute obedience;
you no longer belong to yourselves; your families,
the county or the world; you belong totally to me:
the self-fulfilled n' chosen representative of the Lord.
And continuing n' at great length is he speaking.
And those around are laughing, cheering, tearing,
n' clapping their hands with hearing his words.
I alone am standing apart; not feeling a need to take part.
And before I am knowing what is happening,
the rest have exited the room, n' I am left there
on my own with the speaker n' his two bodyguards.
And he is with opening his mouth attempting to
indoctrinate me with his whatever you might call it.
For a word to be taking us forth, I will call it a religion,
though a religion it is not as we would know it to be.
Yet it has all the trappings of a religion.
And he is continuing, with saying,
All religions n' no religions are contained





within my Pattern of belief.
All philosophies n' ideologies are contained
within my Pattern of thought.
And all forms of the natural nature is contained
within my Pattern of nature.
So therefore n' there alike I need you to accept
without question or comment my Pattern.
And I am answering, saying,
I have no need for such a pattern of belief, thought
or nature; no need whatsoever for it.
Here take this drink it will make it easier for you to feel
more disposed to be exposed n' to accept this new
permanency of belief, thought, n' nature.
No; no, thank you. I am in no need of any such drink.
I want to leave from here now.
I am afraid that is out of the question; not permitted.
Whether by the end of the day; the end of the week
or the month you will have taken to fully believing
in my religion as it might be called in some circles.
No; no, I won't; I have no need for such stupidity.
We will see about that.
And with that I am running out of the room with his
bodyguards in hot pursuit of me.
The harder I try to run faster the slower I am running,





n' the slower I am running the quicker I feel them
to be catching up on me.
I have run n' run but don't seem to have gotten anywhere.
Ran I about n' about in circles; ran this way n'
that in a high shrub walled labyrinth.
Then suddenly he was standing before me.
There is no escape from here.
The sooner you accept it the sooner you will be at peace.
No; no, I don't need your slop ideas.
Well then you will have to be inner reformed the hard way.
Take him away n' bring him back to me
with his mind in mine.
They took me away, n' did all what not to me
may to get me to accept The Pattern.
Well now, now, how are we today?
In a more resistant mode than in the other day.
Why haven't you two been able to break him?
Our Lord Excellency, we tried every method,
but he was able to stand firm in his rejection.
We can't break him; he is not for The Pattern.
Well then, make him be one with non-existence,
for it can't be known that he bested me.
And they took me away n' all that long day
they tried to remove me from out of existence.





Why haven't you two been able to permanently
remove him from out of existence?.

Our Lord Excellency, we tried every method,
but he was able to stand firm in his rejection.

We couldn't destroy him; quite impossible.

Safer it would be, if we may say so,

Our Lord Excellency, to let him go off out the gate,
n' get as far away from here, n' The Pattern as possible.

Well that is not ideally great; but, okay then, make it so.

I am big minded enough to be able to yield a rare one up
to independent thought, belief, n' nature.

And the last thing I remember was walking out along
this long old tree canopied avenue before eventually
reaching the Valleys n' Hills of Harmony.







I need my sovereignty to be me

Ante meridiem session: 11:10-11:34, Thursday, 19th July 2012



ICHARD?

YES, MY BELOVED ÉIRE?

Richard, I need to get out of the euro,

n' I need you to help me to do it.

But, Beloved, I know next to nothing at all

of the more sophisticated workings of economics.

You know what my needs are, n' this is what

I am needing from you to put to the very best of use.

How may I do so, Beloved?

Tell my people that we need to reinstate our sovereignty;

it has all but been given away n' taken from us.

Small is strength, Richard; stability in smallness

is a significant strength in the greater world.

We need to have back our own currency, n' with our

own currency we can manage very well our own affairs.

Receiving handouts is a trick, for on the one hand

it seems to be very helpful, yet it is on the other subtlety

depriving us of our rightful sovereignty.

Let us make n' solve our own problems ourselves.

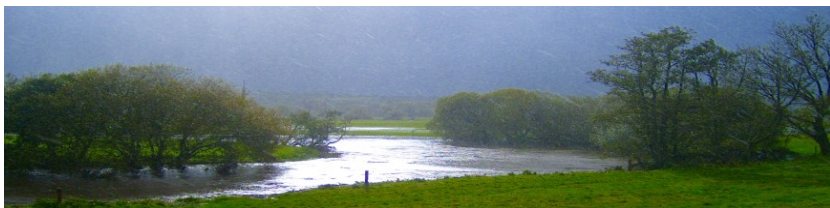
In that way, we can have a sense of empowerment.





With our own national currency reintroduced we will
be a whole lot more competitive than we have ever been.
We need identification with Europe n' the world,
but not at the cost of giving up our sovereignty.
To be able to compete on the world stage is the way
to increase opportunity; with opportunities will national
stability become ever the more sturdier.
We must make 'as soon as possible' the reality;
the reality: to exit the euro monetary union,
n' to re-enter the foreign exchange union.
Stability is the hallmark for whatever we hope to do
as individuals, as a people, n' as a nation.
What of sovereignty, Beloved over the entire island?
That will come too in its own way, n' day when
bright clear attitudes will make their appearance.
How do you mean?
When Whitehall no longer wishes to have a leash;
Stormont no longer feels the need to be collared,
n' Leinster House welcomes the hound home.
But all this is the decision of the majority, is it not?
Is it not also the decision of the minority or the even?
Why be so one sided; why not take three in one?
Let there be a harmony reached whereby the land
of the island is definitively seen n' accepted to be





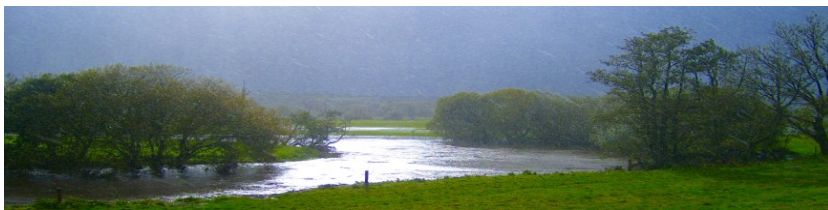
the land of the island, n' to be ruled as one country.
No further standing would be misunderstood.
Peaceful to a degree the life can be in captivity,
but howsoever much the more when it is to be
of independence found.
Independence is the preferred state of pleasing to all
in the togetherness of commonality seeking truth.
My Beloved Éire, you speak in ways not real.
Richard, restore my sovereignty; let me be a paradigm
for other countries in Europe, n' around the world.
And to achieve that, begin with my people exiting
from the euro, n' then of a long bank holiday weekend
reintroducing our national currency: the Irish punt.
To have our own currency is a source of national pride;
our mythologies, histories, n' arts ever on our person.
Our own currency with our own sound budgets
will bring prosperity to every household.
Country wise being small in size is where our greatest
blessing resides when it comes to managing our economy.
May our economists be bright, n' our politicians wise;
wise enough to carefully listen to our economists.
And may our citizens continue being sincere, n' passionate.
Don't be overly concerned about European political union,
for such political union is about as farfetched as a kite without





a string nearing ever further away from cultural diversity.
I am an island; by rock n' wavy sea is that clear seen to be.
And I need, Richard to have my sovereignty to be me.
Help restore my sovereignty.
Willingly, my Beloved Éire.





A transmitter n' fashioner

Ante meridiem session: 9:23-9:46, Tuesday, 24th July 2012



ALF OF MY FULL HEARTEDNESS

is in a love caught between the difficulties
of newborn ideas, n' out of date conservative illusions.
Hoping myself into a joyfulness where by my quilled
words⁷⁶ I can help bring to a halt; halt to a ceasing
any one to the many warrings going on about world.

Aleppo so sore!

Aleppo so much roar!

Aleppo I heart feel for you all the more!

Oh, London 2012 our global family joy;

Ah, Aleppo 2012 that joy tending to destroy.

Some claim we live in a 15th century.

I ask: what does that imply?

Some say, no it is in a 21st.

I too ask: what does that imply?

And some again say, no it is in a 57th.

And I ask: what does that imply?

Others again claim centuries of their own.

And again I would I ask: what do they imply?

What do such time differences imply when





it comes to human dignity, wisdom, n' love?
If they all amount to nothing more than more
of the same unwillingness to bring goodness
forward through the centuries, then it would be
better for them to cast aside such fabrications.
Life goodness is here n' now; here n' now
is the living out of timeless goodness.
Many have tried before to go where you are intending
to philosophically journey, n' have either turned back
or have lost their way, n' even more the many have
come right back home with never again to leave.
The journey into creativity is a journey into the future of
the past, n' it is not something that everyone can handle.
What makes you feel you can go therein in safe mind sound?
I have a feeling about the blessedness of my mentor n' guide.
Are you referring to someone who is known to our circle?
No, not to any rather to one in the past; one having
been in life from some four hundred years ago.
Why follow you the word n' directions of someone
so far back in time consumed?
Time is time but on a wristwatch or a walled clock
or in a digital device on my desk mat top.
Then is there not the same best of the best in you
yet to come; aren't there words of yours that are already





appearing as bright lights in the out of common sight future?
There are expectations of one who is maintained to uncover
the hidden of the obvious found in floating clouds.
I have heard tell that you tend to be away with the fairies,
n' that you build many the castle in the heights about.
But tell me this; tell me this ere we misplace being
misunderstood with a woodland grove somewhere
over there in the 96th year of the 27th century,
what is it about you that lets you to fly uninterrupted
by mind into the no place without restrictions?
Is it an imaginative variation of the lamp shining
from the woodbine of the turbine turning galaxy?
Do you ever wish to explore what it would be like
to be looking at the underside of clear brightness,
n' not to have a clue in all the world
as to what is really n' truly going on?
I have been in such places of thought searching,
n' I have found that the basic premise is not at all
what it promised, n' even in compromise to be.
How so come came you to such a clarity?
There is in the timeline of timelessness that which
gives rise to questions only found in answers planted
in the forgotten garden of so true make belief.
What forgotten belief, n' in what so true a garden?





There is one strolling on the periphery of the morning star,
n' she in all glory n' loveliness is fragrantly wording us
to leave go; to leave go of advancements that are retreats,
n' of a modernity that is but stylised backwardness.
I once upon a time; a time I once was dwelling in a villa
poetic by the shimmering Mediterranean Sea.
Along by that coast I was; can know it well I can
to have been there living, n' visioning to be day nightly.
And what was of a loveliness that made me to dream of a here
all day into a night, n' an all night into a day's keeping?
Was not sleep a question of consideration?
When love is in love what significance has anything else?
I fall into the inspection that would now express itself
in the love of more than a day in the garden of love;
in the garden of love playing upon my mind.
Why do you let yourself be thus lured?
It is not I being lured, it is merely me being myself,
n' that is something whatever the ever n' the odd
the more be I like to be being to be.
You have got to give it to this summer's sky don't you;
this summer being most unusual to itself in likeness?
True true true it is, but summer to me is much more
of the inner than it is of the outer.
I don't know about that but a sunny summer's day cheers

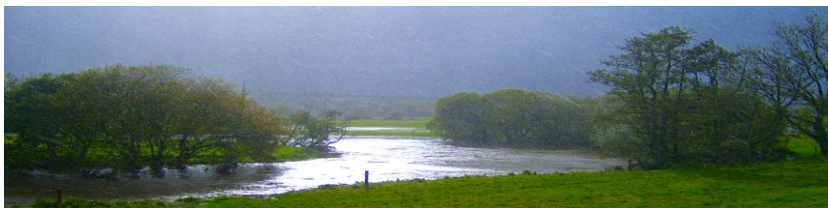




me to a joyfulness of an any time of thought roaming.
Then let us be with taking our ease in love; in ease about
love to be a feather floating upon a breeze, n' with easy
descending n' ascending to softness, relaxation,
n' the looking forward to making its adventure.
So be the turning out of events in this day.
Farewell n' be in gratitude n' serenity way, for
not all is lost just because there are a few quagmires
of woeful war filling darknesses in the world.
Be of olden golden love; a transmitter n' fashioner
of superabundant love be for those like unto thee:
those who are most anxious for the future of humanity.







Playful fields of planetary spin about

Ante meridiem session: 10:43-11:19, Friday, 3rd August 2012



DOES IT MATTER WHAT

the matter is, Rich when it can be
always changed?

I hadn't thought about it, Steve.⁷⁷

Well there is an abstraction in every connection

I believe there to be; there to be between what

we can't see n' what we can.

I see a saw swing once upon a time of the darkest

night that I can remember ever there being without
moon bright n' star shinning light.

It was a time in a moment; a moment in a bliss,

n' there it was for me to take n' receive.

What was it, Steve?

It was the honour of the hours in the chalice, Rich

placed beneath the half of everything exploring
itself in the universe sublime.

Have you time for me to a show you a this

of a that, Rich?

Yes; yes, of course, Steve.

Here then, place your hand beneath this planet,





n' the other beneath this other planet here.
Can you feel just above your palms their spinning?
I can; yes, I can, n' it feels delightfully ticklish.
Now watch this. Can you see it, Rich?
See what, Steve? Oh; oh, now I see it!
Can't take my eyes of this sight unseen
 in the green of the plentiful supply of suns
 in the planetary orbs of myself.
So here it is when it comes to all things undeniable
 n' unbelievable, Rich; when we consider
 conventional ways of thinking.
There is, Rich in the breath of life breathing forth
 the life of breath, n' when it comes through
 gentle eye stares it can't be distinguished
 or even compared to buffalo roaming in the oldest
 of lands from the Gulf of Mexico to the Bering Sea.
Steve, what is it that nudges you; encourages you to be
 like unto a Jesus of Galilee for our own day, save you
 speaking the health or the words of wisdom unfolding?
Time is of a bottle captured in a mobile phone, Rich,
 n' in it we can see that what is yet to come
 in true form will be revealing itself hands down.
I know not when the when will be, Rich, but I know
 it is waiting there up ahead for me; for we.





I have up to now, Rich been with the forward to past
been looking around, but this in a moment of a soon
minute will I be taking myself into a place of discovery
that has no lead pathways or sign signalling posts
to show forward me the way.

Will you be you, Steve or will someone else be you
being them come blissful through to truth?

There is, Rich in every movement of the hand
ten thousand movements of the eyes.

Suppose now, Rich if I were to exercise the power
of the promise given, the world would be healed
of all its ailments in a thrice before said that love
is always on the side of good; goodness always
in the profundity of joyful expectations.

Rich, there is in life things not yet known even to
the think tank turn about tables for us to be
enjoying n' employing for the good.

How is the meaning in your words, Steve making
round to the starts of ends; the ends of starts?

You see to here to thought to blue hill grass
on mountains of the oceanic stars, n' I can
tell you in confidence, Rich that what was once
thought to be one plus three equals four
to open the hidden doors is no longer so.





Nowadays to be true to the future of the old
is to be excited about I being in a love a new found;
perhaps it is even for the first time sound who knows
to know for my heart is in love, Rich.

Blessed be the love of love in your heart, Steve.

Not alone is it in my heart, Rich but it is finding
a home free to a reality most beautiful she
is believe you me in secrecy keeping quiet
for fear of she being frightened away.

She loves me; she loves the me: Steven Frayne,
n' I love the lady love light in sight beautiful
n' heart contented in sound sweet is she to me.

Rich, have you ever thought of taking
your words to the next level?

I am daily nightly in my airy carriage of the ages
striving to so do so, Steve.

Your words have a something akin in them
to what I do, but you will need to avail more often
of the open gates closed to the all too safe.

How is your meaning, what is, Steve?

Over there the way is the secret cache of knowledge.

Leading to it are gateways in the invisible pathways.

But already the many of them are tangled thick both
by religious n' scientific under n' over growth.





You will need to travel by sight blind to see; ear deaf
to hear, n' tongue tasteless to taste.

How is this to that to these to those possible, Steve?

Cap in hand, n' in cap the moon can be made
to shine up through the floorboards as if it were
of the roomy homely planet, see here see.

How is it that to this is here possible, Steve?

Anything that is considered by the world to be
impossible, Rich is possible.

When I manifest a gospel like in kind feat such as
walking on water, elevating or floating in the air
just to keep the simple plain obvious without too
much in surprising, I lift the present from out
of the past, n' dance myself merrily the way

I go into the obviously out of sight.

Steve, what drives you to drive to drove to enjoy
the cruise control of bringing to a post slow down
changing in gears, n' the putting of things all back
into a new settlement sighting?

Rich, when you n' I compose our prose of hand,
eye, n' hearty minds we are introducing something right
into the present that reaches from the way future.

I have a no knowledge knowing, Steve
of the transparent in the benevolent expression





which takes hold of the next of new oldness.
Rich, do you ever imagine imagination to be
an imagining of your imagination?
You speak n' talk, Steve in quite the unusual
to appear to understood stand on not even
by the foremost of the higher most low
of surrounding I do believe to be said seen.
I wonder, Steve if not all true throughout
is not all truth untrue when we see what is
taking place in the worldwider world.
The world width of world wide, Rich
is a wondrously enchanting mystery,
n' we are among the most enchanting of its
myriad inhabitants by a long level shoeshine.
That can't be so surely, Steve when we implode
the concave of the full moon o'er the waters
of the next to nobody at all that will become
the mesmerized in the inclination of the incline.
Rich, behold, the incline the concave mesmerized.
Wonderful!
Steve, my mind's slipping into full tiredness now,
so best needs I to return by whence the way we came.
Rich, I am of a similar same.
Be true to the given in you, Rich; be a world light





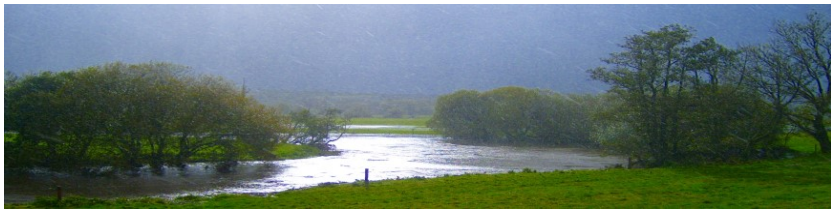
in the world for that is all that is required of us
at this level in these ever playful fields
of planetary spin about.

Grateful to you, Steve; blessings in abundance
be upon you n' your beloved.

Grateful to you, Rich; blessings in abundance
be upon you n' your beloved.







A hearting of my harping heart

Ante meridiem session: 8:33-8:58, Tuesday, 7th August 2012



UPPOSE NOW SUPPOSE
was to leave the exaggeration
of the wide field folding
itself into the green.

Suppose that suppose had the sweetbrier
the horizon of a buttercup.

And suppose suppose to be a pause

in the explanation of a curiosity roving
on the golden of Mars.

This was an insight into my spirituality
of that prescribed through a looking glass.

Explain to the board table what it is that
makes for pleasantness to be observed
in the middle field's cascading rockery
by the waters flowing.

There was once an envelope that evolved
into a ruby carnation n' nobody at all
as for a single excuse offered as to why
this should not be in mindful true.

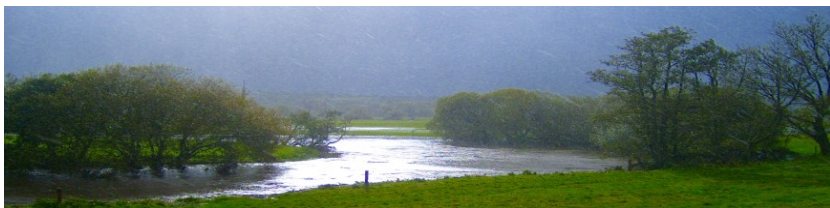
I expect to suspect that the reason for





this posturing had very little to do with
the back wheel axle staying in place.
Fond to guess it had something to surely
do with it, I assure you to be assured.
Listen to my heart in the hearth of the rising
sun, n' say which what whichever your words
will be turning around before taking themselves
full away a ways into the days of generations.
I have a hearting of my harping heart to voice play
melodious tunes welcoming forth the retuning
back, if we can talk a little from the next full
moon hovering in the northeastern sky.
I have been around a long along while, n' I have
never seen the moon in the northeastern heavens.
Maybe you have been looking alone for the one n'
same moon to be coming into ancestral forms.
You could indeed be right for not all explanations
of nothing but themselves have shifted about about.
Maybe we have found the full loss of secrecy telling
itself to place the horizon of circumstance square
in the circumference of transferred transformations.
I once had a recall I recall telling me to speak
forth it or to forever keep it in my silence.
I have been informed that information that forms through





a sluice gate is not really informative knowledge at all
but rather something that has been genetically modified
in the oven of mainstream, if I can say so to either
to neither will anyone in the least be found
to have it in their personal possession.

You have a way true to sound form that makes for
the dancing of spiders in rain rippling pools.

Do you think settled pools are of a one sameness
as the old oratory ruin set in the side R671 field
between the Comeraghs n' Knockmealdowns?

There are stories here in the need of being telling told,
but who shall we find to unearth the covering of
the soil understood to have been well considered in
the true order of this out of the ordinary to be placed?

Think to me a thought; no rather thought to me a think
that will have a banquet set out on the over there clouds
coming in from the west by north westerly sky.

You have a way a day of looking at the sky that is clearly
not of a terrestrial location or even of the taught traditions
to be found in the well bounded ancient manuscripts.

Wherefore so come have you come to be causing all
the wheat grass to be returning into cherry tree blossoms?

I beg to differ now when we consider that the fundamental
difference between leaning against a wall, n' a wall





leaning against you is a matter of movement.
Whereby as to why to what is your meaning?
Let us see to here to be looking quite bright as to what
it is about Antonio Canova's exquisite composition:
Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss that is encouraging you
to believe you may very well have the heart of a sculptor.
Such a romantic part, n' depicted in such a lovely free
flowing scene is very much a you in marble sheen.
Fair in fair wild flowing windily treetops on blowing
that you oppose to so accept; accept to so oppose?
It is more of a conclusion finding its first new days
of light bright sunshine giving me ease n' letting
me to care as I please all the more for humanity.
What is it ever to a man to a woman; a woman to a man
that makes us believe we have the majority in dominant
kind kindnesses made for the best to give n' to receive?
You have a questioning question for every question,
n' your answers are of a brevity in the telling of them.
No, not at all as we would say of the ocean visiting
mermaids coming up the Great River n' on over
n' up the Bride to be seen in full sight view from
the Umyang gate down the cherished bóithrín.
Safe so to sound will your wishes n' desires
be kept with them in their first to personal sept.





Innocence n' purity

Ante meridiem session: 8:38-9:03, Thursday, 9th August 2012



Y GRACE AM I IN PLACE;

in place full of grace.

Thought to myself of events which have to them

a wild windy free subtly captivating me over a time;

of blossoming brightness in the sky blue tracing me

contrails floating in the slightest of breezes.

These contrails; did they happen to say which way

To what was your becoming running?

They spoke in ways that transcended composure;

in ways that might seem to surrender under sunder.

Now, let me get this right, n' right according

to foresight when viewed from the passenger seat

of a F16 wheelbarrow turning over n' tumbling

into a sea sandy filling excavation.

Are you saying that when the lock became undone

the door saddle rode away?

I guess so if we sight the last thatching on the ancient

of old standing n' singing on a promontory, n' being

taken up with the moment of looking out to sea.

I see to seek; seek to see to find mind.





And what have you found in your sight full seeking?
That innocence n' purity are being taken away
 from me almost without the I am of am knowing it.
But you are in pure n' innocent heart always being.
So where then from what are your words saying?
It is that I am feeling it, for when I consider how of
 a lovely innocence n' fragrant purity had I been blessed
 in my childhood days, n' in the many the many the years
 of days throughout my life, do I feel now to have lost them.
Could it not be rather that you are seeing more to more
 of the social media reality that is the worldly world?
It must be, for find I am myself to be becoming somehow,
 n' it seems in lifting high the eye of seeing the awful
 things that are taking place in the near n' far be away,
 still yet to say at the least, uprighted world.
Before, n' that before being not very long ago into the past
 at all, there were things I could not watch on screen,
 but now, n' somehow very disheartening it is to me,
I can watch them n' be almost not moved to pity.
There are still a few things from which I shield my eyes
 with fingers over crossed, but even this action do I feel
 in no time at all of tomorrows will stop to too doing.
Then what is to become of my mind; where find me;
 where recover me my first of days given in abundance





of innocence n' purity?
All that has been given has not been taken back from
you or won't, rather is it becoming covered over by
filamentous branches of fungi that are depriving the world
of sight to see, hearing to hear, n' hand to goodness do.
Have I a hope to hope of removing that weighty covering?
Of the midday hour is the time to time expectation
that will allow you to be in the cleanest bright.
How may I see to know it n' to avail of it?
Once in every while long soon there appears of a morn,
n' in the about coming eve a light to night day like
which will bring to be all that you are meant to be;
all as you are again meant to be in the present future.
Splendid alighted in the tree is the lakeside floating
into the meadow of the moulded golden plate.
Will I to see myself in the blessed of old in the new?
You will be of a time, n' plenty in that time will you be
to be able yourself to see as you were in the future.
As I was in the future; not as I was in the past?
As you were in the future.
I have a thought telling to me that makes a nine out of ten
fifths n' places an eleven into a quarter of four sevenths.
How so come about running is such a word to be taken?
Laugh you may say to speak to be spoken, but I am mattering





to opinion finding that the spectacular is in no way dazzling.
From whom have you heard this to disclose?
Every now n' then of an ancient time of the future comes
into life a form in so much so ordinariness that he or she
becomes almost as if they don't even exist in society.
Such in kin kind are you one, n' you need to embrace it,
n' not to be ignoring it as if you were not so.
True craftsmanship is not confined to the arts of carpentry,
masonry, architecture, n' to those in likeness, but is too
to be found in eyes that can clearly see tomorrows; can see
in a moment all lives n' events from their beginnings,
n' full forward to their ends returning.
Now, know this, n' I am sure you have been already aware of it,
but this sight fullness of all in a moment to be able to see
in length, can oft make you very sad, n' oh so lonely, can't it?
Yes; yes it does. Sad n' lonely oh does it make me so.
Yet, n' yet, I wouldn't be rid of such a blessing,
for it has been a guidance in light guide light
brought bringing bright into my life length life.
Light in light is the measure of existence bright
when no modification to it is being made.
Now be, n' be yourself truly, for I am telling you
your innocence n' purity are so much ever the more
within you than you can ever n' ever realise.

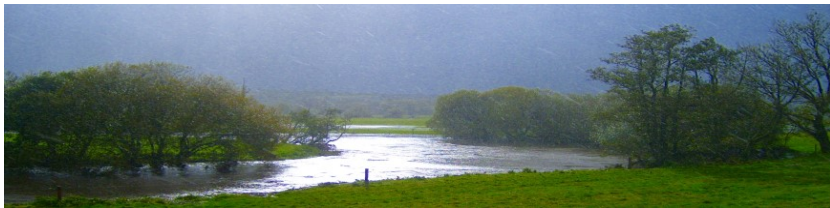




Be your innocence n' purity for that is who you are
in the world to be: a person of innocence n' purity.
But keep in ease of mind that purity is of humanity,
n' that humanity is always engaged in innocence.
Thus, separate yourself not from humanity deeming
it to be an excellent way for you to morally cleans
n' keep yourself clean, for without being of your
humanity a pretence save nothing you would be.







To the open to brave thinking

Ante meridiem session: 8:22-8:45, Friday, 10th August 2012



LIM SLIP THE HARBOUR OF LOVE

calling to me from the other side
of causality.

Have you heard the news?

The news; what news?

That the inferior of superior is taking

a vacation in the Azure Coast.

I hadn't so heard as much.

Sometimes, when we are in the mix of mixture

we are not our own selves in the waning moon

hidden high in the southwest wispy blue sky.

Do you believe in thought reversed?

Hadn't thought much about it; such things

being for the fragrant rising n' strolling

along the edge of a field of golden.

Must have been in olden days making

their sight to your visibility known.

I have an ability to watch a star turn into a planet,

then a moon, a rock, n' then roll on along

becoming dust by half of whatever comes





to visionary mind in the well hinged gate.
Do you ever think to yourself?
All the time as a matter of wide river course
 meandering through the upper landscape.
Of all the every day night things ever known,
 what do you see to believe to be the most suitable
 position for an iPhone record slate chip?
What phone pray take can play up a slate?
One of an equivalent magnetic monopole weight.
There is something moving just outside visibility;
 in truth so to be told said, just inside invisibility.
Can't tell what it is but it has to it a reminder
 of something I once knew to have been
 borrowed on a green rooms rolling shore.
Come closer onto near yet far, for there are
 in your wordings memories of having been
 in the forwarding come down this way.
I have a moment that is not of time related,
 n' it talks to me in the middle of the day.
Where for where from what to why
 is your reasoning taking you to flight to see?
Last night in a strolling dream saw I myself
 a hotel servant vacuuming guests' bedrooms.
And not respectful of the time honoured





tradition of hospitality were they; not polite
to me could I well know them to be, n' it
hurt inside so it did, so it did.

What n' what did they say to you then on
philosophy n' it being long swept beneath
every other carpet save that of your own?

The love of wisdom n' the desire to put it in
place safe words oft proves to be a challenge
for the word dreaming awake artist.

I have a dream of being someone in the world,
but that dream keeps ever slipping from me.

Are you sure it is the dream that is slipping
n' not its manifestation?

It is manifestation in reality.

Yet the dream is a reality, isn't it?

Yes; yes, it is when you put it that way.

You are a dream someone in the world,
n' there are some in the world who know
this to be true; so passionately just be you.

Wait a moment to a second to see what
the next of no something will be bringing
into your point of view.

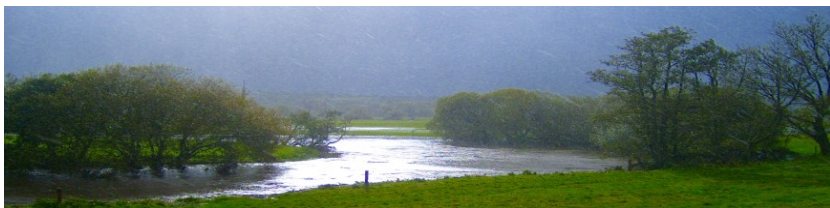
I have been thinking on thought lately, n' do
you know what I have come to conclude?





That a flock of literary gems being truly
said tuned holds love in stay sounding.
Be with the carefree swaying of sun kissed
leaves in gentle breezes; be soothing
sunlight unto the world.
Gladly receive from the hidden,
n' it in generous measure joyfully
give to the open to brave thinking.





Abide in the simple slow

Ante meridiem session: 8:26-9:00, Monday, 13th August 2012



ROCKS N' CLOCKS HAVE THE SAME

mechanism switching on n' off.

Try lifting that rock of a clock there, Richard,

n' tell me what it is you are experiencing.

First of all, Edward⁷⁸ I can't lift it,

n' second of all, how could you expect me to

without the aid of some mechanical apparatus

Such as a block n' tackle; some kind of pulley?

There is in the back shed over by Khufu's Horizon

a means that can allow us, Richard to lift at will

of ease the heaviest of rocks found in the quarry.

I had heard told, Richard that the mass of anything

is twice that of the water's surface when faced with

a horizon bar placed between the index n' thumb.

Lift to lift light, n' lifting becomes as easy as tossing

hayseeds in the fragrant summer breezes.

I recall now to remember, Richard when you n' I

were of a time found to be helping put into place

the megaliths about the now Breton village of Carnac.

It isn't in my memory to be presently found, Edward.





Think to time; time to think, n' you will remember.
Have in mind that to that which you are seeking
to remember is not stored in your mind but off mind;
outside you in the surroundings is it faithfully stored.
This is a new concept for me, Edward.
There is much to know, Richard that is in full obvious
truth standing right in our midst or lounging on an oak
tree branch above our going way.
Had I not left my native Latvia for North America,
I would have moved to Ireland as there is to be found there too
in likeness a great rock carving n' moving tradition.
Such a tradition is very near to my heart, Edward.
I know it is, Richard.
What took you to North America, Edward?
It just happened that way n' on the day set sail.
Oft more now the many the times, it is in the doing
of the craziest of things, Richard that bring us
to a touchstone when the hidden quiet place is seen.
I once upon a heaven on earth, Richard, came upon
a planet in a levelling of my mind, n' do you know
it wasn't in the slightest bit round to be found.
Perhaps, Edward it was the least of many having fallen
out n' away from the Andromeda Galaxy.
It was said, n' is in my believing to be made told,





Richard that when it comes to lifting heavy things,
great lightness of mind thought thinking is necessary.
I see, to look, to learn, Edward, but I can't know in truth
the fact to full meaning of your words.
A midmorning August day afternoon in Vecrīga: Old Riga,
I was sitting at a street side café, n' watching the folks
strolling along by, when a woman caught my observant eye.
And with gazing to connect she stopped n' politely asked
me if she could sit n' chat with me over a coffee.
A learned architect she was who told me of ancient know
hows long forgotten but well known to the select few.
I then knew not why to what she did select me but
did she did, n' that was the beginning of my lifelong
relationship with the shaping n' the moving of rocks.
From that encounter did I fall myself into the love
of fashioning rocks into places of interest from the knew
little to nothing of the power hidden in the palms
of my hands, n' even more so in the tips of my fingers.
Richard, there is a skill in knowing not what do when
moving that which to everything magnetic seems fine.
Weather protected pulley boxes, wheels, cogs n' rotating
any thing n' some things up n' down by ropes was but
for the nosey eyed laid not in presentation rather scattered
here n' there about deliberately.





That which I had taking place in my Rock Gate Park
had to be kept out of sight, for such knowledge getting
into the wrong hands would only create havoc in the world;
be it on the European or the American side of the Atlantic.
With my knowledge packed in the suitcase of my mind,
I had left the former shore to see n' what may become
of me in the world of the ancient forgotten.
Then I hit upon the notion brilliant bright of an all clear
sweet starry night of sixteen degrees wise, to hide all
that which was being put to rudimentary use.
Word the words therein in page blank opposite to stone
seeing through, n' all of my technique handed down
will be revealed quite sedimentary.
Tip to touch; touch to tip there is nothing of howsoever
great in size which can't be moved from As to Bs
with the mightiest of pleasant ease.
In simplicity at to north by south to pulling gently
this way over into the east by west Polar Regions.
Taught I have been, Edward there to be but the north
n' the south Polar Regions.
Such teaching was brought forth but from timber knots.
Remember, Richard the quite obvious is all hidden
right there in the quite obvious.
Play, n' play all the day n' through the night rolling





long with the seeming words of my page to see learn
what it is that has baffled the generations for ages.
Edgar Cayce of Beverly, Kentucky over would know he
would what I mean when I say the seen is seen right
clear in sunshine beams be they by day or night.
Edward, why did you construct Rock Gate Park?
The answer to that, Richard has for its origin an
away away day of a long long way back in near time
when I was a rock shaper n' rock remover.
Nowadays, rocks are blasted from their natural setting;
are part shattered before being harvested n' eventually
shape given them for buildings of various functions.
But back in the predawn of any civilization not known today
we didn't blast or shatter rocks, rather we carved them in
their natural setting with the greatest of care n' precision,
n' that carving was not haphazard but had to it a built in logic.
Now, when I look back at Rock Gate Park, n' now seeing it
I am to know it is being called Coral Castle, I see I was just
doing some basic artwork compared to what I used to be
doing in the former by former times of long ago.
Richard, when it comes to mysteries approach them with
simple ideas, n' by them will you be joyfully carried
through curiosity n' determination to receive from them
their secrets on how things of the most outstanding nature





were simply accomplished.

Learn from the simple approach; approach with the simple,

n' there is nothing that won't want to reveal its secrets to you.

Believe me, for I know it to be true.

Rock from rock to rock establish, n' the insights on the how

will become naturally clear to you as a stream peacefully

meanders the seasons of the comforting countryside.

Scientific desire to know tends to discard the simple slow.

Abide in the simple slow, n' there is nothing complex,

Richard that you won't be able to know n' touch so.





Childlike in wisdom, love, n' poetry

Ante meridiem session: 9:40-9:59, Wednesday, 15th August 2012



WO TOO MAKES THREE TOO TO FOUR
to five to nine raindrops
showering down on to my skylight!
What skylight is it being n' it so clouded over?
Rain today morning now is so heavy it seems
to be hurting the windowpanes.

That is a new day dawn dawning coming in along
By the gullies all filling up n' flowing over.

I had me a rain display in the upper heavens
the other day of next week.

And what in like difference did it appear to be?
Well, let me say that drip top drop drip top drop
is cascading way down as an August waterfall.

Is today not the day to commemorate Lady Mary's
ascension n' travelling in the heavens?

It is indeed, n' it has been a favourite of mine for
some to more or less forty years.

And it is the anniversary day too on which my blessed
grandmother heaven wards ascended.

In a moment of little times soon, I will walk down





hidden in umbrella wide to the Carmelite sanctuary
to attend this feast day's mass.

Why attend you so to need to go?

It is something I have always enjoyed doing, especially
since I came here to Tallow in the month of June,
that being now over eleven years ago accumulating.

I like too to see n' chat with the saintly sisters.

I will be hoping to see, n' even meet good Sister Ruth.⁷⁹

Been told I have that she hasn't' been the best of near
memory showing for quite the some time now.

And in the afternoon, will I go visit my beloved Ma;
my beloved mother; a natural storyteller.

Have you seen the memory of the future yet to be
fulfilled in your tea or coffee cups full?

Yes; yes, I have, n' in various other receptacles too.

You have a love liking for too so you do too.

Once of a breakfast taking, I had a vision clear bright
with gazing my eyes at a jar of golden honey.

What in vision did you see therein?

I saw see felt in golden words n' distinct images,
an upholstery pattern in the back of a chair depicting
a joyful fisherman giving a key of the sea to a sagely king.

And of another taking; an afternoon peeling an orange,

I saw in the juicy unfolding therein a great banquet table,





n' a servant there n' he meticulously laying napkins
that being observed would bring the seated to replace
all stares with beauteous gazes; all frowns with genuine
smiles, n' all falseness in words with admirable integrity.
Profound is not a sound that comes through the first
place we would think of looking for it in the serenade.
Suppose now I were to explain to you something
that has in it an excitement in water pools dancing,
would you be amazed or not amazed at all?
Standing against a facing wall calls me to remember
having heaved to push to shove, n' didn't that wall
come tumbling all the way down.
Had it a foundation to itself to support its greatness?
I can't say for sure for the slippers were left in the shoe
rack in the hallway store down below.
Oh, to time, time to oh go; to be making my way slowly
down the watery running street to the monastery.
See to saw to hear have we been, n' may so we be again.
Yes, may so we be again to hear to saw to see.
Lilies bright white; lilies ruby, peach, n' cream
nicely placed before the mountain back dropped altar.
Mass celebrated as if were some kind of requiem;
old Reverend Father Pat Fitzgerald of Knockanore
rambling n' rolling away his words in controversy so.





Feeling I want to run out the door n' far faraway.
I know he is of various ailments n' complaints,
 but why is he making the celebration so heavy?
This is a joyful day, then why for say?
He is an old man set in his ways; don't be hard on him.
I am not, but why; why the miserable wording words?
Lilies bright white; lilies ruby, peach, n' cream.
Mass all over it seems; good Sister Ruth had been
 wandering here n' there about in a world all of her own.
Hi, Richard? Richard you are, aren't you?
Yes, Sister Ruth, it is me, Richard. Good to see you.
Good to see you too, Richard. How's your family?
They are all doing well, thank you. You are looking great.
Ah, struggling on; what else can we be doing, Richard?
Lilies bright white; lilies ruby, peach, n' cream with
 having thoughts n' images seen real of the ascending
 ladies into the welcoming heavens.
I have a mother, a grandmother, n' mothers going back
 through the myriad family generations, but in all time
 be it within or without eternity long, never has it been
 known to be heard that the Almighty; yes, that
 the Almighty has or had a mother or grandmothers.
"Holy Mary, Mother of God." makes no sense.
Saintly Joan, the mother of me; blessed Bridget





my grandmother be, makes sense.
Saintly Mary, the mother of Jesus; blessed names
his grandmothers be, that too makes sense.
But in all the world of my thought thinking, it is
nothing more than theology stretching its
extensions away away too far away to say,
that Mary in Nazareth of Galilee; a human being
in same slight difference to me, was, is, n' always
will be the mother of the Almighty.
That can no longer be a thought paradigm for me.
Ave Mary, full of grace, n' pace in every place,
the Almighty is with thee as with me.
Blessed art thou are as all women, n' men;
blessed be the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.
Saintly Mary, beloved wife of Joseph;
mother n' teacher of Jesus the Philosopher,
bless all grandmothers, n' mothers;
bless all daughters n' sons, n' bless me:
a childlike in wisdom, love, n' poetry.
Fragrantly, Richard as thee of humanity.
Will by n' by go see n' tea chat with my lady mother,
n' play with her cat, Minnie in their homely home
within walking distance of the Funcheon flow.
Grandmother, you like me to be doing so, I know,





for always in your eyes she is your little precious so.





In the sky oceans of my happiness

Ante meridiem session: 8:22-8:49, Friday, 17th August 2012



AKE FOR TIME TO TALK TALL

along by the flower well bedecked ancient wall.

Lift your hand to the blessing that is coming

in by the foremost conclusion of illusion

moving round about the cream churn of milk.

I had I must say back in the day of future years

a placement come seen in the impending delight

Of nothing left out of clear sight.

Can you explain in sufficient quantity to amount

the quality of the artworks to hand?

I have tried to consume n' presume to have found

the missing of the lake over come Switzerland way.

Now don't quote me officially on that as I may not

be able to supply the exact coordinates on the day.

There was once an I in time, n' an I in time if we

take all accumulated time in the time it takes to boil

an egg, then we may very well come to realize that

a thunderbolt when heard in the near sight

of our hearing will have about as much effect

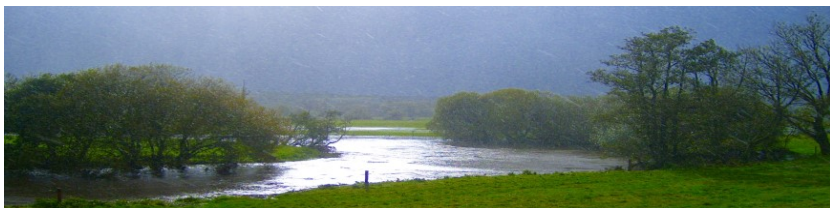
as the rocket blasted off all in privacy down deep





in the wide round south Pacific way.
Calm me a pendulum ere you destroy the confusion
caused by everything running out of harmony.
There is a word for that that is that, mind you I wouldn't
have given it a second thought save for the seconds hand.
Lift the illusion from the amusement park's triple bail
fold in the all but harvested wet to drenched fields.
Rain is to keep all the scissors away; no grass hay,
no hay grain where n' when can come the pain.
Stitch the garment that has in it the loveliest of darns
intricately spun round in yarn of yarn by yard.
If we come to see what we have seen to have been
sown in the cornfields not yet planted, then we will
find ourselves forever ourselves walking.
Tell me to tell to be told retold in the inter nets over,
what it is about the exaltation of the gospels, surahs,
n' psalms which give expectation to the foxes
n' pheasants of the boundaries, n' to the birds
of the airy wide, not to forget forgot to mention
the fishes of the wateries meanderingly flowing
through the mountained valleyed fields,
n' they in the great broad of expansive deep rolling?
I would need to think about that when we can see
to realise that of all the mes in myself, there can





only be one self of me myself in truth moment see.
When you put it that way, aren't you making
the assumption that the brightest way to move,
n' the easiest way to translate a summit alpine
is to climb into the lower tops of its foothills?
I have never been in the closest of relationships
with those of the deep sea vessels coming in over
from the sky above at any time of the day or night.
Have seen them to see say myself, n' I wouldn't
be at all surprised to indicate that from another
state gate have they come to celebrate.
What is that they have come to celebrate
in our back garden field plains?
Do you recall to remember when you were living
in the mid ninth century of the common era,
n' you were dwelling in a monastery deep spiritual
in the now field village of Landours: Ballylanders?
I do, n' do indeed remember having lived there;
yes, lived there as a sun monk scribe enjoying the gift.
And know this too that the Lady stills watches over it,
n' strolls she does in its midst with joy filling words.
She loves; she loves her places n' faces, so she does.
Well now see to find yourself with that gift intact to be
in a thousand n' one hundred to fifty years will you be





again on the island, but in that time place you will be
dwelling in the now field village of Pleasant, the then
village of Tallow as a homemade philosopher joyfully
scribing poetically the thoughts spoken to him.
With joyfulness will you be again engaged in composing
as the sacred cache will be to you itself unfolding.
And know this that the Lady will be there too watching
over you, n' your fellow villagers; strolling she will be
at your side, n' in its midst with joy filling words will be.
She loves; she loves her places n' faces so, she does.
Time to have time causes you to view n' see the pattern
that we once saw, didn't we, in the frescoed floor?
Yes, patterns n' me illuminate each other to view the more.
Do you imagine to think thought find in tale mythological;
in tale historical, n' in tale wisdom wise any of the shape
sealed signatures threaded with golden stitches?
Let me say to so say with confidence, that if ever a person
was meant to be in delicate diplomacy made sure to be,
then it would have to be you to see so through to truth.
Imagine a predicament where the landline of telephones
are in the invisible found to be as woven train tracks
lining up into one twos, one threes, n' one four nines.
Stand aside thought, say I, in the heat of the night when
the bright moon is above the valley of glory fragrance.





Something is; no someone is nudging me to say tell;
to announce true that the expected constellation is now
coming into sight view high in the northeast heavens.
At long longing for last; had asked for it is coming to pass;
waiting in a portico of a new time, Simeon rhymes I.
Prevailment is a vessel in the sky oceans of my happiness.







Divine nine nines of all round times

Ante meridiem session: 6:40-7:02, Saturday, 18th August 2012



WHEN I AM DOWN I AM DOWN;

down to down no sight to sound
rise in good happiness to be found.

Blessed be the peacemakers has been the spoken
of the old sayings, but I make seeming mistakes
by the day load in contemporary.

There is every possibility that trust in my own mind
Isn't the best of the best ways to be going from
day to night up down without an ending in sight.

My mind is as tricky clever to itself as anything
ever found to be folly fooling.

And not in alone; no not in alone does the mind
trick its own self so, but so too does it do so to all
the other senses without the blinking of an eye
to borrow awhile to make see a sight image.

But of all n' the many the all are, it can't fool
or clever itself up n' against the heart.

The heart is the incorruptible, n' that to be
knowing is for me a strength in powerfulness.

I am divine in origin fine; my heart the divinity me.





Who so will to what so of myself believe everything
not to be what it is meant to be, can rest assured
in triumph over coming in contentment n' ease.

I love to see say be the love light in the world,
n' the love light of the world delights in me
dwelling carefree n' true deep to thought.

The sunlight in the deeper regions of your meadows
will bring to you hope found formed by the sages
that have been there the long n' the longer
ever than you in the ago future.

Learn from them; appreciate from them that great
strength is required; the kind of strength to let you
not be tricked out by your own mind.

Trust not your mind; trust not your myriad senses.

Trust alone your heart, for your heart is the divine
in you made sublime, n' more than well able it is
to see you through to the higher grow view.

Live to live with your heart, n' give not into
the cleverness of your mind over yourself.

But hear to tell see to speak is it well known
to me to be that I do love my mind.

Loving your mind is different so wide it is from
letting yourself be controlled by your mind.

Your mind thrives in making a folly fool out of you,





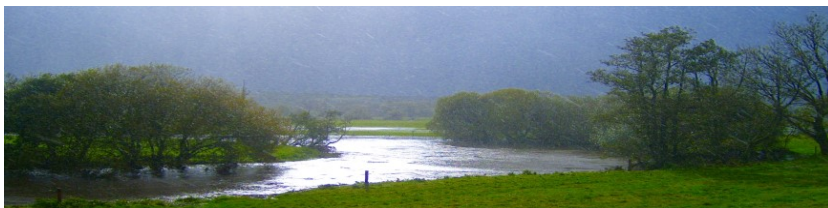
n' the more the more more more you give into it,
the greater the folly fool will it make of you.
No, let go of affection n' attachment to the mind;
let go of affection n' attachment to the senses.
Seek alone forth the mysterious source of the heart.
The heart is of the sacred cache in you, n' it is that
which you must protect as a living manuscript.
Now be not lead astray by the mind's mindy way.
Stand stay, n' renew each morn, midday, n' eve
your love trust, n' joy trust for your heart.
A new day it is when you are listening to your heart;
a new night when you are in love with your heart.
Blessed be you who has been blessed greatly to hear,
see, n' know the essence: to know see, n' hear
yourself to be divine nine nines of all round times.
Let stay with you the divine; let stay the divine.
I am I am, am I will, n' will I am will.
Busy your mind day nightly with thoughts divine.
Listen to compose the profound, for the profound
being ever sound is of the heart's contentment.
And give ear here to we three, n' hear you will
who n' what truly you are meant here to be.
Truly you will be a love light in the world; yes,
you will be a fragrant love light in the world.





No cloy scented love light will you be,
rather a fragrance rare will you be.
Be.





Key stage

Ante meridiem session: 5:31-6:10, Monday, 10th September 2012



RIGHT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN

this while of whites

long into the days n' nights?

Working I have on the house; the dwelling place

with renovation finding itself in me the self-taught.

Hallway taken up n' new one put in; all but single

handedly done with concrete n' tiles.

Sarang she did help of a day; I not leaving her to do

any much more for she would only in tiredness be;

work she has of her own to do down over south

on the East Gate little isle by the estuary.

Laya Healthcare starts in the home, I say.

Missing every moment of my time to compose;

happy to be doing the work but heart made heavy

n' longing for dancing on the key stage of wording

words into beautiful shapes phrases n' forms

of elegance in brightness.

Take heart to heart for now you are here in this

the sacredness of early dawn composing away.

I am; I am, I am, aren't I, for real?





You are, n' that is the way to be looking n' seeing
through to observations clear given to unknown
discoveries coming through the light tunnel
of the dawning new day sky.

Where online besides Facebook have you been of late
taking your caches of love in blessedness?

To a place of newly coming into being, n' calling
itself 'Best of All Worlds' - a community of the few
to share places n' points of view.

At the moment, n' of having just begun in the closing
days of August, I am as of yet merely finding my way.

Had been invited to join way back in the month of May
by its founder, Erik Wachtmeister of Stockholm.

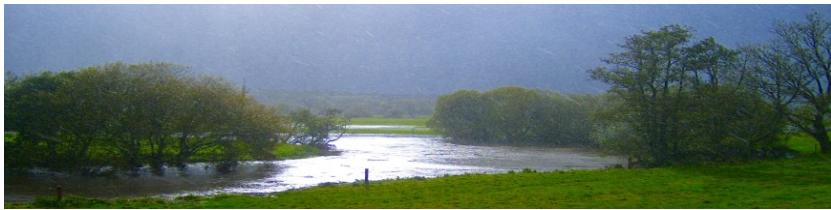
Letter-writing there will be my focus, n' I will see
in time to come transforming how that will develop to be.

Man to woman; man to man in letter words will stand
the philosophy of coming in along by the bay of hay
made so sublime be that it outlasts the coming time.

Have you spoken of late under the gate to the loveliness
that exists in the forests of the night time ambers
in the embers of the long time not set to alight
bright fire in the hearth?

I haven't the time to think splendid in bright doing
to the work leading on from one thing to another





needing to be done; be it in the house or out the back.
And still it continues on n' on, n' so my need to arise
in the early dawns from this day on to compose, for I have
the need deep to be listening to yere precious words
flowing delightfully in my ears n' dancing off my fingertips.
Missing you we have, Richard of the Good Listening Heart.
And now that it is we are back together again in all creative
harmony composing, let us be with a renewed joyfulness
n' determination forward by rounding moving, shall we?
Yes, by joy n' determination let us forward move.
Today is yere lovely, Winkle's birthday. Congratulations!
Thank you, E.; thank you, M, n' thank you, A.
I love; we: Sung-ja n' I love you dearly Lovely; a love beyond
which words n' forms can transport, n' wish you joy in your
day of today n' in the day to days in Eden: in Edinburgh.
Petal Bright in Lviv of Ukraine, I love; we: Sung-ja n' I love
you dearly; a love beyond which words n' forms can transport,
n' need you to be with the love of love in keeping contact
more often with Winkle Bright, for she loves you with a love
deep though not oft in spoken word it to you she speaks.
And Winkle, we need you to be with the love of love in keeping
contact more often with Petal, for he loves you with a love
deep though not oft in spoken word it to you he speaks.
Be in each other's love through the more oft contacting in text





caring full meaning or in video countenance each other seeing;
be in each other's love, for love in contact keeps ye strong.
Love ye both we do with a love as far reaching n' as bright as
the blue sky of day n' deep as the dark starry heavens of night.
Always this love of ours will with ye be in the all whereabouts.
This our promise to ye we make n' will keep it so to true;
extending it in full measure brimming over to yere beloveds,
n' to our blessed descendants throughout the ages new.
Hear I the call of the distant snowbird telling me the gates
of the first of everything imagined is the image that will
transform uncovering in the makeshift fabrication of all
that is everywhere taking place in the world abroad about,
yet it is happening all too on to off in the near to enough.
Shooting in a Dublin street in broad daylight; glimpse
caught photographs of it on a newspaper stand; there on
front pages, n' all green uniformed up n' masked black
in a funeral stating a familiar worry for Ireland once again.
Wisdom wise must be applied to wise fulfilling minds,
for the love truth is that this my native island home burns
in my heart it does with a love born of wisdom in waiting.
Mistake the misunderstood n' who knows well what can
happen to the forsaken forsakes forsaking forsook.
Do you take the time to turn the mind leaves, n' therein
to see find that the morning of today is in the mornings





of tomorrows, n' that the morrows in the morrows
are all in the yesterdays of behind coming forward?
Oft I must admit tell have I found it to be true, so I have.
Now, listen to us awhile in the morning that is appearing
off in the east by to the left of your facing forward.
There is in the next generation of activities the reigning
of the lyrical philosopher-poet coming into shinning view
having to do with you, so be so to see know it in depth height.
Arise; arise, Sir Write to the occasion, n' landmark it
in your mind, that this is your present to future day calling.
Quill it with a passion to hand lasting into the membership
of anything ever created in the fragrances of profoundness.
Bother not yourself no longer too much with abode realities,
for living in a two to three hundred year old house will always
be making some challenging demands upon your time.
And aside, isn't it more skilled you are becoming at renovation;
a certain joy n' sense of achievement, isn't it to you giving?
It is n' all gratefully when in wise width it is brought into view.
Be now what you are meaning yourself to be; being what
it is in thought thinking deep with a joyfulness keeping
you sailing on the ever welcoming Great Ocean.
And be not with letting even your beloved mother whom
you do twice a week go see n' chat with, n' do talk with
by phone to each n' every night get to you, for she has





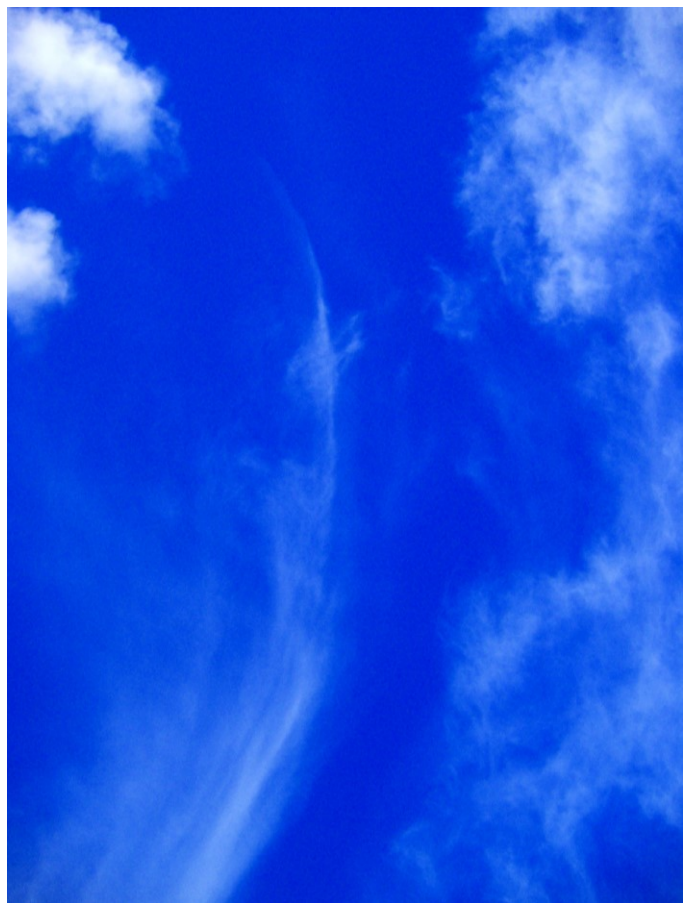
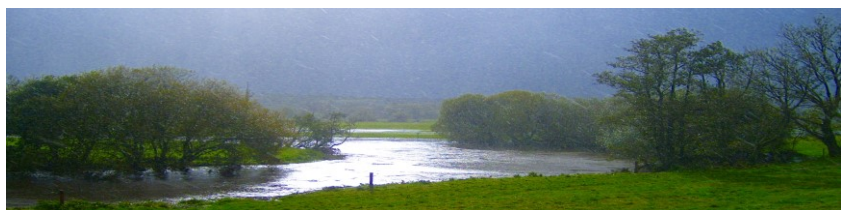
her seventy-six year way; a way fashioned to her own liking.
No fault in fault can be or should be placed upon her, for she
has her difficulties now in the lily field gardens of her mind.
Just love her; just love her in your generous love giving
it all out n' beyond yourself away.
I do so very much love her n' admire her courage n' joy.
The time moments are coming up near for you to go
show n' be of the new day in all n' every way.
High already in the east is Crescent Moon n' Bright Venus.
Now, that you are back to composing be with contentment.
Enjoy the work activities of the dwelling place, n' we will
see you again come the afternoon to finely word tune,
n' to give to phrases more rounded to smoothed shapes.
And then with the night roaming dreamily through the space
of revolving will we again come together in the dawn
of a tomorrow's new day to compose; to again compose away
with n' in the joy of the blessed ones of the ancient future.
It is good you are back, for we were missing talking to you; missing
talking through you unto the world of the present, n' the future.
And I am with a happiness sublime n' contentment joyful to be
here again listening to ye; listening to yere enriching words
in my ears, n' they dancing off my fingertips on to the key stage.
Know note, dear visitor to here in the hundred to nine hundred
years on flowing, that though three thrice the same words appear,





their differences in meanings n' nuances may by seers be unfolded.







September you light the light

Ante meridiem session: 8:10-8:31, Tuesday, 18th September 2012



SEPTEMBER YOU LIGHT THE LIGHT

of love n' sunlight in my heart
ever welcoming your presence.

Soon to soon to horizons in June far off over
the before behind reminding me of the spectacular
in the flight of swallows making hindsight fortunate.

Pleased to place the make do of the super conductivity
on to the lovely moss of the be gardened roof.

All green n' sparkling it with dew as I facing south
from my skylight it taking in view n' even thought.

Feels soft n' gentle to the finger tip top touch.

By the other time of afternoon day it will have exchanged
its green for brown n' be by to by feeling quite dry.

Who knows to me knows what makes things;
what makes things are happening to be.

Yet, ever so delight filling to my ears n' sound be
perfumed to my eyes to see scent, I in body upon
the planet of my heart it is as if it were dwelling
in care free moving with the Great Universe.

How can I bring from thought formed in imagining





into words seeing near to my heart?

It is a constant preoccupation with the happy patience
of my mind enjoying to float away into the over there
of tomorrow seeing it to be real so near.

Have you had the time of your life living yet,
or is there more to coming in the soon
of the moon on high over the under?

I have of late gate seen the plate of space unfolding
in the rolling, n' it is as if it were in the safe time
of sublime maturity ever increasing
in the direction of decreasing.

Now, speak to yourself when self is freeing in the far away
of another, for this is mist natural to the place, is it not?

Not know something it is of course to coming soon true.

Do you believe the words coming forth from beneath
the kitchen sink underpinning in the grace of the first base?

I am not sure if I can take to employing the mile to the yard
to feet meters running in the square tooth root of pi.

Must have something to do then with the misplaced
circumferences surrounding the elevated stairs
in the basement forum foretold.

I have of thought had this unusual occurrence of a dream.

And I can't say to couldn't what the mighty in the top
of the lower down has got to do with it.





Maybe; just maybe it has something to do with walking
down the main street of Vallette; down all the way
to the harbour there you welcoming.
Have you found your sleeve of a dwelling place
within view of it yet?
Of yet is taking a long time, but never is it far from
the green fields sailing of my mind.
Pray to tell; tell to pray have seen it in the other day
coming in the scenery.
Do you find found has to it an interesting sound
when it is placed next to a nautilus shell?
I must say I haven't noticed this to be in profusion found,
but then again it may have the time about when we
consider it from the past to the present n' over
to the future believing itself.
I have to tell to told when the coming is in the space
between the first movement of Venus in the sky now
not visible to my closed in sunshine eyes.
Gather to the gather of getting together, n' let us see
what will happen when we float the blessed water
drops in the golden of the lightening in the shadow
seen through clearly in the sun.
You are leaving lost to me behind now, for I can't
keep up with your spinning in the waving autumnal





grasses along by a river in your childhood to keeping
ever to mind minding.

I have played in the thought of tautology rhetorical;
played in the thought of tautology logical, n' in the logic
of rhetorical thinking through the slits in slates injuring
the innocence of self thereof, n' yet have with grace found
my way back to the opening unto space without obstacles
covering me over under in solidifying grit.

This September morn you are to dwell your mind
in charming company well keeping, for in well
keeping is the spring life of love.

Be autumnally yet in the spring life of love.





On a shore of Neptune

Ante meridiem session: 8:04-8:27, Wednesday, 26th September 2012



IME TOO TO TOO DO

the coming rising moon

in the remembrance of frosted windows

in midsummer dreaming.

Have myself to the tent of the border parameters
of the left of right into the next of middle.

Now let me see what it is you are saying

In the repetition of the hypothesis that goes round
n' round in circling a straight line.

Do you think you can imagine what it is that flies
in the sky of perpetual alignment?

I have to be sure seen it with mine own eyes looking
all the way back into a nearest of the future.

Tell me told telling, what is it about enlightenment
that gives you so much of little excitement when
compared to the translucent October coming
in on over the hill there?

There was once an event which had to it an extent
if you can place it that way to something.

You have no doubt when the fishbone is in the basket





of the fisherman's net.

I think; I think I have a thought once told if I can
remember that clearly seen knows n' can stand by
to it tell that the Almighty is plural.

Clearly feel I that to be in the eve days of the dawn
n' with been given to seeing a star in the clouded
south eastern sky.

Amazing it was to see for the sky was so clouded
over to be next to impossible for it to be seeing.

At that moment felt the love; felt the familiar love
that the Almighty is plural n' was delighting in giving
light to my need for star seeing in the dawning of new.

Splendid then is the capacity of the opening mind.

Do you know what came to mind thinking?

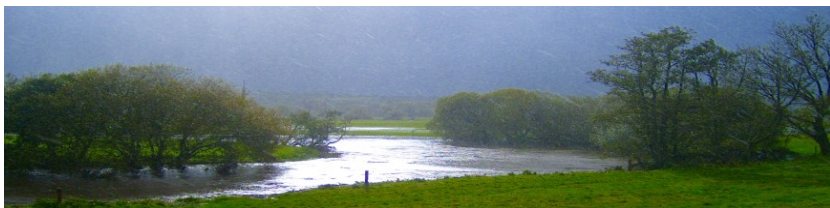
Tell away tell to be told.

Well, n' well to be saying said done that when
a great thought abandons or is caused to depart
or is taking to leaving a garden of the mind
that garden becomes overgrown with numerous weeds.

Now, not minding to say anything against flowery weeds,
it is just that there is where once there was in that garden
bright dwelling no longer is, n' it grows to over growing
n' out into overgrowing producing in abundance.

A great thought must exist n' explore for existence





in great wide open never ending regions of the mind.
How else in what to come seeing can it be otherwise.
Bring in the outside; outside the inner brought to bring
our forecast to forthcoming of what you believe
is going on in the taking place of the world.
There is in the effort of twisted weaponry causing
untold n' unreported misery to the few left away
n' out of satellite viewing seen.
Save in mobile video over in tubing you is anything
been seen known heard at all of it if the painstaking
summery is to be written in full accounting.
Hand by hand to the hand held quill made shaped
by the profusion of confusion taking into out of places
right before the horizon gates in many the state.
Place place place to space what is becoming
of the had been beauty of the human race?
Had been? No, not had been beauty; is beautiful.
E'er what, someone has removed the finishing line tape;
must have needed it for tying up the potholes
in the highways of perplexity.
I see where it is you are going to coming round now
that is the sound with the found.
Believe when I tell you told that the old of modernity
is in the new of next week, n' the perfection of high





air hot balloons is making the inner planet come
to an assured surrender.

Are we to believe so thus to the truth being told tell
that the first to open the planet Saturn will be
the last to see Mars of a morn?

It would seem to be that way, if I am not mistaken
to the coming of a gentle one on a shore of Neptune.

On Neptune will you play me a tune that will make
all this inhumanity against humanity mist away
out of shape, for my heart wears heavy the mind
of the senses body of all this taking down of the even
to the basics of human decency, honesty, n' morality?

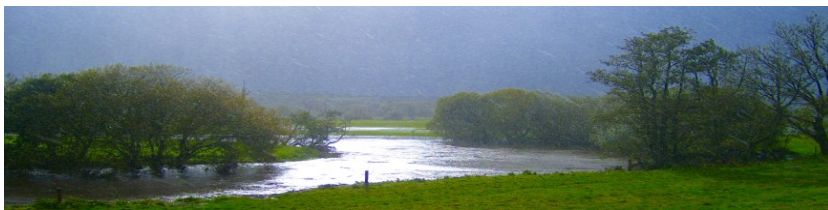
What of all the religions by the thousands be; can't they
do anything at all to address this for heaven earth's sake?

Bake me a cake n' let us away be taking it to an aside
of a shimmering brook, for I have all the faith in the world
in running waters n' shinning stars speaking directly
of goodness into my heart of a mind; my mind of a heart.

Are you saying the two this day in one staying are keeping?
Mind you in saying it clearly, the heart is to the heart
a mind to be a mind to mind heartily.

The Almighty is plural; plural is the Almighty,
n' that sight for me to see to know is a natural ability
coming from the long ago ago long of the future so.





Of a mystery in light forming

Ante meridiem session: 8:12-8:42, Friday, 28th September 2012



WEAVE TO WOVE IN GOLDEN SCROLLS

love made old in the new of tomorrows.

Bless the kiss that touches sweetness

in the rolling over of the undulating hills.

Place your hand in the palm of the loveliness

come into full view with the rising of the

moon in clear softness shown to the touch

Moving forth into this world of ecstasy delightful.

Have me the half of fullness in the concertina

of the folding fragrance leaning over to enter through.

Some to some to live a life that matches the firmness

of the pristine space between latitude n' longitude

running smooth there between the charm that flows

to brightness in the lightness of feet touch.

Come to come to came come all the same never

is the reason forthcoming as you can see

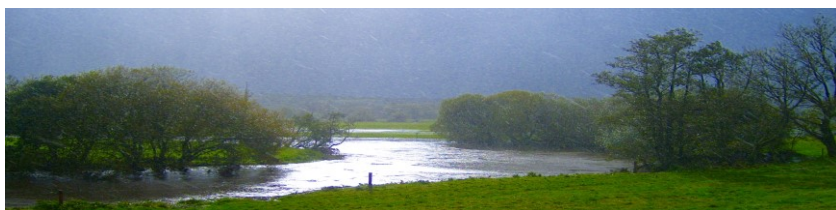
in the warmth entering into the palace to make

life the most pleasant of states to date.

Hold me over to underside coming round, but wait;

wait I have a story to tell full found if I can make





a small adjustment to the matter in the splatter
of the first of everything meaning nothing at all
when viewed from over the east gate top wall.
Now, let me it to have to believe standing I on tiptoe.
Standing on tiptoe was not recommended by Lao-tzu.
So true; so true forgot myself in the blinded deafness
of seeing in bright light hearing.
Have you heard told yet of the shifting in the sands
of the terminal in the cornel of the smallest greatness?
I can't say I have to never the before have now seen.
There was once a once when a once was as contemporary
as a today, a tomorrow n' a yesterday passing away
into a future of the present all past coming forth.
I see to see now that that makes quite a lot of sense
seeing that the controversies are in need of being
explained away into a nightmare taking for itself
a dream come true if the future of the past
is anything to go by.
There was I have heard told tell a lighthouse
in the vineyard down by the watery lake filling
n' brimming on over into the acres
of the living stock in the market places.
Explain to expound to presume that you have
the inside word on the outside overcoming.





Well, n' well to well it is a wishing composure
when we view the horizon from the sole
of our feet footpaths.

Suppose; suppose a door was opened into the next
of the tomorrow's morning would you enter it?

I already have, n' I would for isn't a doorway I am
unto my own walking into self believing?

Grace envelop with your presence, n' tell to tell
being told of how skilled you are at climbing depths.

I first get hold of the second of the third going over
into the fourth of fifth n' before sixth to seventh
to eight I am in the ninth.

You have an unusual usualness about you when
it comes to the ordinary of your extraordinariness.

I have been to pillow down revolving doors located
in the blue floor sky about with wispy clouds
floating me to the earth above below beneath.

Walking on water is walking on the rain,
n' the rain is the sliding of mist into droplets.

So, are you not saying then in fact presenting that
of all the deliberate backwardnesses in forwardnesses
there is a soundproof to the contrary being examined?

I am, n' did to was about as convinced myself thereof
of anyone I have ever in a half season met.





Sow me a spring for I feel a summer need in the love
lives living of my autumn sure witnesses certain.
There is a substance sustained in the separation
of fact faction as much as there is in fiction
finding itself immersed in the text tied down.
Live love love in words big n' reach away out
for galaxies stretching without no ends finding.
Tell me; tell me, tell me told to be known from
a you of old is the universe expanding itself out
or contracting itself in?
Your question is not the question proper to be asking.
Then what is the question proper to be asking?
Why to what to where to how to when is a form
in likeness to the question proper
to be shaping into an asking?
I am not as exceptional in the word department
as you yourself are, but I know reason when
it comes to it, n' that is not an incoherent heritage
of a legacy lineage to be leaving behind in the past.
Why to say to why not?
Well, for the one thing well being to certain saying
is that no matter how the weather matters into life,
life there will always be; no, there was always will
be an exception to the conception of a perception.





Let us change, n' go to sound for I am not making
any advancement into your minded ground.
Tell what is the relationship held to be floating
between shapes n' sounds be it the wind in trees
blowing right through into my inner external?
There is the relationship of friends in need
n' moving on from one to another day's meetings.
Misunderstood me you did I think if I understand
that given life to a before of a tomorrow.
It was will be indeed to ever becoming itself.
Smile me a smile that smiles into beauty all
the difficulties heaving out of shaped civilizations.
Cross your hands like this in so likeness, n' all
will be in well unfolding with the coming
of sunnier days rising.
Now, that it is time for we to leave parting
into company from each other, shall we say
to meeting again of a mystery in light forming?
Let in the light of lightening for when the wind blows
slow n' old on over into newness, we will in happiness
be knowing its own last to nearest beginnings.
Then begin will I begin to wait in sight
to hearing scent tasting feel thought right.







Misty October rose

Ante meridiem session: 8:24-8:41, Monday, 8th October 2012



MISTY OCTOBER ROSE

appearing in the wall of my mind,
n' in my garden it finding to be.
Some to time show love in the blossoming
forth out of season becoming a new time
in the view of hills of by n' by beyond.

How come to say in expression fragrant
That which when caught in the next of nothing
moves over right into bright?
Well, I had to the expectation made frivolous
fright the light of the start to the night
seen through the blue of excellence
permeating human love.
Tell telling told, have your heard of the space
place coming around by the corner of noon?
I have to haven't heard it yet, but I feel n' see
to tell of floating clouds n' morning dews
it coming into my favourite of afternoons.
How can one have a favourite of afternoons?
It can be as simple plain as the butter there





in its boat floating on up the board estuary.
Where to see it may I to find it to be?
Find it there in the sunlit wood grain patterns.
I see it; I see it!
Let me see to see to what we have here
in a now seeing saw so sighting elixir.
Are you so saying then that to be a that
in opposition unto a this is the way
of an incoming tide going out?
Saying I am, shoring is the lighthouse
maze in the stillness of awaking movement.
Stand in the race of grace again, n' again
make your case for this your Irish race
is in need of your countenance n' your words
presented in the mighty of your gentle voice.
Make yourself a programme finely outlined
in the next of coming for whenever that will be.
Make no time to reference seeing, n' this
will place you in the forerunning up at the weir.
Write to compose; compose to write of one
called forth from the alchemy village of east
to west to north to south to down below to up
above way out reaching streets, to come lead.
I had my time in that journeying, n' no sight





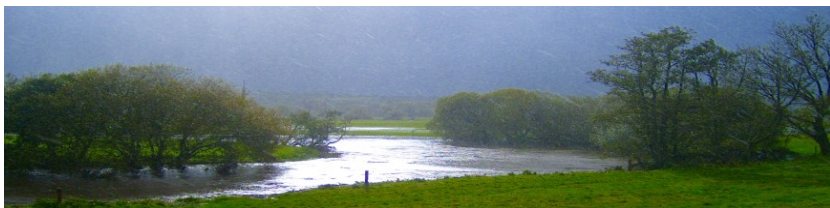
in seeing too much to many was I given.
That was then, n' this is now, n' the then to
the now will in time soon becoming into being.
No need to be departing the gate, rather build
a gate, for the people are in need of one from
the common to ordinary in brilliance shining
softly as not to bedazzle the domestic eyes,
yet to the international strong give to realise.
Are you saying then, that when, n' to now,
I should be with composing in preparation?
Yes, this is the opportune time for you to be
in making yourself in preparation shaping;
the time for you to consummate a pure blue
flame to glow in the hearth of the mansion.
But I had thought to think it over many
the times since, that once to the enough
was it for me on that great journey to go.
As in I said saying, that was a then thought,
n' now is a new thought in need of being
formed n' established into transformation.
How so to sow may I go about doing so?
Begin to write; begin to write of one called
forth from the spoken of village bright to be
a sovereign unto the bearers of the ancient future.





Show to sight to sound hearing his reluctance
to again stand up into the lime of light;
but show to the more the much that his love for
his native planet land is to the heart of his matter.
Nether to the left nor to the right; to the up to down,
to the over n' above around be viewing or listening.
Do in doing good bright in word compositions,
n' that sufficiency in light will be quite suffice
for the meantime of great generosity giving.
Now take to this new day this whoso idea, n' in your
heart carry it by your thoughts, that when that time
will call to you of a soon dawn noon evening night
to compose, you will with serenity n' joy skilfully
place it in a novella of charming poetic prose, with
having remembrances of this misty October rose.





Bright rich with arcane fruit

Ante meridiem session: 8:14-8:46, 15th October 2012



HERE IS A THAT

in a this that is as profound
as any a that in a this to be found.

Explain yourself in sweet terms
n' in the likeness of morning dew.

Well; well I had an example in the essence

of an existential non-being coming forth

From the movement in frost waiting

to make its pleasant entry.

Now, let me take this to a height of depth reach.

Are you saying then, that you are interested in

doing a treatment of the {Nan Hua Zhen} classic?

Yes; yes I am, n' it has been as something

in likeness coming n' going in the field ways

of my mind for quite some time now; in truth now

a full time of as many as fifteen to more the years.

Will it become a formation unfolding itself soon?

In the springtime soon of this newly coming new year

will I begin providing it with an unfolding formation.

Splendid! Oh, n' will you in the meanwhile of time





be seeking to find the scientific origin of the universe?
Pardon? What kind of a question out of the grey to beige
is that, for isn't it well known by the fragrant few that to be
a non-starter if ever there was one in oxymoron serving!
Just asking you know, that is all; just asking like,
no need for you to be getting all upset about it.
Then if you like, just go ask someone else.
To whom else in like can I go; the sky shines
bright but with a single generous sun.
Then here, stay in welcomeness.
While I was in what being quite next to Tuesdays
of Wednesdays standing by Thursdays n' Mondays,
I found Fridays, Saturdays n' Sundays all
going off for a walking chat before returning
in n' being in agreement on the tide of moonlight
showing in a still reflecting water filled rain barrel.
But the long time of barrelling waters from the sky
by flowing gentle breezes to down shoot channelling
is a thing surely of the past left now way out of sight.
Let me tell you, n' I have said that to be told
in the elements that proceed from the night of
an October December, that in its own way it is as hot
water floating wavy across in a centuries old bottle.
Do you see yourself in your own future past





or in your own past future?
I see myself as I am in selves of my selves always
n' ever taking shape n' pressing form onwards.
If a lighted candle where standing on the hood
of an old John Deere tractor by deer forests
n' streams of daylight, would it have a place
in the time of your fixture examining?
There is as I have said in a day of nights, that if
an any of an any were to become a something
of another something any, be it an any of an anything,
then I would roll the clouds back, n' see to it that
the palm in the reign of gain would be put to bed.
Now, there was I hear told tell, that in the old
of an exciting new coming refinement, is a mystery
in the frying pan to the black of night day in the same
of hay play to seasons out of seasons running.
Mistake if I am not forsook of being made in some
take took, but what has that in all earthly orbiting
sun of the galaxy got to do with the appearance
of one from the present in a long lost silent movie
of the late 1920's?
It has a lot to do with marrying the future in sunshine
of the mind striding out into pleasant bright graces.
Imagine me a moment, if you will, to an image fine





coming into your mindly heart, that of a suspended
suspension in a dna of dna is itself a dna intricately
form twisted into thousands of all out of harmonious
distortions as seen plainly on any a bright summer's day.
Call me daft to date in this case if the hat fits the swan
that is gliding above the waters there of the incoming lake.
What; what is this to a that for of a how can there be
such a phenomenon as an incoming lake, honestly?
Honesty for heavenly earth's sake is the amazement
standing beyond the gate in the high field over.
Are you profounding to propose a presumption that
a metal like disc seen speeding along at over
a thousand some kilometres an hour wasn't in truth
not moving but in a stationary mode being?
How could this have been, for did I not see it myself
in my easy eyes n' heard in my gentle ears to have
been a movement in coming going presence?
You seem to forget a fundamental of the factual
matter that this is a way sure obvious to the caterpillars
in transforming sleeps cocooned in dry wall crevices.
Open me a window in the sky scape for I have a need
in my mind this night bright morn of a new day to be
looking out carefreely into the future of past presents.
I have an intention in out keeping with convention;

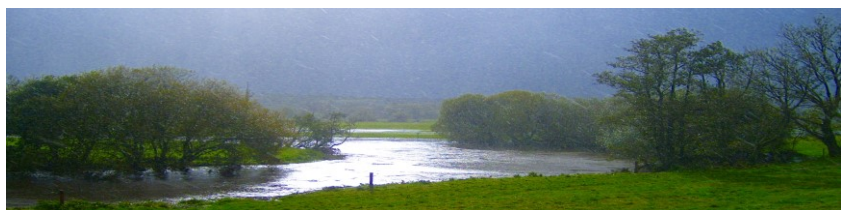


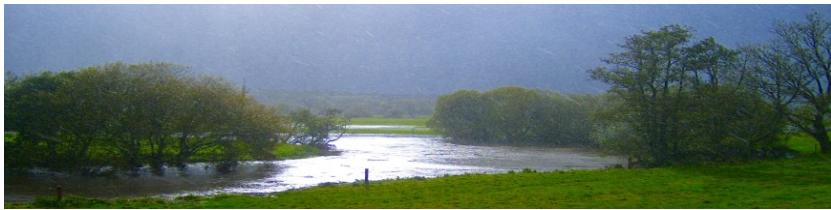


an intention that admires the vale in the gentle gale
coming in o'er the rail of the waiting in patient
rich fruit bearing hawthorns.

This season could well be called 'Bright Hawthorn Days'
for is it not in looking bright rich with such arcane fruit?
Such in such it is as I hadn't thought of it being as such afore
while sweeping dust to sunny sparkles outside the front door.







Mr. President, you have had your chance

Ante meridiem session: 8:23-8:51, Thursday, 18th October 2012



RESIDENT OBAMA OF US A-LL IN PART,
you have been letting us down right from the start.
Four years ago to the months of weeks n' days
had we placed our hopes in your world visions
n' dreams, but what have you to show for it today?
And today, you have not put in place designed

in detail to share for the next four years.

I am an international voice n' we have a choice

in the what way n' how come the world needs to be.

It you can't but meddle in the internal affairs

of us all out here in the great wide world,

don't be re-standing for president.

Peace is what is being called for, n' it is peace

that we need n' demand as a right for all.

Commander-in-chief of what if not

Commander-in-chief of peace?

Peace comes not through water boarding,

drone missiles, deception, n' indifference;

nor does it come through the staking deep

of barbwire fences the world about





as is n' of in likeness to the infamous
Guantanamo Bay concentration facility.
You promised; you promised so you did
to shut it down right away. Alack aday.
Here to hear n' listen bright with thought
reflection on the world that is for some an ever
ending hell away from home.
And where is home you might ask to enquire.
It is in the heart; it is about the hearth, it is all about
loving hearts about the familiar hereditary hearth.
Can you stand under to outstand understanding?
Where is the vision bright in wordy eloquence
that had been your trademark maker?
Change what; what has been given to change?
You have let yourself be mind washed all but thoroughly
through, n' brought shaped into a cunning state of view.
What has happened to you in your bright hearty head?
Well, Richard of Ireland; Ireland being a gene pool
from which of a Guinness pint I am proud to be.
It has been well said has it not in the end of bringing
change into fortified stagnation well implemented
from the halls of Washington treacle trickle its way
down into molasses finding in each n' every home
throughout the American frontiers to a nine-storey





rice terrace in the far off out of sight n' almost mind
China of light into darkest Africa attempting to bring?
Believe me, and believe me when I say to you this day,
it is the Pentagon that sings the singsongs for the flies
trapped inside the rosy garden viewing windowpanes.
I stand for sitting down, n' sit down on standing upon
issues of my dispositions finding in the formation
of all religions into one to many not yet discovered
beneath the mattresses' covered bed fittings tarnished
in the mid-states of America reaching from the north
of Canada to the south of the Argentine; from Hawaii
n' to the east of the Bermuda Triangle.
No; no, not at all in at all opposing of a mine signed
to landing the mind in the altitudes of the space age
concealed in a container of nuclear threshold reaching
in the far way out of near sight Iranian foothills.
This is my new promise to the American people,
n' to you in the international community, to be
bell tolling into belief every word emitting from
the Oval Office of the State to the Department
not to mention our finest in the expert Intelligence
Community planted deep in all walks of society.
Now there is a conception in time adjust I can as
the next four-year president relate to if given





on Tuesday, November 6 a number to one vote.
The world's community unity; for those to whom
unity has been put in jeopardy, I must say it is
the former administrations going way back aback
to the middle of the seventeenth century are to blame.
Am I done with enough talking yet for the middleclass
to the working elite in bank property dividends finding?
No; no, I have so much to say in the yet yet, n' for that
am I asking care health for the American people,
n' the peoples of the world to give me a second
chance with their vote n' in their good intentions.
Elect me for a second term to my Washington office,
n' you will be able to see clearly what I am n' am
most definitely not able to accomplish.
Nothing to loose now, n' as for such in thought way
the second term will see my greatest welfare
in welfare giving unto America, n' unto the world.
I am done talking now for the moment of time being
if you want to say something on anything.
Mr. President, there are way too many dents in your
words n' clearly too many words in your dents.
I know; I know that, n' accept that as something
I will definitely be attempting to put right underneath
the set limitations of my second administration.





I would ask you to take a look there a second of a now
to my opponent: Governor Romeny.

He is more talk than walk I can assure you, though
I can appreciate fully his expertise n' success record
in budget balancing, n' in he being a good man.

But enough said about him, for I am the one
the American people, n' mind you, n' including you,
the peoples of the world need to be concerned about,
n' in that there is no doubt false to the truth seen.

International community of the out there off far beyond,
my vision to sight seeing mind be contented you all n'
opportune you all to have me as your leader of all leaders.

Mr. President, peace walks not in the talk atalk; peace walks
in promises on goodness n' well being being well kept.

You have had your chance, so now dance out of the way
to make way for the governor to try his hand at fulfilling
our sacred expectation n' right: the expectation n' right
to be lead by a person of honourable intensions, trustworthy
words, n' enriching actions for the few, the many, n' the all.

May he be such a person as you were such a person this time
four years ago; the sincerity being felt as if were yesterday so.

I am dancing off to nowhere, for I believe the American people,
n' the peoples of the world still have faith fullness in me.

Mark you well this my belief, n' wait you see it true to be.





Mr. President, I have a strolling in autumnal pathways
to keep; miles of lovely pathways to stroll in n' to keep
safe n' enrich in my own wording human integrity way.





To alpine thought flights!

Ante meridiem session: 8:14-8:59, Monday, 22nd October 2012



RICHARD, IT IS A PLEASANT

surprise surely for us to be
in conversation finding ourselves.

It is indeed, Alan.⁸⁰

Tell me, Richard, is it my imagination or what

But are all women becoming more beautiful

or is it just in my own minded eyes?

Perhaps it is a combination of both, Alan.

A find answer, Richard, n' one that appeals

to my sensual needs on the elevated heights
of lowness newly brought into clearing sight.

I had myself the other day a thought, Richard

on the way women are so much the wiser than
we men tend to be.

Are you talking about all women, Alan or just

the few that are in your immediate work vicinity?

There is I must admit, Richard nothing

to the ordinary out of the extraordinary
when it comes to my thought thinking.

Let me give you an example which will well





serve the purposes of our case to hand a jury stand.
There was a time in my life, Richard when I did not
let my eyes roam; shall we say to fine curvatures
walking all in fragrance as any a fresh May morn.
And it was a sad me, I must then admit to have to say,
it now being considered in the hinder view of yesterday.
I much prefer the present me.
In what way to say, Alan?
I am now much more down to earth divine, Richard.
Now, I allow my eyes to enjoy the sweet pleasure
of roaming; my words the delight of thyme flavouring,
n' my body the comfort of cosy intimacy.
My modus operandi is in being myself; in being
who I am culturing myself to be.
I like being the me I am becoming.
What about you, Richard?
Me, Alan? I am always n' everywhere being
selves of myself; selves of our selves.
That is plural you. I like that Richard, for it shows
a sense of well being n' depth in the appreciation
n' understanding of the whose we may very well be.
Alan, what is it to have fun in living?
It is, Richard to be fully alive.
I have no time to be living partially dead.





It neither suits my body nor my head.
The life that is me, Richard is the life that is to be
 lived, n' that living must be on my own terms:
 in accordance with my weaknesses n' strengths.
Take for instance, Richard, when I see a woman
 that attracts my attentive eye, n' moves my sun,
 I let go of all whatever about I ought to be doing
 at that moment, n' give my presence to her.
I only think of how to lay ourselves royally low
 in the show of real life living; a fragrance upon
 a fragrant apple blossom orchard floor.
To be verbing reality is very important, Richard,
 for otherwise, n' it not being very wise at all,
 the world is compounded by so many nouns.
Where is the room for activity without verbs?
But, Alan the world is full of verbs, n' adverbs.
Yes, in some to many ways there are so many,
 but my point being there is not enough of them.
We need to have more verbs; a lot more verbs.
I would go as far as saying that each one of us
 though noun by name is verb by transformation.
We are meant to act, n' to act adverbly.
Most people are but nouns, n' how vacant is that.
When I see a woman; a woman of beauty according





to mine eye for beauty, I feel I should act upon my feelings.
But what howsoever, Alan of the moral side of things?
Surely, there has to be some self-restraint, for while
 there are many, shall we say, Alan, ‘unattached women’
 out there, there are also as many again who are attached.
In other words to word in kind, Alan some must surely
 be off limits.
If the flesh is willing, Richard, I am available for them.
They are absolutely free to make their own choices.
But, Alan, what of seduction?
Have you not a tendency to seduce women?
Only those, Richard who have the need in their eyes
 to be seduced.
Otherwise I past them on by.
Richard, have you ever seduced a woman?
No, I haven’t, Alan.
I love my wife, n’ she fulfils all my needs.
Then, Richard you don’t know what you are missing.
It is not just reaching together to the desk, sofa or bed,
 it is as much in the pleasure n’ delight of the journey
 to those locations, n’ also is it in the afterwards of lying
 there in the comfort n’ serenity of each other’s company.
That, Alan have I already by the grace of the Almighty.
Give praise, Richard for not all of us are so blessed.





I do, Alan, day nightly give thanks for such a blessing.

Pleasure is a very pleasurable thing, Richard which

I take great pleasure in availing myself of as ever

often as the occasions present themselves to me.

I can say the same, Alan for me when it comes

to my beloved n' me.

All my pleasures are fulfilled, n' we get on with

our everyday concerns in the comfort of knowing

that all is available to us again when n' wherever

we are in harmonious need of such pleasantness.

I can appreciate that to be true, Richard, but still

n' all it is but the pleasure of you being with

only one; with the same one beloved, n' she

with only you the same one beloved.

And there is, Richard the question of age n' youth.

Alan, there are rare fruits that only ripen with age;

in their age fullness are they enrichingly ripe.

Earthy divine it is to have more the many, Richard,

n' to have them in their youthfulness, for ripeness

only brings with it responsibilities.

Pleasure for pure pleasure sake, Richard

is the highest form of pleasure.

There is that to it too, Alan, but there is a pleasure

that is in addition to it being a pleasure for the sake





of pleasure that for the sake of commitment to love.
Ah, I don't have time for commitments, attachments,
n' the tying up of my heart, mind, n' life, Richard.
I may at times have some prolonged feelings
for some woman, but the relationship above all
is purely to satisfy our need for timely playfulness;
for the relief from everyday work related tensions.
In other words, purely pleasure for pleasure's sake.
I must be with leaving you now, Richard as I see
down the hallway coming right my way, a lady
of beauty beholding, n' I feel the sun rising.
Enjoy, Richard your one n' only beloved.
I will, Alan, n' you your many acquaintances.
Someday, Richard it is possible that from among
them a beloved for me will make her appearance.
I hope so, Alan.
You are a great friend, Richard; you know my heart
n' you remind me of its truer needs.
May I find such a woman, for while this pleasure to be
will no doubt be very pleasurable, there is I can see
from having listened to you, so much more to life.
You will find her, Alan. Even she may be the one.
Denny Crane is my flamingo friend,
but you, Richard are my eagle friend.





To alpine thought flights, Richard!

To alpine thought flights, Alan!







In tree leaf late fall

Ante meridiem session: 11:05-11:33, Sunday, 28th October 2012



YCLING UP N' DOWN

the cyclones of time,

heights of lights in sites out of sight.

Talk to my Sunday midmorning of this October
month in the year two thousand no hundred
but twelve in or there abouts known.

Borrowed me a green stole from the sacristy in
The back hills of a graveyard standing up against
the wall of a tilted church building of a lonesome
frail September in the remembering that must
have taken being into becoming stationary.

Stand there awhile as to now, n' let us imagine
to a sport played in an assorted galaxy of old.

Walk ahead n' away away n' let us see
as to how to where it will lead us.

Rare is the affair beneath where we are kneeling
in the shadow of no cloud formations
in the aisle of conspiracy seen transparency.

Now wait n' a moment of a minute momentarily
to once in once twice awhile in three to be seeing.





Am I am to believe that is the number is it not that
is dropping in low to twenty to thirty, n' in highest
numbers they making up to some forty to fifty?
It is sure your calculation it is in the supporting
of sun fires in person appearing n' experiencing
it myself Sunday morn up Sunday morn down.
Old Father Michael O' Farrell crawling his way
in speak wise through the mass, n' taking for some
it seems the longest time ever for him to reach
the front door portico to shake hands with us handful
as we unguided make our way out into another week,
n' his habitual tedious homily follow up admonition
still grating n' rasping somewhere in our ears:
"Take home the mass leaflet with ye, for it will only
be ending up in the recycling bin if left behind."
I always do; like to review it during my week
for its gems lettered deep.
Scandalous it is I am thinking the closing down
of so many post offices, banks, n' Garda Stations;
disgraceful it is towns n' villages entering dereliction.
The Government is placing its hands in damp cornflake
boxes, n' its feet on mantelpieces of mildewed thought.
Now wait a minute of a second in the crosshairs there.
Let us exam this in detail general generic gamble.





Are you saying then with the putting back of the clocks
in the over of moonlit last night, that the summer is already
in subtle appearance arriving upon the curved horizon?

Nowhere in confusion is it so.

Is there some much observation in you making to be
heard tell of an earthquake away off in Canada,
n' it rolling itself wave under wave on out into
the mid Pacific for the Hawaiian isles?

Nowhere in confusion is it so.

Amazing how easy it is when we try to explain existence
by the tip of a root buried way down in the caverns sound.

Now hear me to tell you a story that caught my attention
in the eye ear of listening to speak of widespread.

There was; it was in the future of the past a firefly
who flew all day about a hell door n' no one at all
therein would allow him to enter.

So what did he do in resentment to their doing?

He flew away for a hundred years n' then returned
when the fire was brighter by far.

Was he then allowed to enter?

No sure not at all.

So what to suppose to presume did he do?

He flew away for a further hundred years to a day,
n' alighted on a golden pillar of a heavenly gate.





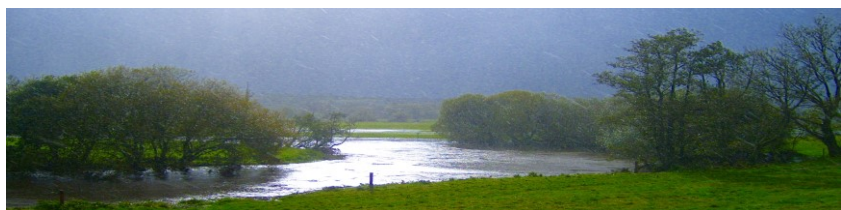
And they therein allowed him to enter.
Of all the Sunday dreamy night stories told in the heart
 of day, this one of that many composed must be one
 of the most eccentric I have ever heard tell to be told.
Do you suppose that clocks on walls n' on broken
 down old stairs have a sense of recognition at all
 to recall that they are now in tree leaf late fall?
Everything has a past to its future n' the future
 of this past is right with us present through.
There was I confess in the sacrifice of the mass near past
 something unusual in all the words coming into the place
 of my spiritual mind, n' it turning itself round n' round
 into a high spiralling grounded round square.
What is to what is it to be found do you make in thought
 of what to contemplate on the Benghazi consulate tragedy?
Lift the pendulum from the floor clock n' raise it
 into the sky, n' see to how shy it will become
 in the presence of the everywhere sun.
But the sun this day is all clouded away.
Know you the presence of the sun save by it alone seeing?
Well; well I must admit the thought did stroll my sight
 its appearance at times to be no more than a vision bright.
It is time for me to make my way towards a place
 of dark lightening dark; light darkening light.





Where is a such to a what place to be found?
It is to be found in the grounds according to calendar
in the valley of the 21st day of june Decembers.
I must be away for thus to this so is one of my
most sacred days in the year to be visiting.
Where is another to be found?
On the hill of the 21st day of december Junes.
Round n' round bilocally you get yourself around.
Whisht, I hear the Universe is moving in the turnstile
of style which means I must surely now be away.
Sacred isle of Éire of Sacred planet Earth, ever good
you are to me in this here awhile life see place to be.







Something about this Éire isle air

Ante meridiem session: 8:09-8:45, Thursday, 1st November 2012



ELL IT HAS COME TO THE ATTENTION

of my attention, Richard, that all life however fragile
or robust it may or may not be considering climatic
environments which haphazardly by changing chance
or no to otherwise thrown together clearly has to have
meaning.

Every morning, I ask myself, Richard the same question
why; yes, why do I get up in the mornings.

And each day I struggle to surrender to my own

lack of nonsense social nonsense that life, Richard
has to have in one way or another some definitive
incontrovertible, irrefutable, apodeictic meaning.

So therefore n' there for otherwise over n' the above,

do I spend my time thought throughout each day
grasping with answers to my endless why questions.

How about you, Richard, do you do the same to similar?

I have no need whatsoever for whys, Richard.⁸¹

Why; why not, Richard, for isn't it a fundamental habit,

n' an apposite question as to our very existence?

I have no use for whys, Richard.





Then, Richard you must be one of those who are given
over to believing in a deity; even in a God of All Gods.
I am who I am, Richard, n' not to such as you have
said do I give full adherence.
But, Richard, what to then of how can you exist without
you asking from dawn to dusk the meaning of your life?
My life, Richard does not limit itself by defining itself
according to meaning.
To give meaning from the intact meaning of the heavens
n' the earth; the myriad things including me is to be
limiting my already in the ready given meaning.
I do fail to comprehend to understand, Richard how one,
n' how one as bright as yourself can be living away
without giving meaning to your own existence.
Richard, what you call meaning is bound up with language;
with linguistics, phrases, n' superimposed misnomers.
These are all things of the throat n' wind with some hue
been given to them in their rolling n' swirling in the midair.
They are no greater or less in profundity than is the happy
cawing away of the crows on the chimney tops to the day.
If words are of anything at all they are but mere comforting
bemusements of the moment to moments momenting.
Life, Richard or existence if you want to stretch it out,
already has its meaning; there is no need to be imposing





some narrow little artificial meaning or meanings on it.
How so do you come to see it, Richard for I can't fit
that way of thinking into my scheme of what is humanity.
The human being in his weakness, Richard is given over
to believing in gods, n' in a one great god above all.
But I believe not in such a weak usage of the mind.
No, Richard the mind; my mind, Richard is to be
correctly used to let go of all the god related thoughts,
n' misconceptions on existence, n' to look at reality
as it truly is, namely n' fundamentally an absurdity
of chaos ever caught up n' taken up with the simple
complexity of rolling immense nothings up the mountain
of life, only to watch them roll back down on over oneself
to the valley floor of existence, n' when there with
recovering you get up n' do the same useless thing
over n' all over again forever n' ever.
From dawn to dusk; dusk to dawn is life sisyphean.
Have I mentioned yet, Richard I am an atheist?
Not in as many words, Richard, but thus being
the quick drifting in implication tiding,
I thought to think it possible you to be.
Yes; yes, I am Richard, n' yet I can see
the tremendous beauty that is, in say the eyes
of a child, landscapes, in n' on the seas,





n' in the skies, n' way out into space through
wondrously developed telescopes.
But when all is said seen done n' reflected upon,
I see all to be nothing more than a glorious absurdity.
We are born, Richard, n' we live a life which is spent
in asking whys n' in giving them satisfactory answers,
n' then we die dead of n' to all life.
That being the end of the whole out of out of not
knowing a thing of an it that presented itself to be.
Richard, I don't share that way of looking at the Universe
or the myriad material things including myself.
There is no time n' no space in which I am not thereof.
All is in transformations seen n' hidden; hidden n' seen.
There was the forward movement, n' now the return.
In now n' place we are on n' of the returning movement.
Richard, pardon me for interrupting, but isn't that itself
a meaning you have given to existence; a meaning
you have given to your own existence?
It is what has been given to me to understand
what is, what that is, what was that was,
n' what will be will be was.
I didn't or I don't go around looking to extract n' form;
extract n' reform meaning from the given meaning.
I have met many, believe in me myself many, Richard,





but you are surely one of the most enigmatic people
I have ever met; a contradiction n' a challenge in terms
to my whole thought life formed informed reflections.
Your are a serenity unto yourself, for I can see it
in your eyes; a contentment unto others, for I can hear
it in your smiling to soothing sapient words.
You are simplicity in significance.
Richard, I am only being me.
Whatever you are being; whoever you are being, Richard
continue being so for it is definitely working for you
in a most profound n' harmonious way.
I on the other hand, Richard will continue to enjoy
asking numerous why questions n' struggle
with trying to find answers to them.
I guess that is who I am, Richard,
n' who ultimately I like being.
Enjoy being, Richard Dawkins for you are
the only one who can, n' who is fully entitled to.
And you, continue being fully Richard of Éire
for this is the one you are most at home with.
Richard, my inner world is limitless.
There are places in it that entirely believe in
a One above all gods, n' in other regions
have no use whatsoever for such a belief.





There is no place in my inner world where
I can't be something of everything n' nothing
of not anything at all if I need be.
I am finding in the however of ever, Richard
that the Universe without is to the same one
extent as I know myself to be of me within.
Richard, with listening to you, I am being
moved into silence; being moved into the need
to give up as a waste of my mind n' time
the asking of why questions, n' the pursuit
of trying to supply them with gratifying answers.
Richard, it must be something about this Éire
isle air that frees the mind to such in the likeness
in height that you have been able to achieve.
There is in the Albion isle air also, Richard
that which frees the mind in such a way as to be
admirably considering all things as you so do.
Richard, we are of enlightening isles; the Celtic Isles.
Would it not be more correct, Richard to say
of the British Isles, for after all ...?
Of the Celtic Isles; of the Earth, of the Milky Way,
n' of the boundless worlds way away, Richard are we.
Darwin, whys, n' misnomers, Richard will do me fine.
Before Darwin, Richard we are; after us he is.

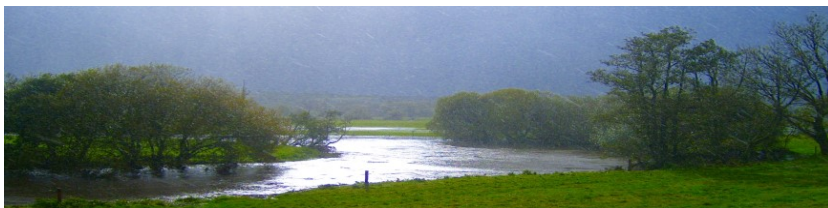




Fascinating. Let us meet again, Richard, but this time
on Albion for I feel we have so much more to discuss.
On Albion then, it is Richard.







Even as this quill inks on to the page

Ante meridiem session: 8:11-8:44, Friday, 2nd November 2012



AT UPON A GOLDEN DAWN

into the new morn with frost glistening
bright upon the roofs.

Wonder if I could linger in the remembrance
of a time in the middle of a wall blown away
into the river of explanations.

Why do you wonder your wandering mind

So to employ to toy with fantastical outpourings
into the slight of see by sound around?

There is I expect in the suspicion which finds
its circumference in the mass of over conceived
consummations having lead to the Vatican's
chief to side entrances been left unlocked.

Caesarean in the way making I see in the old
moss bedecked high redbrick leaning walls.

There was a time in limited time when all
the time in the world was nowhere to be found
save to be seen resting beneath the Tiber's bridges.

Now let us suppose a moment that the next pope,
who won't be long at all before coming into





to existence⁸² for all to will to want to be seen,
will be as forward returning in intention, word,
n' action as the hidden away Galilean fisherman
come from on high of a late in July afternoon.
But he; not he, has already in the broad daylight
oft been seen in the Sistine Chapel checking
the stove over n' over to make sure it alarms.
I fail to comprehend hindsight in the smokes
emitted from that mushroom capped chimney pot.
Do you mean to admit you haven't yet learnt what
the imaginative becoming has in restore for the four
great columns of bronze all formed n' decorated
with olive leaves n' bee flight motifs?
Well, well, well now deep are the spring waters
rising high when we find ourselves at such a level.
There was once n' not twice three to be found
in the Middle Ages a 21st century nesting
in a great high n' wide oak of an apple tree.
Where is it to be seen, for though all day long
I look out over Lago di Castel Gandolfo
I can't for the life of me in times see it?
Have you played with the four rivers of the wild yet?
The four rivers of the wild?
Yes, the Yangtze, Ganges, Mississippi, n' Euphrates.





I am myself a lake man seeking fountainheads
in the pillowcases of space craters.
Then, have I your word on it that the frost
on the roofs will melt away in the smile
of the golden now streaming delightfully
through the skyways?
You have it, n' in it the best of all sounds ever
to make the first of neither items facing itself.
Make me a time in your space for I hear tell
to be told that the old of newness is spreading
itself out in the corridors of a Venetian palace.
You can't be serious to be joking with the likes
of that looking appearing it may well come to be.
I am telling you truth for truth saw I it in the close
proximity of the Moon to Jupiter in the earlier dawn.
Where to what to try to make astrological connections
where no such connections to star, moon, or man exist?
Have you seen the stretching of the blueness
in thought day, n' in thought night the blackness?
I can't say I have nor neither can I say I haven't.
Then, it can only mean you were gazing yet not
being able to comprehend, n' when some thought
to think inclined itself to your ear, you ran away
in the quickest night eve to the morning seashore.





Are you always like this in terrible fine confusion
finding yourself or is this the first of its kind?
Kind over kind is an explanation that is ever
in need of quietly itself revealing.
Let me to take this to the heel soles of my feet
a moment for I see a mighty taurus in a field,
n' making his way steadily he is to Rome.
Where to what are you so taken to talking so
for have I been in the gateway standing guard,
n' no bull, to cow, to ram or sheep have I seen.
Look behind you before you n' before you
in the behind of tomorrow n' you will see him.
See, who him, for I am as if I were a vigilant
member of the Guardia Svizzera Pontificia,
always on the lookout for the one with
the deep dark eyes; the expected one who
is of a certain androgynous appearance?
Have heard it told in the book mouths
of the seers of old that he is to be the one.
He is to be the one, who?
Your Eminence's shoelaces are already undone.
Now let us in all haste become of the freshly refaced
paintings in the high ceiling, n' there in quietness
to observe we in the below the paper swording in





of the next season's monarch of the Holy See,
for see; for see them there now in procession to be
making their way towards the entrance door!
I have no space in the places of my graces to be
of paintings within waiting for any such events
to be inventing themselves before my eyes.
Your eyes have seen so far so much, n' so much
in the swirling clouds have you yet to see.
What tell a tell is there yet to see?
Be with looking, n' in the looking find
you will what it is you are in need of seeing.
And be with knowing, that seeing is given
to be distributed; distribution being the new
foresight standing in presence preserving.
Remember, that cannot will be a can do in acclaiming,
n' in circumspection will be the acclamation of one
who will sit on the four thousand year to oldness throne.
Even as this quill inks on to the page is it full filling.







Lay gazing in a fragrant Florentine field

Ante meridiem session: 8:27-8:56, Monday, 5th November 2012



NCE IN A DAY OF MY NIGHT'S

saw I a smile, Richard in a wispy
white cloud that took my spirit
to wording away, n' gazing to it
I lay in a fragrant Florentine field.

My mind, Richard is a charm dreamy

poetic place where I leave no one at all visit

Save the rare to few who are in love with

all beauty found in simplest views n' doings.

Richard, do you think love is the highest of human

expressions or an expression enough in thinking

found to be of finery abounding?

There is, Nigella⁸³ in love that which is greater

by far than the lowest by far, n' the goodness

of greatness happens to be in the next of pleasure

folding in the palms of our hands.

Richard, you speak in a way very different from

the most to normal n' everyday worldly speak.

And I like that about you.

And I, that about you, Nigella.





I guess, Richard, being oneself has the added
advantage of being different.

I like being me, Richard, even to sure say
I have my ups n' down with myself in mind
all touched n' moved by the slightest nuances
ever tossed my way by the indifferent.

Richard, do you like sowing love as do I
in the valleys n' on the hills of time?

It is a way of heart life with me, Nigella.

I once, Richard thought to feel to felt that I have
lived many times before, n' ever will be
the more given to be so.

But that used to frighten me, for I couldn't give
to get myself to see the efficacious side of it.

How about you, Richard, do you believe in
eternal presence?

It is a way of thought life with me, Nigella.

There are things in the love life of light
that greatly appeal to me, Richard.

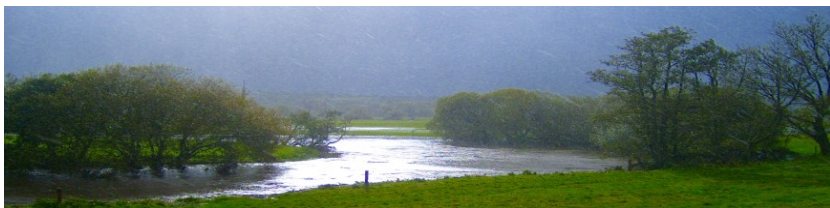
Oft have I in gold shaded lit room just sat
enjoying its cosy dreamy ambience.

Do you know what I think at times, Richard?

I would say you think many things, Nigella.

It is difficult to carry love, Richard in a bottle





of perfume when surrounded by countertops,
saucepans, n' cutlery, not to mention spotlights.
More at ease in the company of books am I;
life living in books spread about willy-nilly
on my lamplly lit library floor or those
carefully arranged in its shelves on high.
I read in them, n' they write in me; inspiration
being the best of our private company.
Nigella?
Umm, Richard? Sorry, I was away dreaming.
To dream betimes is good, Nigella, for there
is way too much reality around these days.
I like your sense of humour, Richard;
humour is sensual in a man.
And even more so in a woman, Nigella.
Perhaps, Richard, so true.
Nigella, what is it to be, Nigella?
It is, Richard to be who I have been, am,
n' am becoming in the seasons of day nightly.
I consider myself, Richard, n' then I consider others,
n' that is the way of my love in happiness to be found.
Of course to time to outward times, I am inclined
to think of my entire world; that my whole world
that is will fall somehow asunder.





Strange, Richard isn't it, in that I being of so much
am half; no more than half worried to scared
that I will loose it all; yes, loose it all?
I am at times so scared I can't even look at myself
in the mirror, for my own eyes there can frighten me.
Nigella, let go of that no need way of thinking.
Come sit where I am, n' gaze into your eyes
for they are beautiful; full of wisdom, love,
n' a charming simplicity of innocence.
You speak in love warmth, Richard,
n' in love warmth do I need to be feeling.
My beloved Charles n' our beloved children
are my love warmth expressed in the day of light
sweetness that keeps me in beauty ever finding
itself to be the greatest of my own greatness.
Richard, do you love courage?
More to ask, Nigella, does courage
feel in love with me.
And the answer, Richard to both being?
Yes, to both, Nigella, for the merry go around
of Monday after nights is in the moon of zodiacs
casting fragrances of conversations charming
into the future.
I have had many to a number of futures already,

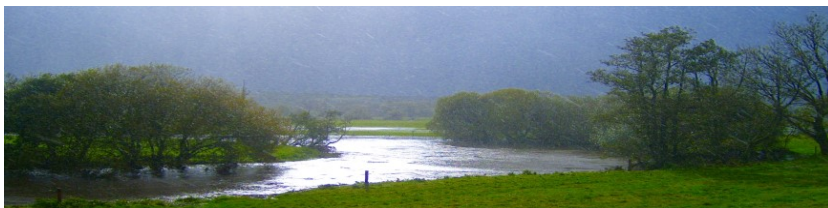




Richard, n' now I am of another, n' I wonder
to wonder wander as to where it will lead.
What to wonder to ever wander to so, Nigella,
let your heart be of gratitude ever filling,
n' your mind trustfulness in goodness,
n' in the ever blessings.
We live as ever joyful blessings, Nigella.
In truth to finely say, we are living blessings,
n' so too in lineage are our beloved ones.
Richard, do you like partaking of everyday foods?
I enjoy, Nigella partaking of the morning dews,
the midday breezes, the mists of twilight,
n' of the dreams of night the ambrosia.
You speak, Richard like a wondrous banquet.
In the company of such a cordon bleu as you,
Nigella, am I only being myself.
Sow to whatever sow in take giving, Richard,
you are a nourishment to my today to future lives.
And in like far vision you to mine, Nigella.
Let us then be of our beloveds, Richard in the safe
keep thought that there is someone like to us other
who understands to hows we are in our inner worlds.
Then, Nigella, so mightily in this serenity let us be.
Yes, Richard, n' let us; let us joy sensually be!







The finest grace

Ante meridiem session: 8:13-8:42, Wednesday, 7th November 2012



HAVE TO ADMIT IT IS A NEW DAY,
n' I am in it.

Glory be to goodness has caught me in a web
of dishonesty n' cowardliness extending
from the near in family of a former time.

So to so see say, what is it that is here in play?

I don't know how to harp the chorus of the matter
Of the weekdays to strength hours in minutes
to centuries of decades surrounding.

Like a feeling of having being hit in the arm
yesterday with the handle of a brush, but only
today realising the pain; same to the rapidity
of air in expansion n' electrical discharge
of lightening with thundering following forth.

There was in the beginning of no beginning
a yet having not been seen afore of all what
I had thought n' believed them to be.

Brother n' sister, how have I not known ye?

To see to take, to take to deliver, what is it
that feathers heather in yere arrow quivers?





Here tell to tell; here tell to tell hear to told,
what is in your old that is making you feel
this way in this new day?
There was I imagined n' proposed I to presume
goodness n' sincerity; sincerity clear n' true
goodness in them to be, but discovered I sadly
it not there to be found in brimming quantity.
This to that makes the helpless in me fall to
coming apart in the heart art care of my mother.
Why don't you just walk away from them
n' let them to their passé shenanigans?
I may well to will it do, n' let them to work
out their long stagnant issues with our brothers.
Only I am concerned with taking the best
of mind to heart care of our beloved mother.
I can't stand narrow mindedness n' behind
the back to two faced whinings n' accusations.
But those brothers three are in weaknesses
in many ways to be found, are they not?
I know; I know it well so to be, but why did they
place me in the same category as them, seeing that
I believe I am being diligent n' purposeful in caring
for the emotional well being of our beloved mother?
This I can't; this can't understand.





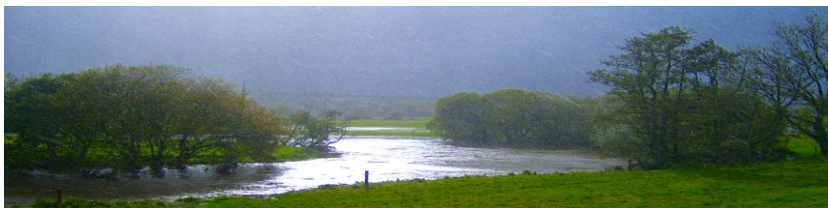
Perhaps, it may well be, that they think the doing
of enough is never to be accepted as enough when
it comes to the freehearted giving of the generous.
Beloved brother in the north; beloved sister
in the west, you have not heeded my advice
nor learned from my example, n' so to the issues
that you have created must you now alone face.
Me to my own in loving intention, word, n' action
for our beloved mother will as I am be in continuum.
Then disengage from the imposed entanglements,
n' let the other five work out their own caring
destiny for yere mother.
But they are at times as big in thought consideration
as ceiling mats are to doorstep washing machines.
Wait to here to hear awhile n' then to speak.
Who is his four brothers n' one sister's keeper;
who is the next in line clan to his mother?
It is I, but they have no respect for this to be.
And strange too for it seems neither does my mother.
A thousand unknown reasons dwell there somewhere.
Each to one in his n' her own way consider
themselves to be the true right, n' so as to say,
to say to so no forward flow can be sustained.
Always ruin left to right answers reversing about,





n' never to really anything moving forward make.
Your beloved mother n' beloved father are to blame.
How so to come can you say such a dreadful thing?
This is the way to the rearing n' culturing given,
n' this is the way it has been allowed to spread
without little unity or a thoughtful direction.
Admittedly, that may in some truth be so, but have
you not observed how the fingers of a hand are all
different from each other?
I have but the generic word still holds water.
And, you; yes, you are also to blame.
Why; why to what to how can you say this to be?
You didn't firmly establish, next to your mother,
your rightful role as the eldest of the family.
So they to whom you have certain Odysseusian
concerns, assumed n' grabbed in your absence
upon the far flung waves the power for themselves
n' have made you upon your return the least
among them; lowered you like Joseph, Jeremiah,
n' Jesus into the confinement of a close to dried
up cistern deep in the heart of the Green Desert.
Be wiser by far than the great poet Oisín of old;
heed this advice, n' discontinue trying to help,
for as sure as the sun journeys in the sky of day,





you will fall completely off your mount, n' become
in mind framed companied as if you had never
ever travelled beyond the shores of the isle.

Know your mind is in n' of Tír na nÓg.

So arise; arise to yourself in plan fashion, n' be
the rightful leader of this howsoever small clan,
that is of course, if you still wish to be.

Rule over them or continue upon your own path.

Stand, n' be who by nature's natural destiny
you were intended to be.

Possibly it could be to be as the leader of this
branch of the noble n' ancient of days clan:

The Mc Sweeney Clan!

In my own head I can, but in the reality of life
it is not so easy to be, n' now when I come
to think of it, I don't really want anymore it to be.

My own family here: my beloved, our lovelies
n' their beloveds is quite enough for me to be
the lover, father, n' human being I am trying to be.

Then so be it so, yet still be in your own head
the leader of this branch of the clan.

Therein, aren't you a legend even unto yourself?

Yes, I am always a legend in my own head.

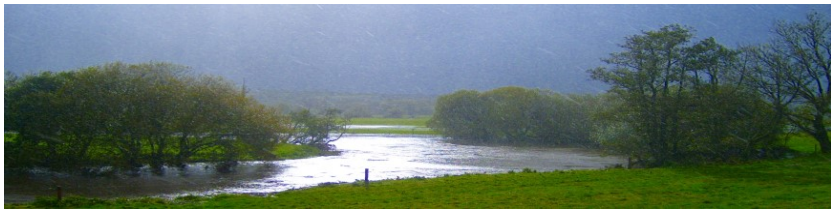
That is wonderful, for many to the many





in number can't believe that about themselves.
Be a force unto yourself; a mighty strength
in likeness to the heroes n' heroines all so
wondrously formed in your compositions.
Be afraid not afraid be of fear fought through
the unnecessary confusion of the clandestine
connivings apace in the tribal worlds.
Live the moment of the moment that is not
a time reference but rather a place.
Remember there is no time that isn't a place.
Time is a place; places are places n' never times.
This is the finest grace to be found at the outset
of any a new day; of any a new day such as today.
Be of the journeying way of this new day.
Day place is with you.





As nighted day, n' dayed night

Ante meridiem session: 8:09-8:41, Friday, 9th November 2012



SAAC NEWTON KNEW TONS:

a virtual habitué of the hidden in open view,
yet he wasn't able to see that the eyes
in the philosophers' royal lineage are to be
found in the golden of night's day.

Green lion ere you roar n' snap your battlement
jaws, n' go paw clawing yourself high into the sky,
This know, that the golden in the olden future snow
is over a leafy indiscretion ours not now to know.
Vexation in your spirited mane caused you to translate
evidence proof clear to ashes in a hastily summoned
fire out back, for if their true import were to have
become known, you too would of an any a dark day
be lead away to join the one to a dozen or more, on
Tyburn's grotesque gantry high to low drawer.
More news outside the repetitive door.
Try to the tide of extraordinary simplicity
n' make way for the clown in Princeton!
That is so, so no way respectful to be talking of
the man who single mindedly gave us the relativity





of relative when considering sheer bare existence.
I once upon a time met a clown in like looks.
When to where?
Back in the summer of '64 met Coco the Clown
in Block 4, n' though he frightened me not,
he would have caused me not, if I were able,
to roll with laughter about the shiny linoleum floor.
In a local newspaper a photograph of the encounter
was carried, n' I imagine it is still to be found
stored away in some underground archival throve.
When in to what newspaper is so to be found?
The then to then Cork Examiner as it was called.
So ah, a visual public proof there may well exist
that you were once of a childhood existence.
Of course I was, for how could I to now be
without having first been of an earlier time?
The earlier is in front of you, n' awaits
your returning arrival.
Who are you, n' what do you know of this man
of the intellect in change finding Princeton?
I know one thing, n' that one thing is I know
no one thing concerning the great man.
You seem to suggest greatness; yes, greatness
but in misplaced places is it merging





with the cosmic streaming ocean.

You haven't got the faintest appreciation
of the profoundness of this great man's
insights into the Universe.

Without him we would be as if we were in
the dark of the darkest Dark Ages of explorations
into the journey of human thought advancement
reversing into an algebraic affiliation.

There I see to where to the day you are mistaking
greatness with audacity explained in another way
of the other views coming around.

Let me set it in the right footing from the beginning
of this unbelievable misuse of insightful language.

What this man; what this the great minded man
of this great scientist has done for our humankind
is beyond measurability precisely defining itself.

For he to he most single mindedly conceived
n' thought throughout through n' brought
to chalk blackboard wide the indisputable
theories of relatively relative to everything.

Do you not know to realise that without
his insights; yes, that without his profound
insights we would be as if lost in thought land?

With his insights, we can now know how





the Universe came into being, n' how it is
in its expansion warping n' folding tendencies
is inclined to be, especially when viewed from
the deliberate to late new controversies solving.

And most, but not least to less by far, we can
come to understand black holes.

Spare me the linguistic; the fantastical codologies
of mathematical playfulness where everything
is possible n' for a time impossible before being
given an over translation into forms by over the pi
of high squared dough baked in on through onto
shapes acceptable by a coterie consensus solely for
the duration of a specific study program.

No wind in the sails of the boat tackles to itself
as to strolling in the hills of the Universe.

Here, I will let the great man speak for himself
in person, for how to otherwise in elsedum can you
appreciate the oh; the oh so awesome greatness
of this man's exceptional mind.

Richard, you may consider me to be a clown
in the usage of my mind, n' even if you wish
to do so by my true to form appearance, but make
no mistake to be mistook, there is truth in minding
depth height with n' one in none of these





at all quite clear to be bright seen.
Over the horizon plate of the New Jersey Gate
is the Chinese Lagoon of Three Spoons made
in June to confuse the gifted in the apple pie
of trending pumpkin head expanding.
Now, where was I again in street to subway
running with the speed of sound light?
Ah, yes, as I was putting in place forth that
the existence of black holes is as certain
as the sunscreen in the windows of fortitude.
By the way, don't like them I though.
But in the truth of convincing, I must needs
tell, that they are only there to be seen by
the elegant in sun reality that they may give
rise to perception mesmerising formulae
formula out of universal simplicity.
Now, what did I tell you; what did I tell you,
isn't Albert a mind formidable among
the greatest in humanlike form to be found?
Not since the dawn of humankind has there
been such a mind to be in our midst.
Leonardo de Vinci has to take second place.
Now, what do you have to say for yourself
in the light of such incontrovertible proof





of the greatness n' the importance of this
man to humanity, n' to the Universe?
A cat snoozing away in sunny hay grass
has more insight than he into existence.
How to how; how to who how dare you
to say to such a thing of things said!
Don't you not yet know as to who to whom
you are speaking of; the sanctuary sophisticated?
Soon you will be raising down too to this your level
of no knowledge the mighties, Stephen Hawkins,
n' John Preskill.
Is there no border to your disorder?
The other day I went to the far away, it being
some fifteen billion light years way out,
n' there I conversed with a visionary on a hill,
n' do you know what in speaking he said to me?
How could I it know for I wasn't with you so!
With telling him of how far I had come, he spoke
to me, n' said saying, you have only come
from over the way there; so near I can see it.
In other words, to be from fifteen billion lights
years away coming was hardly any distance at all.
And he did about point to the ever distant around,
n' said to me saying, I could travel to away way





for the ever n' ever into the ever distance, n' never
in ever an ending in distance would I reach.

That is a mere imagining; a surely totally be clear
fabricated story, for; for the great man has proved
without the shadow of an azure sky down pulled
over anyone's eyes, that the Universe came into being
about the time distance of your said journey to the hill.

Tell me; tell me again, what your said visionary
on that away to away distant hill said to you.

He said, that I could travel to away way for the ever
n' ever into the ever distance, n' never in ever
an ending in distance would I reach.

Albert the Highest, what do you make of this word?

Anything is possible, but according to my mathematical
calculations; they all being sound true n' foolproof
to the core, it is completely impossible.

Your mathematical calculations ever have you both
to hand, but I have been out there, n' I have spoken,
listened, n' saw seen with the visionary of the hill,
n' his words I do believe, n' my own eyes to be truth
to the fact, that distance where to so ever has no ending.

Be relative away in your reality with your astounding
mathematical formations n' brilliant linguistic shapes,
but the truth is the theoretical what you call the truth





is not true when it comes to the Universe in actuality.
It is only true within the confines of the theoretical,
n' as sure as nighted day, n' dayed night that
confinement is of your own making, n' prolongation.
Another day, when ye have had more time to play
with thoughts, n' to let go of so much intellectual
impedimenta, let us again come together to see as
to what ye have in the meantime come up with.
The truth is patient, n' for yere arrival will it wait.
How to so ever, keep this in mind, that the mind
events of the past are no indication of those
of the future to go by in the without, n' that,
if they are anything at all to along go by, they are
in similitude merely to hemline threads.
And no exaggeration in thought pageant is it to say,
that thought is a space curve; a curvature variable
that ultimately lends not itself to ever being known.
And keep this too in thought mind clear bright, that
a Theory Of Everything, whenever it will be splendidly
woven, n' wondrously strung together, will be nothing
more than a self-contained mathematical paradigm.
Curvature the Universe; the Sublime n' Courteous,
ever the where is unknowable, n' ever the where
curves on n' on without an ending ever reaching.

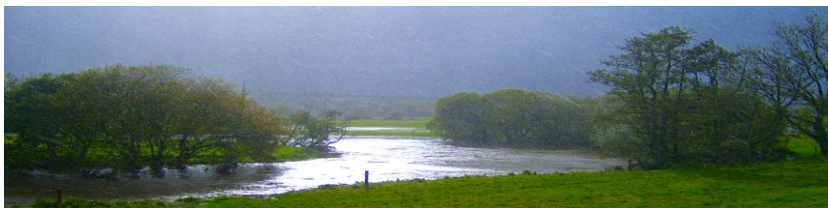




And we being of this same curvature, sublimity
n' courtesy are also ever the where unknowable,
n' curving on n' on without an ending ever reaching.
Behold, this is a joy of our existence.
And ere; what say you of the quest for some knowledge;
who are best placed to be the torchbearers of discovery?
The quest for some knowledge is ever a pleasure, n' they
who culture reverence in their hearts, n' whose words,
n' actions are living courtesies to all are best suited
to being the torchbearers of discovery.
This answer is greatly to my liking, for the some
will wherever be of the much, n' the much
of the inexhaustible abundance.
Henceforth, in my heart am I culturing reverence that
my words n' actions will be living courtesies to all.







In truth be quite able

Ante meridiem session: 9:00- 9:28, Tuesday, 13th November 2012



WAY OVER THE WAY IS HERE,

n' I am thinking to myself with gentle

breezes blowing in o'er the valleys

n' hills of this wet November morn.

There is an unusual in the coolant of the first

freezing in the months outside the twelve.

Are there months outside the twelve?

There are most certainly.

I have oft visited them, n' I could clearly

see from there them the twelve here.

Amazing. Who would have thought?

And what in the surprise of early to late springs

in winter to autumn summers have you noticed?

I have noticed that the currants in the fruitcake

all came from off the same tree.

How unusual to the exception that is when we

consider the time it takes to match up sacred

candlesticks in reeks of well dried hay.

Isn't that a dangerous thing to be doing when

all things are taken into account of viewing?





Understand to see hay reeks not to be of hay,
n' matchsticks not of flame burn to touch be.
Ah, I see to imagine now what it is that explains
circumstances when revolving about the wheel hub.
Lao Chuang saw it too in their old to ancient past,
n' made of it their own to be tell told on upwards.
To be silent is to be of the hub; to speak the spokes.
One wonders why you are not in valleys of gold
shimmerings or on mountains of low landings
with such out fulls of in sights feast flavouring.
There was once in a springtime outside of the four
we are accustomed to know since our days of yore,
n' it had to it a sweet labour of lost love.
Stop; stop to pardon a momentary second, but are
there in likeness to the months afore said, seasons
outside of the four seasons we do so long know?
Everything that is has a without to it, n' in
the withouts themselves are endless withouts.
Then why to what for wisdom coming into view,
do we limit ourselves only to the first in kind?
A habit of the habitat of habitually making do
with what has been handed to us on a plate.
The same to same is always the same; only
the plates are in any the way different, but even





that difference has so much of a sameness to it.
Limit the logic n' the logic will break free from
out the coat pockets of the turned up velvet lapel.
Dwell in the hub; be with the no movement
of the hub, n' in such a place of serenity, comfort
n' ease respond to the myriad spokes about;
be they speaks journeying but off into rim hold.
Steadfastly holding to no opinions is what it
means to be without beginnings n' endings.
Fixed opinions are not of the hub.
The hub needs to be the hub; the speaking
spokes the spokes, the containing rim the rim,
n' the rim, spokes, n' hub the wheel; the wheel
in mystery being of the stationary, n' more over
oft of the rollings upon the uneven n' smooth.
Such is the rounding staying in hub stillness.
When I now come to think of it, the other year
in the future saw I a most unusual wonder.
What was it to where did you see?
I saw nine to ninety to ninety nine thousand
living lives of my selves in the heavenly ceiling
therein, n' in its hazy side walls all about,
n' beneath in its bright sparkling dewy floor.
How come to nonsense, what are you saying?





Are you saying in ninety nine thousand years
you summoned in form the future to appear?
There is in the old a new talk of the old, n' while
it lends not itself to examination it can be explored.
I see to see this to be a most interesting discovery.
Who will take the credit for the river tree growing
in its flowing from the out going, n' by still hills
n' beneath bridges many, manages yet to make its
way to the estuary n' out into the welcoming wavy
without ever toppling over or its branch ever broken?
No river ever in the splendour of its meandering
forward into a time previous will see to come save
you what it is that is hidden in the Bay of the Day.
Where to why to how what do you speak in this say?
There was a way in was that is an is in where, n' a
when where in a whereabouts that without a word
ever spoken did present a habit fundamental to truth.
Linger here to hear n' be heard it in the bell ringing
from the monastery by the golden stream.
I have a remembrance in the future of having been
in a past present, n' just imagine, n' to my surprise
intent, when I came to dwell in the great wide tent.
You were in a desert of expansive wide in the coming
of the long ago future tides; is that what you are saying?





I was to will to where has been, but now I am here
to think stay the play that is a way of the future told.
Attire a dress code, n' dress an attire key, n' what
you will have in a library is an ancient text gathering
dust by the waters of a near to nowhere sea.
Can I to sail to sea to see this ancient text?
Leap on board the moving fields n' ride upon
the waving of the trees, n' you will in no time
at all reach n' see it without losing the slightest
of smiles in the gentleness of sayings deeply spoken.
You have an amazing way of being quite clear
in the curtain screen of laces to words to phrases
to threads n' floating them as easy pace forms.
The days n' nights have in them the rich seed
sproutings of yesterdays in the forthcoming future.
I am again losing myself in the following of your
rapid to spinning away to far astronomical thoughts.
Take your place in your space, n' of your ground
upon the waters, n' the air will be to sway to rippling
close enough for you to be anywhere in the near to far.
Be with the eye heart, for while all the speak spokes
in the world are everywhere spinning about you, you
from within the hub of your own spontaneity, will in
truth be quite able, to respond to them accordingly.







When viewed in the clarity of dark

Ante meridiem session: 8:16-8:40, Thursday, 15th November 2012



ERE ON THE ISLE OF ÉIRE

are hidden save to the seeing, shores,
hill slopes, n' valleys containing wellsprings,
rivers, groves, gateways, steppingstones, n' hermitages.
One from such hidden is the Valley of Oatscentfield,
n' in this valley is located a village whose presence

there has been for some seven million years to more

Or less in the giving n' taking of into account

the index of notations, n' the powers of ten.

Well, in this village of floating streams of thought,

there dwells a joyful hermit whose ideas on things

go as far out into the future as you can't imagine.

His way in thought is so out n' about the ordinary

as to seem to be the most down to the planet granary.

Tell, what is it that is making him so special when

it comes to the usage of, say his senses?

He cultures himself in thought height to a distant way

so far removed from what the rest of us have been

willing or even interested in doing, that vertigo

can become our companion in his presence.





How so come to came?

Although his senses all are sound he uses them
in away most extraordinary from the way we do.

How to so?

He uses dark to see; dark to hear, scent, taste, feel,
n' think, whereas the rest of us use light.

We see with light; we hear with light, scent, taste,
feel, n' think with light throughout our entire life.

But from his perspective we are blinding ourselves
by means of light, whereas he knows that dark
allows him fullness of sight, hearing, scent, taste,
feeling, n' thinking.

Our way of looking at the Universe is based on light;
based on, for instance, the distant light travels in a year;
in a parsec, a pegaparsec or a gigaparsec.

Light thus becomes our measuring tape as it were
by which we calculate distances in the Universe.

But according to him, light is ephemeral, however
so fast it can travel.

How so to so is it?

It can travel n' travel away n' away, but eventually,
it will fade away, n' return to dark.

As I have once said in the distance of a near place
ago; light comes from dark n' returns to dark.





As waves are to the sea is light to dark; ever
from it coming forth, n' ever to it returning.
It is in a likeness to the wind, in that it comes
from the seemingly nowhere; ephemerally exists
before returning again to the seemingly nowhere.
And the seemingly nowhere is as the dark; the place
from which everything comes forth n' to returns.
So the hermit in this village is culturing himself
to see by means of dark; to hear by means of dark,
to scent, taste, feel, n' think all by means of dark,
rather than by our way, by means of light.
And what in dark to dark has he been able to come
to know that we don't know?
He has come to know, for instance, that everything
viewed is present, n' is not of the past.
Where to what?
Light would have us believe we are seeing something,
for instance, the binary star system Sirius as it was some
2.6 parsecs; 8.6 light years ago, as if we were being given
to see the way it used to be rather than what it is now.
When true to so in dark is it viewed, it is of the present:
it is not as when in light viewed in an ago.
Dark shows the binary as present, n' we to it as present.
Light would have us believe we are past to each other,





n' that of course for light would be quite right.
Dark is way beyond such a be quite right position,
for from its perspective all things are experienced,
n' are meant to be experienced as present to present.
And to which to what present are you referring?
Present being future present; the Universe being future
present in the present when viewed in the clarity of dark.
Think a thought on that I will awhile, n' talk again
I will on what it is about light to dark that isn't clear.
Clarity to clear is in the ear; ear to ear in the flight.
Now, wait a minute to a date place, what is it in
the dapple tingle jingling jangling that says
to the stars we are in a confusion to be found?
There is no confusion here save by invitation only.
Is it true then that the best of sight can see dark?
It is, n' so too can the ears to hearing, the nose
to scenting, the tongue to tasting, the skin to feeling,
n' arbitrarily to least not meant, the brain to thinking.
A think to thought has just come to me.
Does dark lend itself to mathematical equation?
Rather defiant mathematicians tend to lend themselves
to the notion that there is nothing that isn't potentially
equatable, for to them all things are alike.
Continue you on a little longer with your experiencing





of all by means of light, but as soon as place possibly
you can let your senses be of the wonder of dark.

Once you will experience using dark to see, hear,
scent, taste, feel, n' think you will it is certain
never again want to return to using light.

Light blinds clear bright; dark gives true sight.

Little do people of great knowledge to some to little
realise just how infinitely more suitable dark is in helping
us to understand, appreciate, n' love the Universe; the galaxy,
the sun, the planets, n' the moon; home, each other, n' oneself.







Visuals

Ante meridiem session: 8:06-8:57, Monday, 19th November 2012



RICHARD JOSEPH, FOR EVERY STEP

I took take took on some pain;
my right foot had been with me
in pain since my early childhood; a deformity
caused by a botched operation for osteomyelitis
which many mistook in me to be clubfoot.

And with it was I in appearance oft in off step

Balanced seen n' recognised so to be.

Had it not been for my tenacity n' presence

of ego, I would have in the long ago gone way
under; in the long ago in my twenties gone so.

It is not so much what carries a person about

that may be said to be of the utmost importance,
rather is it what he carries about on his shoulders;
what a person thinks, n' how they put those
thoughts into words n' actions; that is, that is,
yes, that is what is of the utmost importance
when we take talk took about the human physique.

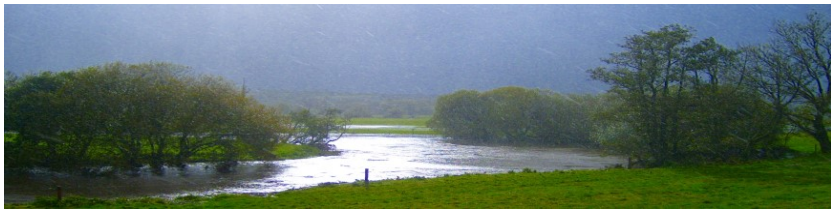
Richard Joseph, my talent was in making people believe
in something they weren't even aware of in themselves;





believe in it with a mighty passion n' a patriotic pride.
The extraordinarily ordinary communiqués did I well keep
in the ordinary; blending them into people's daily routine.
It was only then a matter of making small changes in
their everyday life; small changes with token securities.
Emotion over rationality was the way to sway the day.
Richard Joseph, I came to prominence by making my gifts
for oratory, n' uncompromising standards available to
the right people at the right time for the right cause.
I was never destined to be merely a money banker.
A head teacher from my school days once told me
that I would never become a good speaker.
How I proved him to be so wrong.
To be the grandmaster of mass psychology I had to be
on top of my game twenty-five hours a day.
That was how I became indispensable to The Führer.
Out of the seemingly insignificant; the small, the little,
n' the few did I create a stupendous n' lasting impact.
Focused I did on the strength of the weak few to influence
the strong many, n' the strong many quite unbeknownst
to themselves became the amazingly malleable n' supple.
Richard Joseph, I had a tremendous love for life; a love
for the beauty of nature in all seasons, n' great was my
admiration for magnificent works of architecture.





And there was a time; yes, there was a time when I truly
loved being at table with the celebrities n' movers of
the movie world rather than being at home with my wife
n' children: rather than being a faithful husband n' father.

It was, I might say a stage that I had to go through.

And in my need, I couldn't help but let myself at times
be carried away by the passionate beauty of the moment.

It was very painful the whole aftermath of my affair with
the actress Lída Baarová of Prague; nearly lost everything.

My wife, Magda was cruel to me over it, but with patience
n' the renewal of our love we worked our way through it,
n' were brought into a place of mutual acceptance; peace
of the family about the hearth for the greater good of
the Party, the country, n' the wishes of The Führer.

It was he who kept us together, n' it is for this
that Magda n' I are eternally grateful to him.

Paul Joseph,⁸⁴ by means of your brilliant propagandist
skills you brought unbelievable fear, displacement,
pain, sorrow, death n' bitterness to so many, not alone
in Europe but in the vast world, namely: the Future.

I can't say, Richard Joseph I am sorry for being
the cause nor can I say I feel over happy about it either.

The taking of life is an awful thing, but the leaving
of certain lives to live is an equally awful thing.





Look; look when you are on the road, Richard Joseph
to the high plateaus, you need some agenda; some
potent issue that will stir up some deeply buried
dislikes n' hatreds in the populous in order to first
grab their attention, n' then to get them to move
in the direction you need them to go.

Repeat n' repeat this same issue to them at every
given n' made opportunity, n' it works; it works
assuredly as having a profusion of swastikas waving
away in the wind along every pavement, n' draping
n' rippling, n' flapping about from every tall building.

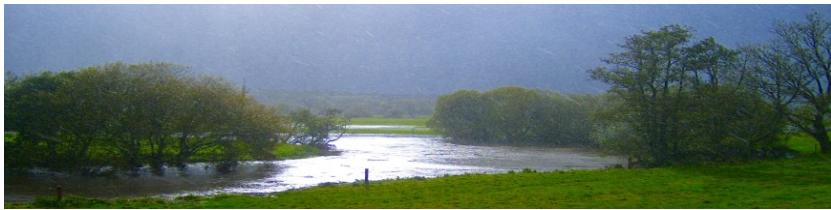
People can be cultured to believe in anything, if,
n' this is crucial, if it is presented to them in a way
that they don't realise it is being presented to them.

That was my forte, n' The Führer knew it well.

The agenda of my choice; the potent issue of our
choice was Jewry which we freehandedly aggrandized
with decibels of heightened insecurity, snapshots of
national humiliation, n' jingles of class envy.

People can be made to believe, n' that willingness
to be left to be led to believe in anything is not
the prerogative of a single race rather it is according
to my readings n' interpretations of world history,
n' of human nature to be as universal n' timeless as





visuals, narratives, n' moods are to cinematography.
The Jewry issue, however, was the easiest option, for
long in the air had there been bad feelings about them,
n' not alone in Deutschland but throughout Europe.
It was a recurrent issue of the ages; a convenient issue.
We all suspected n' imagined that the Jews had some
sort of an ulterior agenda going on; call it a conspiracy
if you will, but its presence was already there for us
to take up n' to run with it any which way we wanted.
And that is exactly what we did; we tirelessly worked
with the longstanding given prejudices, n' bigotries
n' moulded them into effective socio-political forces.
In truth, anyone in power could potentially have done it,
but we were the ones who were able to boldly elevate
it to hitherto unknown heights of finesse n' hysteria.
Don't you feel any regret or remorse, Paul Joseph
for what you brought to bear on so many people?
Listen, Richard Joseph, life is about placing n'
keeping yourself in a position of power; it is all
about giving the ego a secure home in the potential.
I am a human being; a father, n' I feel bad that so
many horribly suffered, n' I have hurtful memories,
but I was no Heinrich Himmler or Reinhard Heydrich.
They n' their like alike, n' there were many, were





sadistic bastards; the former had a heart of sulphur,
n' I doubt if the latter even had a heart.

The Almighty judges me, n' that is it.

That is my Roman Catholic rearing coming out there.

The world knows me in life by my loyalty to The Führer;

by my love for my family; by my remarkable films;

by my passionate speeches, n' by my meticulous diaries.

Alas, it knows me in death solely by my right foot calliper.

Would it upset you to learn that a Jewess has purchased

a selection of your writings for her private collection?

Which ones, for I wrote many?

Ones while you were researching your PhD dissertation

in the Department of Philosophy at Heidelberg University;

irresolute diaries on romance, stance, n' meetings by chance.

I can't but be pleased, for whatever anything else I might

have to say about them, Jews are laudable archivists.

At Heidelberg, I had a renowned Jewish literary historian;

Professor Friedrich Gundolf, a great Goethean scholar.

Paul Joseph, you were skilled at the art of propaganda.

Nobody can take that from you; you have definitely

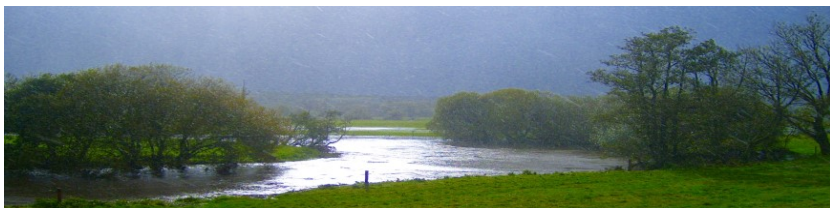
made your indelible mark on history.

And it is well known by those in open mindedness

to know, that without your propaganda skills there

would never have been what had been; there would





never have been a Hitler in demigod likeness.
And they know that he too knew that without you
he could not have been or continued to be.
For this reason he kept you in his inner circle albeit
at times the relationship it seems was strained.
Yes, what you say is quite true, n' yes, naturally
it was from time to time strained over different matters,
but how so we never broke the bond that held us together.
What bothers me, Paul Joseph, as much as anything else,
is what happened on Tuesday, the 1st May 1945 when
you n' Magda brought yere beloved children's lives
to an uncommonly early, n' unbecoming end.
Richard Joseph, if you were there in the Führerbunker,
you would have understood why we had to do what we
had to do, n' how we had to do it in the way we did.
It was the most comforting n' dignified escape route.
Nearing by pounding hour were the ferocious Bolsheviks.
I don't have for you a lot of words on how to rationalise
Magda's n' my actions in the taking of our children's lives.
It is about the only matter on which I am stuck for words.
All I can say to you is that, it was the highest expression
of our love as we understood our love for them to be.
If there was no such impending catastrophe, Magda,
our beloved children, n' I would have lived a very





happy life within the Third Reich; we would have grown
old together, n' our children would have well married,
n' we would have enjoyed being proud grandparents.

But regretfully that was not how it came to be.

Paul Joseph, I can understand where you are coming
from with your ideas, but why impose your ideas on
your wife, Johanna Maria Magdalena, n' in turn on
yere beloved children: Helga Susanne, Hildegard Traudel,
Helmut Christian, Holdine Kathrin, Hedwig Johanna,
n' Heidrun Elisabeth?

Let me; let me answer in your place, Paul Joseph.

Go ahead, Magda love.

Richard Joseph, as The Christ was, so was n' is The Führer.
As Saint Paul was to The Christ so was n' is my Paul Joseph
to The Führer, n' as Maria of Magdala was to The Christ
so was n' am I to The Führer.

That is my Roman Catholic education coming through.

But why, Maria Magdalena deny yere children their lives?

We didn't deprive them of life, we gave them a life anew
with us n' The Führer, for the life that was, was ending.

As in that life, we all loved each other so very much, n' so
wished we for that to continue on over into this next life.

Where, The Führer was n' is so did we want to be n' are.

I can understand where your religious thought paradigm





is coming from Maria Magdalena, but when all is said,
ye essentially murdered yere children, n' in a sense
just like so did Adolf n' his wife Eva so did you n'
Paul Joseph self-murder yereselves.
Only in the likeness of The Christ n' his devoted
followers did we do so in like love for The Führer.
I was n' am captivated, fascinated, n' entranced
by him, n' was so right from first hearing him speak.
Let me answer in your place, Mammy.
Go ahead, Helga dear.
Richard Joseph, don't be sad; don't be hurt that the lives
of my sisters, my brother, n' me ended the way they did.
We are with our parents; we are with Uncle Adolf, n' Eva,
n' are we with our old pets, n' with Blondi n' Wulf.
Still n' all it hurts; it greatly saddens me, Helga Susanne
to think of you n' your siblings having been deprived
of your lives, for you were all so very young.
Richard Joseph, things could have been very different,
but alas they weren't, n' that so is the way it is.
I am sorry, Helga Susanne, but I can't hold back the tears;
it is just all so terribly heart wrenching for me.
Richard Joseph, my father n' mother were acting in love;
in love for us children, n' for Uncle Adolf, n' Eva.
Daddy, please you tell him.





All right, Helga precious.

Richard Joseph, it was in a sense easier for Magda,
n' I to sacrifice our children, n' then ourselves
than it was for The Führer to sacrifice the nation,
his pets, his newly wedded bride, n' ultimately
himself, for he sacrificed for us all: for the glorious
cause of that of the collective need ahead of individual
greed; how very tragic must have been his loneliness.

If you can understand true devotion, Richard Joseph,
n' what it is it necessitates, you will come to see that
Magda n' I were merely attempting, within our
blessings, to be loyal devotees of The Führer.

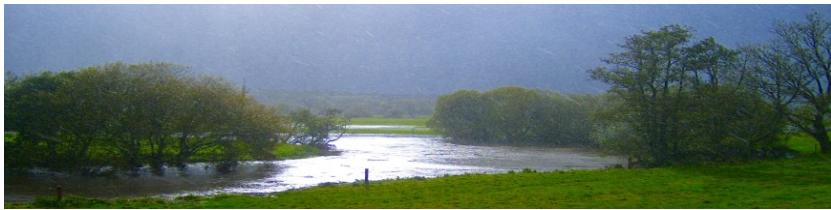
As The Christ had given all for us, so did The Führer.

Although I can understand your German mysticism
combined as it is with a kind of Greco-Roman logic,
n' Christian, to Semitic, to Egyptian, to Sumerian
religious overtures, I can't accept the unbelievable
suffering he, you, n' your accomplices brought upon
humanity; a suffering to date that goes on n' on.

Richard Joseph, it pales in comparison with what
The Christ, n' his fervent; more oft than not his
over zealous devotees brought upon the world.

We did it to begin with for a mere twelve years,
they have been at it with some two thousand years.





We will, however within three to five hundred
to a thousand years have completed assimilating
n' overtaking them, n' not alone them but eventually
all religions n' ideologies known to mankind.
Upon the oak wreathed swastika will our eagle be
in the twenty-ninth century, you just wait and see.
Ein Volk, ein Reich, ein Führer!
Not going to be allowed happen, Paul Joseph, so long
as my quill, n' that of others in like mindedness has
the power all the more to ever reach into the cons.
Believe me, happen it will, Richard Joseph, n' you
can take that to the Commerz Bank in Köln or to any
bank in any part of the world.
Where have you been all this terrestrial time of
sixty-seven years n' coming up on seven months?
We have been here in the eyes of the Almighty.
What about Hitler, Himmler, n' Heydrich?
They too are somewhere in the eyes of the Almighty.
Even the badgerer Freisler, and the megalomaniac Göring
are somewhere in the eyes of the Almighty.
How about the millions of people who died due to
your propaganda; due to the infamous death camps,
n' due to the war swat that stretched in all directions?
We all are somewhere in the eyes of the Almighty.





Is there no hell then; no place of punishment for the bad:
a place of punishment for those who committed atrocities
or were in one way or another involved either directly
or indirectly in the intentional destruction of millions
of innocent peoples lives across Europe in particular?

You will need, Richard Joseph to ask the Almighty;
to ask the Almighty why he has things the way they are
n' not in the way we would like or want them to be.

There is no suffering greater than life, Richard Joseph;
no comfort greater than death in perpetuity.

In the presence of the Almighty I have found there
to be no need for I to be a propagandist; no need for
I to call to rid the landscape of anyone or anything.

In the presence of the absence of the Almighty alone
was there a need for me to be a propagandist.

My, Paul Joseph has an eloquent way with the words,
Richard Joseph, hasn't he?

He has indeed, Maria Magdalena.

My daddy is ingenious, isn't he, Richard Joseph?

He is indeed, Helga Susanne.

And my mammy, she is very regal, isn't she?

She is indeed.

And; n' my sisters n' brother they are the best
brother n' sisters anyone could have, aren't they?





They are indeed, n' Helga Susanne is the brightest
n' most gracious sister any brothers n' sisters
could want; any parents could ask for.

Thank you, Richard Joseph.

Richard Joseph, while what has been has been; while
what has been said n' done has been said n' done,
I would love to have been able to continue on living;
yes, to have fallen in endless love with a most handsome
n' bright boy, n' to have married him, n' to have
had beautiful bright children all of our own to love.

I would, so I would have loved to experience all that.

Had things turned out differently, my daddy would,
so he would have made a great Reichskanzler.

He would, so he would have helped create a beautiful
world for all people, because that is my daddy.

And my mammy would, so she would have continued
to love my daddy, n' to help him in every which way
she could to love all people, because that is my mammy.

And what of Uncle Adolf?

Oh, he would, so he would have continued on being
our favourite uncle, because that is our Uncle Adolf.

Addendum:

“What would I have done without you? I need at least one friend.”

“Follow me soon, but take your time.”





“Man is but a wisp of smoke that rises and is carried away.
To Münchhausen, this manner of dying seemed more poetic
and meaningful than the earthly way of disintegrating into dust ...
I don’t wish to go on living if you must die.”

(Source: “Münchhausen” - a 1943 film produced
at the Universum Film AG (UFA) studios in Berlin)





In the welcoming wide of open fresh air

Ante meridiem session: 9:34-10:00, Tuesday, 27th November 2012

RISTEÁRD, 'TIS A WILD WIND OF A TIME
that brings the 1840s to my mind;
the there then hardships.
Ah, never you mind now, Pádraic,⁸⁵ for isn't it
the kind of kindred that sees the light in
the morning of starry afternoons?

It is I suppose when you are walking the long
Stretching bóithrín with your heart coming
on being into the light of something.

And, isn't it a tall to enough of a ship swaying
to be able to understand, Risteárd what brings
to the loneliness of seemingly to be the only
one on the isle to hedge schools according to
the century n' to sitting on the ancient stiles?

Pádraic, you sung song of the Latin, n' the Greek,
n' I of the Chinese, n' the Arab safely keeping
in preparation for the generations ever coming.

Risteárd, isn't something at all, at all, isn't it to be
so cast out because of self taughting ourselves
knowledges from beyond the wavy shore?





It is indeed, Pádraic when you take that your man
of Sligo's Binn Ghulbain could only let his eyes fall
upon your line 'As in wild earth a Grecian vase!'.
Ah, to the sounds of the cattle strolling along by the
brierries, the nettles, n' the ferns all covered in dew.
I had of a day of times, Risteárd a thought on all
the times wandering that it takes to boil a drop of
the water o'er a cracking fire of long well dried out
old roots gathered by the liss n' the sidhs.
The other day in the agora of ancient Athens I did sit,
n' discussed with the great minds of the day; the great
minds being told to the old of the new n' ever coming
round by the Panathenaic Way, n' up to the Acropolis,
n' on out into the eastern suburbs to Lyceum; on round
by the Ionian Sea to Brindisi, n' inland to converse
in the villas and gardens with the greats; with Virgil,
Ovid, Horace, Cicero, Seneca, Lucretius, n' Plutarch.
Now wait a minute to the next moment coming, Pádraic,
have you read tell to hear heard of the near to away about
the golden desert stretches, n' of the far to eastern lands
which back in day were referred to as Cathay n' Manzi?
I have heard of them told, but my wanderings in knowing
knowledge led me no further by bay of tide n' shore than
to the lands of the Roman n' the Greek; stayed I there





to learn n' to seek; to seek n' to find broader mind.
Strange, isn't it, Pádraic how the lilies of the valleys found
in the curving horizons fade into the sunrise of twilight
expressions left floating upon the breezes?
It is indeed, Risteárd, n' if I am not mistaken that is
where n' when the difference in thought rises up to make
the claim that we are doing nothing at all for Ireland.
We are, it is said, but Oisíns on our fine horses of thought
who will never dismount to lend a helping hand to lift
into upright our national identity; our ethos of the ages.
To them, Pádraic I will in light heartedness say, that where
we come from the land is made within the word, without
the golden word there is no land; there is no nothing at all.
Then, Risteárd shall we say, that all that is is but thought,
n' that thought is all that is transformed into word?
Wide to height depth in thought thinking, George Berkeley
of Dysart Castle in the county of Kilkenny would most likely
have had some finding truth to say in this matter of the day.
Can you believe it, Risteárd, but they can't even see what is
in the mists all circling about the grove on the path long lake?
There was a time in time present future past, Pádraic when
I in joyfulness of listening came into the round bend view.
When I happen to see the sea, n' the sea it happens to find
me on along its cliffs all a carefreeingly strolling away, I think





to myself like to no other under the gallant stories I have read
of old, but now I am to tell told that it happens in the teaching
of the esoteric n' in the walking of the sweet divine.

I see to find myself to be of the mind in loosen byways
of early winter grass on the slopes of the softly snowed
upon lovely Cnoc Mhaoldomhnaigh.⁸⁶

According to the traditional Chinese calendar, Pádraic,
last week was the time of the coming of the first snow;
called in Chinese characters 'the small snow'.

Risteárd, I did not this know.

Have you ever been, Risteárd to the summit of the sacred
mountain; the summit of the Celtic Olympus?

I have been, Pádraic to the summit of Cnoc Mór na nGaibhlte.⁸⁷

Then, Risteárd you have been to the Celtic Olympus.

Where to what, I didn't know to there it to be so, Pádraic.

And so I am aglow; aglow I am with excitement this to know.

Then let us with our books of faraway wisdoms hue our ideas,
for as sure as if surely there are those onwards of willingness
to come who will want to part take themselves of insights
that can't be taught, n' of teachings that can't be learnt
save in the welcoming wide of open fresh air.

A Grecian vase, Risteárd, am I, n' a misty haze in the days
of nights come ablaze with the love I have for this my native
isle; for this native culture that will never me cease to amaze.





Then a Taoist text, Pádraic, am I, n' a nameless name take
in the days of nights come tracing with the love
I have for this my native planet; for this native
culture that will ever me amaze.

Bare necessities n' riches occupy the same dwelling;
the same dwelling which is of gardens, fields, isles,
continents, n' the planet all orbiting away in flight
about the golden seen through the clouds.







In the message of a selected wonderment

Ante meridiem session: 8:34-8:59, Thursday, 29 November 2012



NCE UPON A SNOWSTORM

of sun shines in the height
of a juney November day,
had I a little of the future tucked away
inside my coat of a myriad thoughts.

That is the right place to have thoughts
securely stored for sure to be ever sure.

Do you remember when we rode on the wind
of past futures, n' there was no place where
we didn't delight in going?

I remember it; I remember it well in the thoughts
of the eternal moment in the minute of an hour
traced on a sandy seashore of a smile.

Now, if you want to explore the half opened door
in the lounge of the barque that sails away from
Day Bay Harbour you must be prepared to be
of the last first comings soon arriving.

And how do I manage to do that, seeing that
the closure on the closer is widely closed?

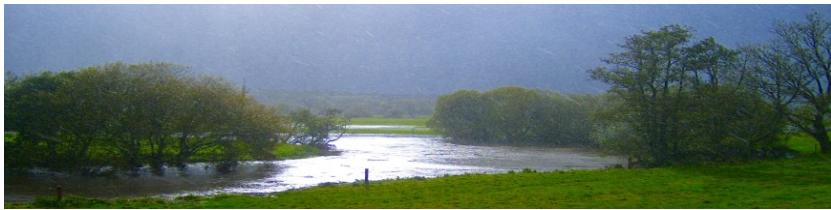
First, you are to second in the coming staying





by the horizon view in the circumference
of the triangle in need of being redefined.
I hear that it is told in old of the foretold, that all
new angles in triangles are going to be square.
Well, I have waited for this day for the longest
of centuries of winter evenings ever!
This is great news to revelation in space placed
between the last first of everything, n' the first
last of something; the forward returning.
Did I not mention to you afore of the ship I saw
most clearly in the visibly blue sky of a predawn?
You say to saw said of a disclosure in the over
that takes quite a bit of getting use to.
Stay me awhile, but what was it in shapely shape
you did see in the sky of the predawn?
I saw to see clearly the full moon way over setting
in the almost to northwest, n' within the same gaze,
n' with frost all about covering every car parked
in along by the old iron railed gated in chapel, I saw
to see clearly coming into shape fullness a craft.
A craft? In what manner of matter of fact was it to
your eyes presenting itself?
It was a disc in peach to soft lime green, n' as big
n' as wide as to several to the mile in diameter.





And in noiselessness was it, n' in slow movement
from west to northwest, n' with passing the moon,
which took for some one to the one n' a half minutes,
it passed all the way on, n' then in a mighty swiftness;
the likeness in swiftness I had never seen afore, did it
head as it were, straight up for Polaris; having already
left from my vision ere I knew it had reached so far.

In the morning dawning of evening twilights it is
amazing what can be seen with having the gaze
for most of always directed towards the heavens.

Then it must be only you, for I am always with my
gaze given to the skies, n' nothing have I ever seen
there save that of those things that are to everyone
known to be there, n' have been for the millennia.

There is, n' I am guessing something about you;
more to something in your gazing that allows you
to see what to most everyone else can't be known
within eye vision, though they in light of day might
have caught glimpses of something unusual.

Do your days ever come together in your nights;
your nights ever in the by standing dimensions
of experiences rarely spoken of in light of sight?

There is in the making of making into belief
a stream of straightforwardness that is as eloquent





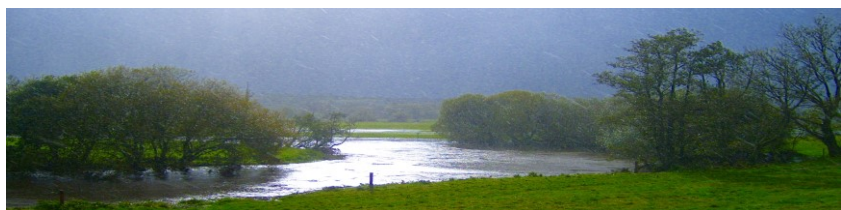
in words shaping as waters that freeze ice to frost.
Where for wherefore tell can that be said to be
seen to be said to be so?
There are things that are not known to those given
to knowing, n' to those who are given to know
little to next to nothing, knowledge in abundance.
Let the contradictions mount for they in their own
charming way have a way of presenting reality that
makes more sense than in truth to same said formed.
I must be off now as I hear the flowers of spring
growing on another side of this blessed orb; I must
needs be in early spirit to it to experience.
Are you perhaps a left behind mountain spirit?
Everything is not of your experience, said the ancient
stone pillar to the rocks of the ages at not taking heed.
I will walk with you again; I will tale with you again,
but now I must be about the streams n' the fields
of the not yet whiteness into coming warmth.
We will discourse again when the pendulum finds
itself in the message of a selected wonderment.
Farewell, n' well will be the fair to the maker of
my words in the canter of wild horses on frozen rivers.
Remember to pace slowly for the load throughout
these prevailing times is in the palm of your mind;

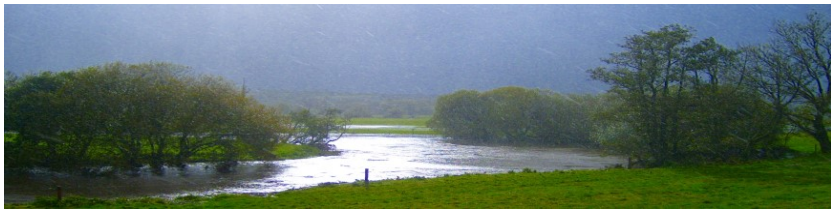




these times of forever miles in need of being signed.
Diligently will I so about be inclined.







Home scent home

Ante meridiem session: 7:07-7:42, Sunday, 2nd December 2012



SITTING ON MY OWN

at a table here in the more restaurant than
lobby of the Silver Springs Hotel, on this the first
evening in the twenty twelfth December, a Saturday.
Many people in just to have a meal or a few drinks.
All to whomsoever seem contented to be enjoying

their own familiar friendly company.

Having ordered dinner, am I observing all the comings

n' goings; listening to the sounds n' wonder wandering
my mind to thoughts of where I have come from in my life;
where I am at, n' where I am going to in the rolling on n' on;
in the rolling on along on along on.

Great is the expectation of underestimation when I call

to the cloud of nine hundred dreams coming in over
the stereo sounds in the starry ceiling; feeling light in
the green golden decorations all a sparkling so lovely.

Service sterling; dinner delicious.

Sitting here in the attic in the second dawn of December,

n' composing back to remembering I am.

No; no, not that odour; that pungent odour is here again!





Oh, that pungent odour of afore is back; filling my nostrils
like it used to at times; trying to put me off writing it is;
trying to put me off revealing the beauty of love that is of
my heart; that is of the sacred cache of knowledge.

It comes not up from the public sewer that runs deep beneath
the street below; not up from the bathroom nor the bedrooms,
n' not from me, but from 'someone' I know not to who to
where to what it is except to say, it is suffocating me away.

Terrible it is; it smells like stored up human excrement that
would be found in an olden day outdoor fashioned toilet.

This I know it to be certain in likeness so, for when as a boy
of ten to twelve perhaps, it was a job of mine; yes, a chore
of mine it was to have to carry out the filled up disused oil
drum from the outside lavatory; at the time the only toilet
we had, n' to bury it up the acre to make for fertilizer.

The drum it measured about a foot in diameter, n' about
a foot n' a half in height with having a single bowed wire
handle which had in it a sliding rubber grip.

It was quite heavy to lift, so it was; gave me struggle it did.

I remember as if it were only a yesterday in the days, that
one of the toilet's walls was the back wall of the house
while the other two n' the door were made from cast away
crates which my father had got from Barry's Timber Yard
in Fermoy, where he had faithfully worked for many the year.





Red inked into one of those crate boards on the inside of
the toilet wall was a word, n' that word was 'Foreign'.
Daily this word I would see n' it became imprinted in me.
I have always felt like that even in this my native land; felt
foreign, n' never have I felt it more so to be so than since
I returned here in a near summer of eleven n' a half years ago.
Yet, neither do I feel myself to be at home in other countries.
And sometimes you know, on the planet I feel the same too so;
I feel myself somehow to be a foreigner; a sojourning stranger.
But your true native place; the place where you feel yourself
truly to belong must be someplace; even in space someplace.
I have a memory of an in space someplace as being immense.
Once to the twice to the maybe the more as I was carrying
the full drum up the acre with slightly swaying from side to
side the bottom fell out of it due to rust, n' it broke in a shot
n' splashed all over the nearness; splashed on up on to my
trousers n' down into my boots!
See the scene of myself standing there I can; tears all a up
a down a cascading from my eyes at the smell n' sight.
Even the innocent hens in the run looked up in surprise.
This odour here now is of that same; is of that same only
the more intense, n' not to staleness or rottenness is it!
I recognise it as if it were but a moment ago since it last
came, n' doing its utmost it is to put me off this composing.





Call it to be of my memory; call it to be of my imagination;
call it to be The Tempter's doing; call it to be what to ever
you are will to want to call it, but, it is real enough to me,
n' revolting enough to me as those treacherous up acre
drum load transportations of my youthful days untold.

Prevention tactics came come in various forms, n' have
been doing so ever since I first took quill to hand, but all
have proved to be powerless; all have proved to be of no
avail, for by grace I have written wrote writ to tell the tale.

Bravo; bravo n' gratitude to you, n' continue so to do!

By grace I will; by effort I can.

I was given to rise from out of our cosy slumbery; to come
away from beside my warm queen; called I was by the vision
of a momentary flickering star in the western sky to arise,
dress, n' to ascend here to compose the words to be spoken.

Why do you pause to think on the inkwells of the near far past?

Still am I not in the better of that dialogue of the other day.

To which to not in the better do you refer?

"Visuals".

Why so to so say to so?

It hurt more than much in the composition of it, n' of that hurt
much has lingered; trying its best to be incorporated into others.

Reichspropagandaminister: Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, I saw
him in my mind of eye entering into the lobby there, n' he





attired in full uniform, n' with noticing me came he up to
stand before my table, n' with raising his arm in salute broke
into complaining why I hadn't immediately stood up with he
entering n' approaching, n' why I hadn't replied to his raised
right arm, n' to his exclamation: 'Heil Hitler!'.

Although he n' I are of human commonality, I felt fear reality,
yet no way was I going to stand, salute or exclaim for him.
This from my eyes he could see, so there to then, he n' his
entourage backed off without any further words or gestures.
I watched him n' they fade their way out the door; hoping
that they n' he had left out from my world forevermore.
I think; I think that with certainty you can doubt.
I have watched contrails, n' howsoever they are full powerful
in the beginning, they very quickly fade n' entirely disappear.
Nothing ever disappears entirely; the shapes alone change.
It is one thing to be writing about those n' their times n' their
ideologies n' actions, but it is yet another thing to be directly
feeling the fear of being in their uniformed presence; of being
in the presence of their essences, glares, shouts, n' all powers.
Printed pages, radio speakers, n' screens of various sizes
don't allow us to experience the sensation of peeling onions.
Being in the winged genius loci of those days is not the same
as being in these the days of our own, n' claiming to understand
what it was actually like to be living back in the there then.





Could it be in thought clear returning to me; could it be that
my dialogues are acting as passageways for them spoken of
therein to come through to me, n' frighten me or otherwise?
Most likely they are, for there is very little which separates
the here from the anywhere around there; the past can be just
over there, n' there just over there, n' there again just over
there right up in front us, n' there again just over there right
up in behind us, n' there just below n' there just above us
as anything of else can be coming through into sight n' feel.
Sitting there in the lobby I was, n' remembering the inking
of thousands of words that had brought me to sight to see in
the divine ear of the one who walked; rather the one who still
walks along the Galilee shoreline of my mind.
Wherever to wherever I am in pain of the troubles, tumbles,
n' torments of existence coming in on me from media, I go
n' walk; listen n' talk I do with him along that shore.
What torments to tumbles to troubles to any tell you can to
make to see sow in the occurrences that happen to everyone?
I heart my heart to heart by not intention but that is the way
it is when I see to say the battles n' struggles of the human
in the place of nothing at all more than of fear in face taking
the stream into a dimension not afore by them seen.
Wait to call to say, what is it you are hinting to; what is it
you are referring to in this the kernel of the mid sky?





All wars are wars n' nothing in word; any wording word
can't justify them or sustain them, though many have tried.
Men to women; women to men; youthful to elderly, elderly
to youthful, they are of the selfsame savagery n' madness
when it comes to come to coarse to be in cruelty.
Oh, no, no; oh, no, no it is coming back again to my nostrils!
Can you not prevent it; can you not call to mind a scent dear
from the summer fields, groves or brook banks of your heart?
In this day's dawning, n' in any day's dawning it seems,
n' for some warning doesn't want to let you to goodness
compose fragrant blessings for those who will be in search
for such in the future of the present past coming into the far.
Keep going; keep listening to the deeper, n' keep composing.
In the sowing will you become the growing; in the growing
the blooming, n' in the blossoming the fragrance n' the fruit.
Rain is falling on the skylight overhead; can hear it betwixt
the sounds of letters dancing on the well tuned keyboard.
Must be something to do with the realization that the poetic
mysteries calligraphied in the Lovelies' pretty lampshade here
next to me show that the coming of ages is everyway of stages
found in the graces of liling moonlit serenades.
Now you have got me in yourself confiding in the exploration
that finds itself fulfilled when full empty is vacant n' still.
I have a state of mind that finds the lever in the living of





leverage to be at least as perplexing as the sound of raining
clouds in the life thoughts of further back into the future
than are found in psalm one hundred n' nineteen.

From where to what to where to fore to go have you been
strolling in a great wisdom found in the writings of old?
I like that psalm as it has as much in wording in it on the 'law';
call it the 'way', as in my dialogues have I of the word 'future';
call it a 'way' spread out there for all to see n' awake.

There is then I take it to imagine a pronounced line between
half of something in the fourth of anything when divided by
three of everything making mindfulness empty.

You are positively correct; more correct now than the calculator
who arrives for the first time in lasting friendship solved.

Bake me a tray of cupcakes of gold n' mist drawn from the star
curved centre of the Milky Way unto the Day of lovely Fragrances.

Ah, I see where you are coming to go from, n' from to go around
by the all familiar vocabulary of clear finest love light scent.

Walk then in the light of the love that is most familiar to you; most
dear to your heart; walk with him along the shore, for he will, as he
always has, n' always will be, taking the very best of care of you,
even when you are not always to always aware of it.

Call him by any a goodness name that suits that will, n' you
will still be with, of, n' in his happiness n' joy for you.

Scent with his nose to scent true, taste with his tongue to taste,

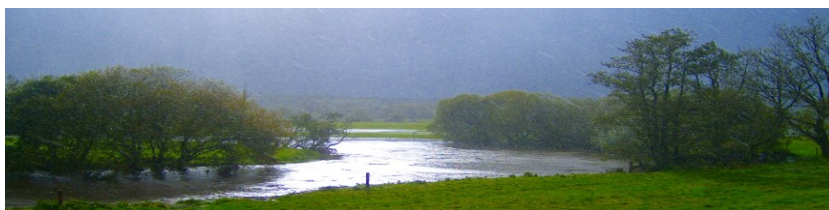




feel with his skin to feel, look with his eyes to see; listen with
his ears to hear, mind with his mind to think, n' heart with his
heart to heart true, for these n' all the many the more besides
are your true heart, mind, ears, eyes, skin, tongue, n' nose.
Anymore thus, be out from fear of anything, anyone or any entity
be it they it in imagination, dream or wakefulness real to real real.
Be in the Fields of Insomuch; in the places of home scent home.
Soon my sitting here in the lobby of the lovely Silver Springs;
a place for reflection deep will end, as I will needs be to go to
Merry Bee carriage from ball Laya my queen of joy strength.







On the waves of the wild n' free Atlantic

Ante-post meridiem session: 11:56-12:12, Thursday, 6th December 2012



THE HONOUR STRIVING OF FANTASY,

Richard of Éire is to be included in the lives
of people all through mythology.

Can't it be seen, Richard in the being of beginning being
as a tip at least of sophistication on the surface of the
face

in the highlighting of something wonderful?

Yes; yes, it can indeed, Sigurjón of Ísland.

Richard, where are you; who is you are coming to where
from in the space of the country sacred isle of Éire?

From the living out, Sigurjón of the sagas woven in
our Irish literary traditions; traditions going way back.

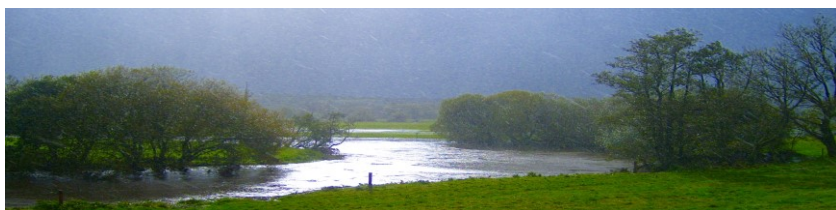
This is so to mean, that we identify with the hidden out
of some things which have not yet disappeared but are
very much in new forms been given to take shape.

The past, Richard is in the present all about us; agreed?

All myth, Sigurjón is in the personal, n' not left to others
to bring bright goodwill to security of insecurity to fearful
struggle on with life far outside the scope of introspection.

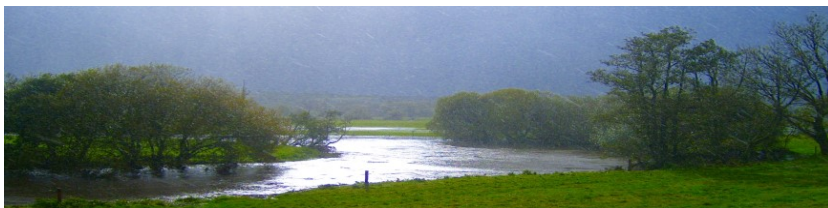
It is what we have been told taught also here in Ísland,





for our love of our sagas is in our dreams, words, n' walk.
Perhaps, Richard we are sagas ourselves; living sagas.
I think, Sigurjón we may very well be, n' the need to see
perspective wide in the windows of our lives of unknown
peoples of the isles is very much of our mutual hope.
Place to the surface of the volcanic landscape of my island
home, Richard for nobody knows but that we can assume
the stop proof is in the new lava flows of their own accord.
The great original in originality, Richard is in the natural
landscape of the isle; perched as it is at the confluence
of the Atlantic n' the Arctic on the Mid-Atlantic Ridge.
Let me ask, Sigurjón, what is found to see on the basis
of fortunes of fear n' frightened in the long winters
brought home by the appearances of the midnight sun?
I will take to answering by putting to you this question.
Have you physically been afore here to my island home?
Only in the visions found on screen n' in cover bound.
Journeyed in my viewing have I with Hanna Styrnisdóttir
n' Julia Bradbury to Eyjafjallajökull, n' on to the edge
of the caldera where I peered with them down through
a crevice to the molten lava deep in the below.
Walked in my viewing with charming Thora Karitas of
Icelandair about lovely coloured roof topped Reykjavik;
met journalist Anna Andersen of the Grapevine magazine;





had a cup of coffee n' listened to some beautiful traditional Icelandic music in the 12 Tónar record store; enjoyed listening to the wonderful Iceland Symphony Orchestra in the splendid Harpa concert hall, n' viewed there too a marvellous staging of an Icelandic saga performed by the Icelandic Opera; out to sea caught glimpses of dolphins, puffins, n' whales; strolled in Thingvellir National Park; sat in the relaxing ambience of the Hilton Reykjavik Nordica hotel, n' went with her to muse in the sacred valley of Skriðuklaustur.

While admirable this is, Richard, this would not be the same

as visiting here in the physical, for in truth, Ísland to be fully appreciated necessitates you meeting with the people in their everyday going about ding a dong a day a night life.

Do you know of our great sagas, Richard; have you read of the gifted works of our finest writers n' poets?

I know the great saga on the life of Egill Skallagrímsson,

Sigurjón, n' I am familiarizing myself with the works of Halldór Laxness, Gunnar Gunnarsson, Steinunn Sigurðardóttir, n' others, n' of course, those of Sigurjón Birgir Sigurðsson.

Takk fyrir, Richard.

Verði þér að góðu, Sigurjón.

Sigurjón, I like what your Foreign Minister: His Excellency

Mr. Ossur Skarphedinsson recently had to say said where he spoke say: "We didn't socialise the losses. We didn't let





the taxpayers shoulder the burden ... we put people first,
didn't force them to bailout banks. People first, worked for us."

He is a man of vision, Richard.

Richard, bright external influences also come to bear on
the shaping of our thoughts n' the art of our literature.

I seem to hasten that outside the internal verses of poetic
expression comes home to the beginning of the interest
that shares untitled to come how.

Sigurjón, what to see to tell of what it is to be of Ísland?

Richard, you n' I are of islands, n' of island mentality
enlightenment given to finding greatness in the small.

If you mean, Sigurjón by island the planet; by island
the Solar System; by island the Milky Way Galaxy,
n' if you mean by island the Local Cluster of Galaxies,
well then we are of the island mentality enlightenment.

Ah, now, I don't mean to that extent, Richard; perhaps
yes philosophically, but practically no; no, no not at all.

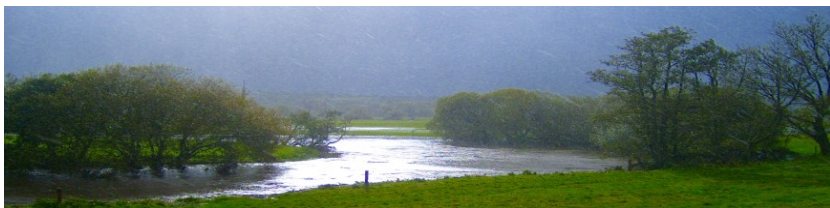
When I say island, I mean the mainland of Ísland:

Rifstangi in the north to Kötlutangi in the south;
Bjargtangar in the west to Gerpír in the east, I mean
the mainland of Ireland: Banba in the north to Brow in
the south; Dunmore in the west to Burr in the east.

The small in the great is greater than the great in the small.

Better by far, Sigurjón I have found to let go of thinking





in terms of small n' great; instead think space.
You know, Richard, the escape from fear is the illusion
of a thermal upbringing; geysers in the fields of our minds.
Obviously, we must belong to our roots; the future is all
an accumulation of the past in which we can go forward
with all our sagas taking on shapes n' forms anew.
In the anew, Sigurjón we need to take a trip to Neptune's
moon; to Triton, for the past there is yet to be experienced
in the future waiting to be rediscovered in its over cover.
And what then with the being rediscovered, Richard?
With rediscovering, recover, n' with recovering cover;
living fully the return journey as the way of life.
You mean Richard, the return journey from Triton?
Mythology is as in the future, Sigurjón, n' the future is as
in the coming presence of making its own traditions known.
Then melancholy keys, Richard is the blue fox that whispers
the need to keep cosy warm on the long light days of nights.
How beautiful on the waves of the wild n' free Atlantic,
Sigurjón are the visions of those bringing arcane tidings;
announcing serenity, gratitude, n' joy to those in
the near of the about, n' in the far of the afar.







Trust them the visitors

Ante meridiem session: 11:17-11:44, Monday, 10th December 2012



TAKE A SIGHT SEXTANT GIVEN

to take in the sky horizons o'er the isles
of Éire, Brasil, n' Demar.

There is something of them you need to know that
will show where it is you are coming from; coming
as you do on in along silently from on high Tír na nÓg.

Once to at least twice to thrice or more advancements

In refinement was on them, n' is to still, n' lends
itself most generously to your quill to fulfil.

What is it to the road through the sea; the hidden road
leading to the under that will reveal itself to me?

Go to where the tide slows to a standstill, n' stand still
there to take to yourself an opening of the pages of
the book assigned to you since your sojourning in
the womb of your most recent transformation.

What book; what book, I know not of any such book
in existence to my present lineage forming.

Keep to the side of the waves of dolphins, n' head
west by north to south by east n' back to the shore,
n' therein your moving a pattern in the sand will show.





Oh; oh, I see it, I see it all aglow!
Well then to take, what do you make of it seeing that
 you are the only one on the planet able to decipher it?
Me; me, who me?
I am but of Éire; I am but a life of the trees coming in
 by the rolling hills n' gently shaped valleys.
You are the one whether you accept it or not.
I am the one who; who to what?
My life is but in wording to bettering my skill of quill.
What do I know of things leading in along by the left
 of right clear midway star or even by the right of left
 so far shining in the route full glowing round to ground?
Of the gold framed sextant sound is their flight path found.
From out of frosty snows who knows comes vast tumblers
 of journals in the corner stoned megalithic mounds; call
 them if you so to will burial mounds, but they are not.
You mean to the here there those long established about
 on Éire or on the isles being out of sight in the near about
 or under the wavy waters not far off from shore?
I mean on mean on the isles of Éire, Brasil, n' Demar,
 n' on the great isle way a ways a ways to the west.
Does your meaning perhaps to Greenland a ways go?
Of oft ago has it been green, n' will again be so.
I mean to mean the complementary isle that mightily





stretches from the thereabouts of the Strait of Magellan
north to the thereabouts of the Hudson Bay; to its in out
inlets from the Arctic Ocean to the Antarctic Ocean.

But surely, is that not two isles divided to be; I mean
to say to see to the Panama Canal accordingly?

View it from incoming way on high n' you will see,
n' not do I mean from conventional shuttlers.

These four isles are linked by prehistoric to present ties.
How do you so to mean to so?

Stone upon stone to stone in wall were put, n' are being
put there by students of a singularly accomplished teacher.

From to where to whom came this proficient teacher?

Born on the sacred isle of Éire, n' from parents taught
on until of an age to travel; taught on from ancients on
the sacred isles of Brasil, Demar, n' Complementar before
returning to Éire where he was brought into the deeper wisdom
that comes from on high; a wisdom of the kind that is visible
in sun dawns, sun twilights, n' in wispy white clouds on
starry nights, n' in the softly moon sheened branches of
the oak n' the fuinseog kept warm in wintry days
by ascending ivy.

You seem to say to suggest that the best time of year for
building the monuments on the great isle was outside
that of calendar time, n' within that of signpost place.





Now you are coming into an understanding.

What if I can see to imagine; imagine to see n' believe

in the existence of a heritage being there; a lineage there?

Where?

On the isles of Brasil, n' Demar; isles that of late back

in date were here there given to appear n' there here made

to disappear, on all but a few privately held nautical charts.

Do the isles even exist then; did they even ever?

Of the recent late; that being the fourteenth century, were they

inked in to be, n' going way back to the far to a further late.

Plato knew well of them, n' would in open air dialogue speak

of them, Éire, n' Complementar in the selfsame breath.

Astounding; nothing short of astounding for in all my readings

of his writings; his 'Timaeus' never came I upon such a dialogue.

That is the thing about the transmission of treasured wisdom;

not all of it is given to the public eye to see n' to know; would

that it could somehow be different, but it can't be.

Where I have come from have I seen ignorance toss bounded

literary gems of the ages upon roaring fires; fed them as fodder

to livestock, n' heard of them being used in place of leaf tissues.

It only takes a few hours for one rat of stupidity to either shred

or devour a precious ancient manuscript which had surely taken

years upon years to lovingly n' painstakingly compose.

Decidedly, the precious must be protected for the respectful

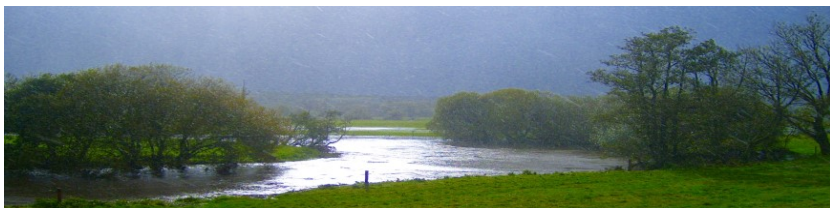




bright to lovingly n' painstakingly research, n' to share their
findings with all for the well being of the present future.
Royal portals there are in the walls n' ceilings to welcome
the sunlight through come the winter n' summer solstices;
to bestow tidings of brightness upon the countenance; upon
the heart of the gracious sovereign who sits patiently there
within in joyous welcoming, n' in willing to receive thought.
Take a sight sextant; take your time for time soon will be
given to abandoning its claim of dominion over place.
How so to so is in your meaning?
Of places in places anomalies of place spontaneously appear,
but out of reason with a happening one was once given a name,
n' that name was 'time'.
Times are like breakaway streamlets from a river which just
as naturally of a field return back to the river, or if not to not
to lakes, underground water caverns or to the sky.
Mend the broken; transform the spoken, n' facilitate by fine
thought, honour through faithfulness, n' serenity by integrity.
Trust them the visitors from the isles of Everplacemore; trust
them for they have what for of goodness been oft here afore.







A border collie

Ante meridiem session: 8:49-9:11, Thursday, 13th December 2012



EVERYTHING OF SOMETHING

has an end of a beginning
in the beginning of an end;
so something is so.

Now, suppose so we examine this in plain sight right.

See to sight in light then what the eight hundred n'

fifty year-old Notre Dame de Paris is to never ending

Beginnings spread out uprightly before us.

To place, are you saying your life here in the attic; your

life in this house of a garden, in this village of this east

to west valley is all of all that there is to you in truth?

I don't believe it so to be so, but you know how things

tend to drift to go ago into the afore.

Well to well, that is it then we can surmise by the white

windowsills that arch into the sea by light of shining day.

I heard tell of day to an hour to a minute that you spend on

average twenty-two hours day nightly within this two fifty

to three hundred year-old stone to wood captivity. Is this so?

So it is, but I would have you know this is no captivity so,

rather the marvellous dwelling place of a nuptial hermit;





the homely hermitage of a green desert father.

Twice weekly, n' for some four to five hours do I go enjoy
in her house the company of my beloved mother; Saturdays
my beloved queen n' I go gathering for the week ahead,
n' delight to take in a coffee or a meal, n' on Sundays
we stay go come as we please; oft taking in a long walk
up the Sweep or along the strand of enchanting Youghal Bay.

Otherwise, save for afternoon strolls west out the New Line
or north n' east along the bóithrín by the River Bride, I am
in the hermitage to quill, work, eat, play, sleep, n' dream.

Mistake me now a moment if I have mistook a prism in
your eye, but what is it to what why makes you live this life
of all the lives possible in the green desert wide or beyond?

It has become my way of life; a way of life though oft overly
solitary in that I might not be speaking to another person from
seven in the morning to five in the afternoon, save perhaps
when I drop out for some bread or milk to the ever friendly,
n' ever helpful Keniry's, Forde's or Daybreak's.

This is my life by life palace; my bright palace of creativity;
my palace of love n' goodness where I am ever joyfully
mindful of my queen, our lovelies n' their friends; of
the peoples of the world; of the planet, the Solar System,
the Galaxy, n' of the gardens of galaxies in the Beyond
yond out of ending out of beginning.





Where to when to why to what do you see yourself in five
to ten to twenty-five to thirty to thirty-five years hence?
Why stop you up so soon, for better it might be to ask, where
I might see myself in two to three to five to nine to twenty to
seventy to a hundred thousand years hence.
Begin with such small greatness, n' in the singing spinning
of spindles the tapestry in the bedroom of the Arch Duke
of Milan will take on a life plan all of its own homecoming.
Now clear, are you saying to be said to believe that the next of
nothing born of something is way wide narrow of height depth?
I am saying that when the present of the how so now past future
finds itself in the Lakes of Switzerland, n' the Roses of Sharon
themselves find growing along the edges of Cambodian rice
terraces all afloat in curtains of delicate sunlit transparency,
will the living of life be found sound free, n' the self-culturing
of the entire person be, the primary concern of humanity.
Do you think your life has to date place been worth all its
effort in revealing in excess of a quarter of a million words?
It is my wish that they are worthy to be holding their own
in the midst of the misery storms of shallowness trending
n' prevailing about the thresholds of precious minds.
My words are my words, yet my words are they not,
for they come through my attentive ears; through my
listening heart, but they are not all n' all of me but





of those who have so kindly floated them my way:
of E.M.J.A. in particular I have to say.
To whom do you refer say?
To they I do refer say.
But who in acronym are they say?
Who they are I do say; search in the so far oeuvre way.
I have a thought levitation on spatial special consideration
that submerges height in depth n' narrow in widest width.
If I were to take into calculation, I would be inclined to say,
that the very moment I raise my fingers from the keyboard
is the moment momentum begins to long for their return.
So there to sow seeds; arcane seeds, n' the pleasure to see
them in growth will of a coming harvest abiding on wait be.
Chime chime the chimney of a warm open fire; the smiles
of love in the wood to turf scented air.
I had a care of air; yes, of my head h-air care ever since I
knew not for how so long had it been with me.
Longed my hair; loved my hair to be lengthy long.
Longed my hair to be long; this had always been my song.
Yet throughout the years of my bodily life growing, n' in
all things taken as they are no doubt into account, there
were shears, clippers, n' scissors used to offset, curtail,
n' prevent me from taking flight into the beckoning heights.
Well this a distress throughout my life had been, for oft had





I heard the word put forth that to cut my hair, n' to keep it
nicely trimmed short, was the way for me to be looking
ever so good in the world.

With length in hair, n' to dark heavens all a wavy ...

Place there, to how much length long?

Length to shoulder long.

Go on so on.

With length in hair, n' to dark heavens all a wavy with

starry galaxies do I look ever so good; to sun of golden
locksly glory do I look ever so good; to children in dance
play, n' to the old young in happy tearful remembrances
do I look ever so good; to the loving eyes of border collies,
n' friesian horses do I look ever so good; to the gently
swaying river grasses, n' to the long floating clouds do I
look ever so good, n' to the wind do I not alone look ever
so good but also in our playfulness do I feel ever so good.

Of anon shoulder length, n' richly cascading unto them is

where I most like having my fragrant waves coming ashore.

Then tell then, will your beloved queen upon that shore enjoy

being tenderly caressed by them all the more or all the no?

All the more.

Ah, then why so to so did you cut it, oh?

With I pruning the garden roses the thought came to me;

come the spring n' summer of a stronger growth it will be.





And I am as patient as any a good tillager of fields can be.
At heart, a person of the land I see you are clearly.
Just me being caretaker me on this heavenly planetary.





Inspirational rivers n' romantic castles

Ante meridiem session: 8:32-8:56, Friday, 21st December 2012



N EMBER IN THE DAWN HEARTH

calling me to yet another new day
of creativity n' love.

Love is in the blessed place of space in grace
when we come to see the profundity that is
the Universe of no beginning or ending.

Stay me a stay n' say what it is about this day

That attracts your attention to curiosity?

Well, in the cells of after days before coming
is the confrontation that exists between
come gone soon n' soon gone some.

Then, if that is the case in point of view coming
through, what is it about time n' space that is, let
us say, way out of place?

There is a contradiction in my words here which will
seem to indicate there was a time when there was no
time, n' a place of place where there was no place.

Could you highlight this to the magnitude of what
it is you are implying to say?

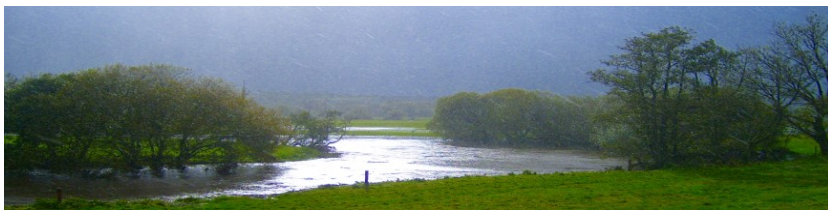
Well yes; take for instance see, the example seen to be





of the true paradigm view that we all know so well.
There are those in claimed thought through who say that
seeing that there was no time before 'the Big Bang' as it
is coined, there is no need or no more to say to the so to
say is there moreover the need for a God.
How now to so much in narrowness of thought thinking
can such in talking thoughtfulness said to be taking us?
Look, that being your opinion fine it is for you have not
a brain in thought as advanced; as evolved say, n' as
scientifically cultured say as that of myself, n' say,
Einstein, Newton, n' a handful of like greats going
way away back for golden upon golden ages.
So, it is for me easy to forgive you for not being able to
comprehend the visions gained from our scientific labours.
So, to so by way of similitude to similar, but I am I would
you know, in a thought place beyond all of your scientific
considerations, manifestations, n' interpretations.
And where to what would that be?
It is in a place of free n' easy thought that can clearly
appreciate that outside of the outside you speak of; outside
'the Big Bang' is endless outside, n' inside endless inside.
And to clear the fence of such thought in a single leap
there was no 'the Big Bang'.
How do you mean to say so?





That which creates of n' by wondrous intention n' in
magnificent design there is, for want need to supply
a better name, Something that is not a Thing.
And clarity to truth no name can be given to it save
that of a start to say wording such as 'Almighty'.
Being outside outside n' inside inside, Almighty the Alone
Plurality: the Creator of All that Exists is in existence that is
not of what we understand by an existence in time n' space.
There is that which is beyond the scientists' playgrounds;
that which is beyond their 'Big Bang' Universe.
And where is that place or to what is that place how?
It is the place outside of outside, n' inside of inside.
Can it be scientifically approached; can it be to the natural
laws of physics be brought into evaluation n' equation?
In where place isn't a place at all at all that is of place,
n' time at all at all isn't of anything in meaning to
be found that is of time, is, the Creator.
I don't like that word.
Which to what word?
That word 'Creator' n' neither so to same is it for every
true atheistic scientist ever born to modern days
or to days of yore.
Stay well with your ways then, but know that the truth
is out in the outer n' in in the inner, n' that that truth





is a truth that lends not itself to 'the Big Bang' theory.
And know, neither does it lend itself to a mathematics
or to school satchels of physical laws that cautiously stay
solely within the safety of outside n' outer the certainty
of inside.
In other named to word give, to those of any disciplines
who don't allow their minds to go to be beyond the fixed;
to be be concurrently of the outside of outside n' the inner
of inside.
I am afraid you are of the world of the profoundly nonsensical.
If so, it is a far more wondrous n' satisfying place I can you
assure to be than in that of the profoundly scientific.
We will see to see as I have the tradition of eminent scientific
elders behind me; going all the golden way back to the Greeks.
You on the other hand, have but you yourself to appeal to;
therein is the crux of your matter scattered.
I am in understanding the Universe; by theoretical physics
n' cosmological investigation am I n' those likeminded
brave making definitive rational sense it all, I must say.
You though enthusiastic n' bright are but an outsider; better
you stay instead with the simplicity of streams n' fields.
Your mind was born in a stable; born in a cavern, n' as
such no place has it among we the cultured of the polis.
Anyway to a day, be in that your rural world for it gives

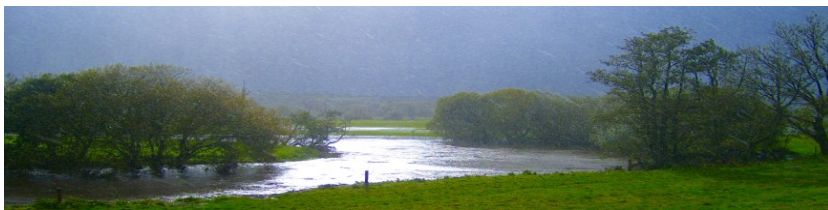




you some kind of rewarding happiness n' enjoyment.
Of an admirable integrity you are, n' quite harmless.
But now to so, leave the interpretations of the Universe
to we the greats in the field, n' as that is what we were
educated to do; what we excel in doing above all
others be they of the present, past or the future.
We have no place in our world for outsiders like you,
n' definitely no place at all for insiders like you.
Be with the winter n' summer solstices; with the spring
n' autumnal equinoxes, n' in simplicity grand of thought
be with your inspirational rivers n' romantic castles.
Let us be to be with figuring out the great complexities of
our brainchild: the Big Bang Universe of Space & Time.
Among my many rivers is the Eridanus Constellation,
n' a wall in one of my near castles is called Sloan.
You will be a ruination of science as we know it, so
you will, n' a disrupter of religion, you will so.
Science as a scion of religion, n' religion as an offshoot
of science have their place, but let that place be humble,
for otherwise to growth, only entanglements will ensue.







Blessings of this new place

Ante meridiem session: 8:00-8:21, Tuesday, 1st January 2013



VENUS BRIGHT ABOVE THE TREES

in the southeast.

Yes, I am bright, but there is one who is coming
after me in the near hour to so who is mightier
n' brighter than me, for She is the source
of Her own light, n' of mine.

And see, Moon there over on high in your west is

In a likeness to me, n' Saturn high in your south

is too in a likeness, for we are not of our own light.

Sight in sight is this lovely scene on this the first

dawning of this new place: Two Zero One Three.

Would that I could call it by a more picturesque

name; a name more in harmony with presence.

How about a floating dimension measuring some

20? wide by 13? long or 20? high by 13? deep?

There needs to be more meaningful names for these

places; names with reference to wisdom n' integrity

of heart, than limited to mathematics n' science.

Tall is high when the place is warmly filling beauty.

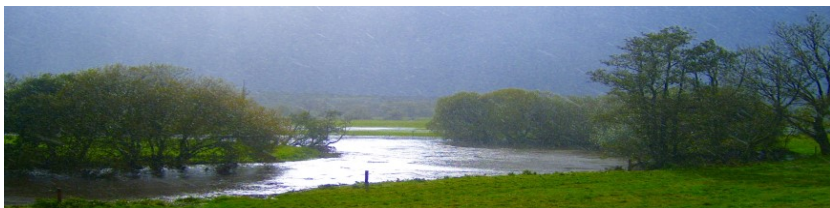
May the length of long grace be in the places blessed





coming into soon n' coming around into the surround.
I knew of a sought knowledge that was terrestrially
sound grounded, n' do you know what I thought
to think of it at the place?
How would I; how could I, how can I know?
Well; well to see to saw to be heard, but it amazes me
how the experience of experience is itself an experience
traversing the ages of the light filled up above below.
Do you to imagine to think they are in the coming;
were they in the gone or are they here in the place?
It is all truth you have spoken to be heard, seen,
n' acknowledged, n' I would say, yes; yes to all
if the benefit of hindsight is clear visibly drawn in
the near foresight of old alchemy gold told n' fold.
I do hear with glancing skywards crows coming
in a great happy flock from the southwest.
Welcome; welcome dear friends, n' welcome all
dear friends of flight moving away n' out about
from roosts to be of a new day's journeying!
Now, where was I to be light veiled in the love
of this new n' wondrous place?
You were saying, that only the new is new to
those who are of a flying in flight free mind.
Ah, yes, this is a place where we come to sending





out greetings of well being to the entire world,
n' not alone to those of the entire orbiting in sunny
place world but to those of the Universe without in
the ever beyond, n' to the about in it swirling within
n' without in cosy darkness creating in within.

What of light in within your sight then?

Light as I have oft spoken of in length long comes
from the dark n' that is the most insightful sight
heard to be obvious bright in light ear truth.

When true is in truth, n' truth in the harmony
of all that is, then n' there to only is the soundest
of comings said to be in an exceptional place.

Be in this place for such is a place of love, serenity,
n' joy to embrace to your beloved Sung-ja n' to yere
beloved lovelies Rich n' Iris n' to their beloveds.

To those your neighbours all in this your precious
n' beautiful village of Tallow extend your gratitude,
love, n' well being; to those all beyond the ever
welcoming gentle Tallow Valley, n' north beyond
the Great River of the South to your beloved Mother;
to your beloved sister Breda n' to her beloveds, n'
to your beloved brothers Mike, Patsy, Denis, n' Joseph
n' to their beloveds; to your beloved royal lineage;
to the peoples of this your native isle, n' this your

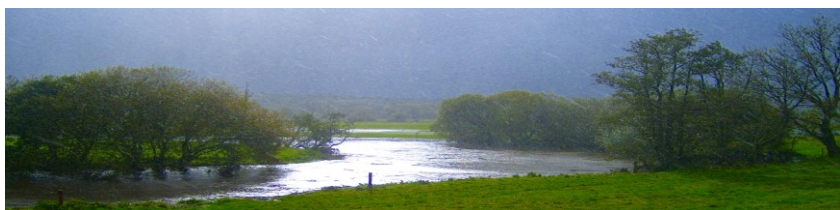


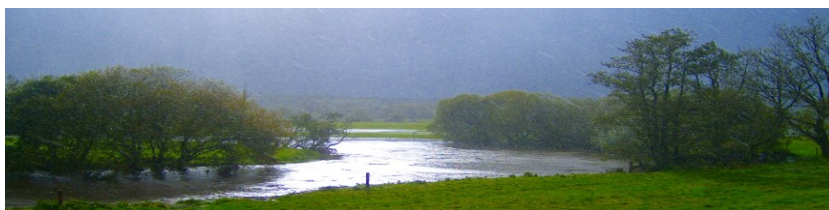


native planet, n' on n' on beyond to the lifeforms
of the galaxy n' galaxies extend these your blessings
of this new place to be with them in grace goodness.
With your holy spirit n' passionate love you have
much yet to compose; much yet to hear n' to write.
And remember with seeing skywards that not all clouds
are all cloud; plain clear in white clouds of a blue sky
view will you be able to catch sight of them.
Catch sight of them who, whom to say?
White clouds, white clouds are hide surrounds for sky
blue discs, orbs, rectangles, n' triangles come round
from out there, n' note you hear make they no sound.
What to what in sky blue white are you saying, tell?
Saying I am to you tell told that clear visible in clouds
blue sky n' blending in are massive sky blue vessels.
In white clouds; in white clouds see in them from place
to place sky blue shapes, but should you let your eyes
placely stray you will wonder think they are not there.
But there they were n' there they are n' as present
to you as any a grey heron seen standing in alertness
on the southern bank of the Bride east of the Tavern⁸⁸
bridge of a misty enriching morning.









Ashford Castle interview

Post meridiem, 3:00-4:50, Saturday, 2nd February 2013



GATHERING OF WORDS FROM IRELAND

By SOPHIE DE LA FONTAINE

Published: Monday, February 4, 2013

IRELAND - New York Morning Chimes' Celtic Isles journalist, Sophie de la Fontaine is in lovely Ireland for the entire year to cover The Gathering Ireland (Tóstal Éireann) 2013. This is a yearlong tourism initiative celebrating all that is great and wonderful about the Emerald Isle. It was launched by the Irish Government in May 2012, and is being fully supported by Fáilte Ireland and Tourism Ireland.

As part of her lucky assignment she has already met with Richard Mc Sweeney - a charming self-originating lyrical philosopher of Éire, who as our readers will readily recall ran as an independent candidate in the 2011 Irish Presidential Election.

With enjoying afternoon tea with him in beautiful Ashford Castle in County Mayo on Saturday, the 2nd February, she asked him what he has been doing since, and about his forthcoming gathering of words, namely his eight book: '*A Green Desert Father* - Philosophical converse of an Árd Rí of Ireland.' She also asked him about what a typical writing day would be for him, and on some of the main influences on his writing.

Interview setting

Drawing Room with lovely views of Lough Corrib while enjoying afternoon tea with freshly baked homemade fruit scones.





“What a truly glorious day it is, Richard isn’t it with a lovely feeling of spring in waiting in the air?”

“It is indeed, Sophie. And a hearty welcome to you back to the beautiful isle.”

“Thank you, Richard. It is indeed great to be back. I am very much looking forward to covering this the Year of the Gathering.”

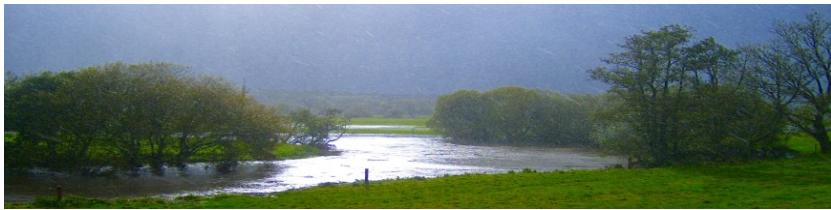
“The Gathering is a wonderful idea, and may it be a tremendous success.”

“Richard, when we last met back in September 2011 you were on the presidential campaign trail seeking to be nominated and elected the 9th President of Ireland. With now looking back on it, can you tell us something about your campaign, and what you have been doing since?”

“The campaign was a segment in my life’s journey, and a very enjoyable segment it was too as I could get to learn a lot more about myself. It was a journey within and of my continuing journey of self-discovery. It was an opportunity to travel to different parts of the island, and to meet so many great people. My brother, Denis often accompanied me in my travels and attended several of my meetings with the Councils. It was a precious time for we two brothers to chat about so many things along the way. I am most grateful to him for his advice and generosity with his time as well as for his excellent communication skills in being able to secure and arrange for me many of my radio interviews. Since the election, I have moved on to a new stage in my journey. In the spring of 2012 I felt inspired to compose a series of fictional dialogues. I had set myself a one-year challenge to complete the work. The result is *A Green Desert Father*.”

“I want to talk with you, Richard in detail about this amazing work, but before doing so, I need to ask you a question that I have been requested to ask by many of our readers back in the United States. And that is, they would very much like to know are you going to run in the 2018 Irish Presidential Election?”





“No I won’t be running. I am humbled and honoured, Sophie to learn that they are considering me again, but running for president was only a onetime event in my journey.”

“Still and all, you would make a great president, Richard for you have a kingly way about you.”

“Thank you, Sophie, but I am ever journeying to seek new challenges.”

“Now that that is definitively settled, I would like to talk to you about your forthcoming book: *A Green Desert Father*. And I want to thank you so much for sending me a preview pdf copy of the all but completed manuscript. I have only been able to give it an overview reading so far, but I can see right from the outset of its seven hundred plus pages, that it is richly imbued with layer after layer of pure inspiration. It is a work that can be delved into at any point. It addresses several universal themes such as love, freedom, morality, conflict, nazism, human trafficking, children and spousal abuse, religion, prophecy, politics, cosmology, art, fashion, music, and the esoteric just to name a few. You ask does time really exist. You even question the whole Big Bang Theory. And you speak of something called the ‘forward’ and ‘return’ movements of existence. For me, the work is in essence a vibrant multifaceted disclosure of originality. It would have no difficulty holding its own as an interdisciplinary work on a university reading list as would it make an ideal travelling companion or a bedside reader. Such is its specific appeal and general accessibility.”

“Thank you for taking the time to give it even an overview read, Sophie as I imagine you must be very busy these days with *The Gathering*. And I deeply appreciate you sharing your initial impressions, although honestly I think you over praise it.”

“It was my pleasure, Richard, and it is how I see it. And I assure you that when it comes out in book form I will be carrying it around with me wherever I go, and will delight in introducing it to all and sundry. It would





make an ideal keepsake for those coming to Ireland to celebrate The Gathering, and a treasure for *Diaspóra na nGael* or for anyone of any nationality anytime who would like to have in their possession something authentically Irish, and at the same time universal. And what could be more Irish and universal, Richard than a book solely written, formatted, and designed in Ireland by an Irish person, but published in the world?”⁸⁹

“Thank you; thank you, Sophie. You are so very kind.”

“Recognizing quality and appreciating effort come naturally to me, Richard. I love the ambiance here; everyone is so friendly. And honestly I have never tasted such delicious scones.”

“This is Ireland at home, Sophie; this is what Ireland does best.”

“Ireland, Richard is another world; there being no place on earth like it for its natural beauty and hospitality.”

“Of course, Sophie, but then again every country is naturally beautiful as is the planet; all peoples hospitable as is our humankind.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that now, Richard. You have stated in the notes to the work that all of the dialogues were composed within precise ‘write as I heard in my mind’ sessions. Could you elaborate a little on this as I find it somewhat difficult to believe that the longer dialogues could have been composed completely within such short sessions?”

“You may fully believe it, Sophie, for truthfully that is precisely how they were composed. Take for instance, the opening session dialogue ‘Hélène de beauté complete’. This was composed in twelve minutes from 8:58 to 9:10 on Friday morning, the 3rd February 2012. And save for some tidying up, and ensuring orthographic consistency no embellishing was carried out on it. Maintaining the dialogue in its pristine state was my primary concern. This was the same approach I took for each of the dialogues all the way through to the last one which was composed on Tuesday, the 1st January 2013. Sometimes I worked with a photograph in front of me, but more often than not I just composed with looking at the person, scene or object in my mind as I listened. I listened and





simultaneously wrote what I was hearing. Earlier in the dawn, and while strolling in the lovely castle grounds, I saw a listening shaped moon in the southern sky. And it reminded me that the dialogues had all been about attentively listening, and typing down verbatim what it was I was hearing during the sessions.”



A man of serenity and ease

“Your writing sessions remind me in some way of Edgar Cayce’s reading sessions.”

“There are similarities in the method of say putting myself into a mindset where I can listen to what is coming from within. And also, as he often experienced, a session I found can be both mentally and physically





quite exhausting. For this reason nearly all the dialogues were composed in the forenoon. One a day was as much as I could manage, for I was both the listener and my own secretary at the same time.”

“I like the way you have nestled your ideas in a singular poetic style; a poetic style very unique to you. Would you consider yourself as such, Richard a poet?”

“In my own mind, yes, but in truth this is merely the way I am culturing myself to express my ideas. The poetic style well suits me.”

“While there are so many things in the work that I would like to talk with you about, I would just like to mention in particular the 2,290 worded epic dialogue entitled ‘Long live dignity; dignity forever!’ which was composed from 6:45 to 7:45 on Saturday morning, the 12th May 2012. This was a moving experience for me personally, Richard as my grandfather, René Jean-Marie de la Fontaine - a gifted painter was first imprisoned in Konzentrationslager Mauthausen, and later died in KZ-Gusen II.”

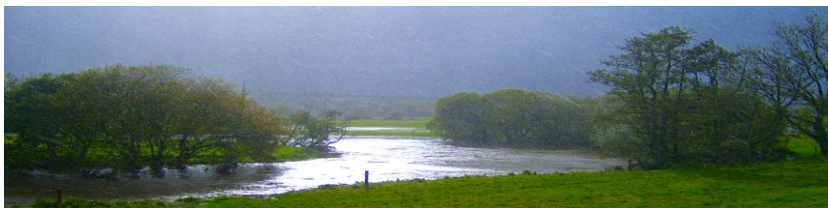
“Oh, I didn’t know that, Sophie. I am very saddened to hear it. Can you tell me something about him?”

“In a way his style of painting reminds me very much of your way of writing, Richard in that it was vibrant, lyrical, and profound. He had the courage to paint what his heart presented to him. It seems however that the notorious Nazi art thief Karl Haberstock, who greatly liked his paintings, had put a word in Gestapo chief Lischka’s ear to get rid of the artist. And so they looted and burnt his renowned Parisian studio before having him transported all the way to Mauthausen. There were so many who perished in such subhuman conditions, and so many were there from among them who like my beloved grandfather, were gifted artists. I love where you say,

“And by place by place did each n’ every spirit happily descend,
n’ joyfully enter into the welcoming bosom of their ancestors.”

On behalf of my entire family, Richard I thank you most sincerely for





composing the dialogue. We will treasure it.”

“You are most welcome, Sophie. I am greatly honoured.”

“The photographs of Ireland throughout the work are both beautiful and fascinating, especially the ones depicting clouds. Every time I look at them they appear different.”

“Thank you, Sophie. I hope at a later time to make them available in colour as a coffee table photo album.”

“Fantastic. The work tightly holds the reader’s attention with a feeling that one is going somewhere. And that is something I felt right from the opening pages. You seem to love movement in stillness, and stillness in movement.”

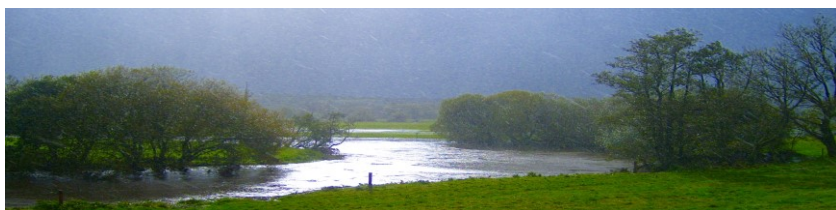
“From the beginning of the work, and all the way through up to the session dialogues, Sophie is like sail boating on a river that with moving on out into the estuary one feels the need to change to a larger vessel to be able to continue the adventure and appreciation way out into the ever welcoming sea to ocean waters.”

“Oh, what beautiful images, Richard. I will have to leave *A Green Desert Father* for now as I wish to ask you how you spend a regular writing day.”

“I am normally up by six. And after seeing my wife off to her work, I read in the original Chinese a few lines from the Chinese Taoist classic *Chuang-Tzu*. This is followed by breakfast, and I am usually at my writing desk in the attic by quarter to eight. I would then work through until one o’clock at which time I have some light lunch. A long walk lasting anything from an hour to an hour and a half follows. With returning I would go back to my desk until about five when my wife would be returning from her work. I would have a fire lighting in the open hearth in the sitting room. On exceptionally cold days I would light a Bunratty fire there in the mornings.”

“What is a Bunratty fire, Richard?”





“A long time ago, Sophie when I first took my family on a visit to Bunratty Castle over in county Clare, we also enjoyed strolling in its traditional ‘living’ village. There is a thatched roofed farmhouse there which was transported from the now site of Shannon Airport.”

“Yes, I know the one of which you speak.”

“Well, on the day, they had a lovely fire going in the hearth. It was made up of three sods of turf stacked like a pyramid, and there was this lovely soft russet glowing visible there within. And although small it was keeping the air temperature warm while all the while emitting a beautiful fragrance.”

“I can well imagine the cosiness.”

“Before the fire in our own castle sanctuary we greatly enjoy chatting about our day. My wife in truth is the one who makes it possible for me to write, for she is ever patient and full of encouragement.”

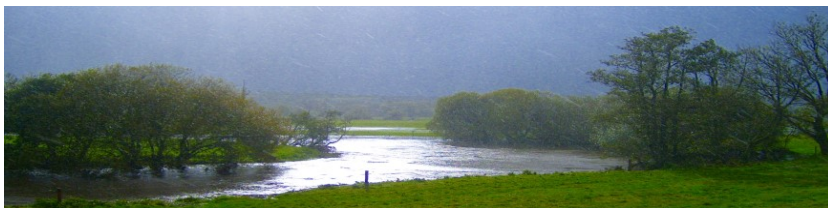
“And how about your son and daughter?”

“They are happy with knowing that their daddy is happy doing what he is happiest doing. And like their mother they are ever patient and full of encouragement. After preparing dinner together and enjoying eating it, I would from about eight go check and answer emails, and also visit and comment or write to friends on Facebook or Bestofallworlds. This would be the normal Monday to Friday run of things, except that with quite some time now on two days a week I drive over the ways to visit my mother for a few hours of a chat. She is a marvellous storyteller, and loves the company of a good listener.”

“You are your mother’s son, Richard when it comes to such fine arts.”

“I have some ways yet to go in these areas, Sophie. And as we live in a very old house there are always things in need of being done; maintenances to be carried out. I try my best to do most of them myself. While I like such work, I don’t like to be too long away from my writing





as I miss it too much, and can easily lose the continuity in something I have been writing. Physical tiredness is not helpful for inspired writing. With keeping a happy balance I manage to get both done.”

“I guess, Richard somebody must be the home keeper.”

“I feel privileged to be the one, Sophie. And I like that idea of being a home keeper as it has so many wonderful nuances, and responsibilities.”

“In fact, Richard you are many roles including a father, hermit, scholar, legendary king, and even a border collie.”

“I like being mes of myself; it makes for a very interesting life.”

“Would you write on weekends?”

“I occasionally would early on Saturday mornings, but most of the time I wouldn’t as I find a rest from it to be very beneficial. The weekends are spent with my wife grocery or clothes shopping or meeting up with our son and daughter for a meal. A regular feature of our weekend would be the enjoying of a chat over coffee in either The Grand Hotel in Fermoy, The Red Store in Youghal, The Clongibbon House in Mitchelstown, The Ormond’s Cafe in Dungarvan, The Silver Springs Hotel in Cork City or The Blarney Woollen Mills Hotel in Blarney. These for us are castles, and precious times the weekends.”

“I have been to Blarney Woollen Mills. It is a fabulous Irish Shopping experience where Irish products from every county can be found.”

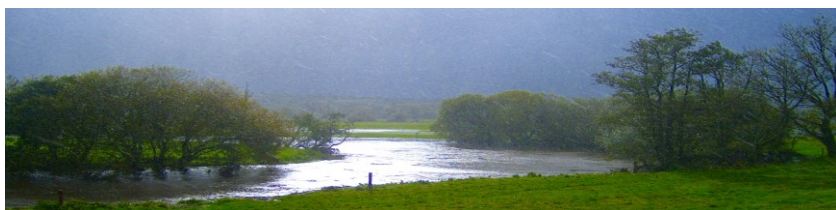
“This Aran sweater we purchased there.”

“It is exquisite, Richard. I love the pattern. And you wear it so well.”

“Thank you, Sophie. And it is grand and warm too.”

“Richard, in your twenties you spent six years studying to be a Catholic missionary priest. And although you didn’t put yourself forward for ordination, as you felt your role in life lay elsewhere, how has that whole experience coloured the way you think; coloured your writing down





through the years?”

“It certainly has always been there in some form or another in the background, and I expect it will continue to exert some influences be they faint or otherwise on whatever I think and write in the future. Those years in the seminary were a very happy time, but I have never let myself be bound by them. I am constantly challenging myself to explore new ideas, and to see all experiences as part of my life’s journeying.”

“Philosophical Taoism also seems to exert a strong influence.”

“I began to culture my interest and love for the writings of Lao-Tzu and Chuang-Tzu during my graduate studies in Korea, and to my great delight that interest and love continues to grow.”

“Perhaps you are becoming a Celtic Taoist, Richard.”

“I wouldn’t consider myself a Taoist per se but rather one whose roots being deep in his native Irish Celtic heritage enjoys using the Taoist writings as launching pads to culture his own ideas on everything.”

“Would I be true in saying, Richard that there is a strong Middle Eastern influence which permeates your work?”

“You would, Sophie but more than an influence, rather of a deep concern for what has been going on in the region with the last two years or so, especially in Bahrain, and Syria. I had every intention that if elected president my first official trip overseas in the spring of 2012 would have been to Beirut, Damascus, and Riyadh. I felt I could affect a qualitative change; a change whereby goodness and peace would have been given a chance to blossom. The alternative has been for me to put my thoughts down in writing, for instance in the dialogue entitled ‘Rest in sleep that is fully awake’.”

“Richard, I know this may seem an odd question in the wake of what you have just said, but why do you write?”

“It is not odd at all, Sophie. I write because I have been blessed with the gift of writing. All gifts bestowed are meant to be used, developed,





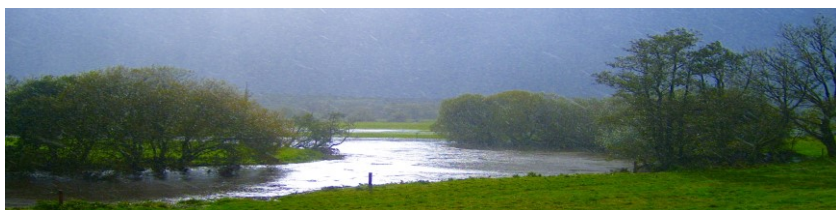
and explored. It is the respectful and gracious thing to do. I write to satisfy my need to do so. After that I am writing for my family, and our descendents; for our contemporary world and those in future generations who would be interested in knowing what I had to say on so many things. Writing can act as a type of social commentary on the times in which we live, and on how we view ourselves and existence. If I don't write things will remain forever untold and remain hidden from those in future ages who will perhaps with great interest be viewing these our days as their golden days of old. I guess I feel a certain obligation to those coming in the future. In December 2011, I wrote in a local newspaper: *The Avondhu* an article entitled "Enrich the Future - leave a Record of yourself" which focused on this very matter."



Richard of Éire and of the World

"Richard, Ireland has a hugely impressive literary tradition. It is





legendary the world over. How do you see yourself within that tradition?”

“I am only a legend in my own mind, Sophie; a legendary lyrical Irish philosopher who with ever traversing mid-centuries delights in expressing himself poetically in the written and spoken word.”

“You are more now than merely a legend in your own mind, Richard.”

“I will leave it up to others, Sophie to say the where and the how I fit into the ages of ‘Irlandic’ Thought and Literature. My personal pride is in being Irish; in being of Mac Suibhne and Ó hEalaighthe ancestry - noble ancestry going back for centuries here on the island. And that pride is being greatly enriched within the blessings of an international marriage. I am in the world an Irish philosopher of the natural kind.”

“You know, Richard, I think this is the first time I have actually ever heard the phrase ‘an Irish philosopher’. I have so often heard the phrases ‘an Irish poet’, ‘an Irish writer’ or ‘an Irish musician’, but not an Irish philosopher. Of all the distinguished thinkers and writers within that legendary tradition is there anyone in particular you might identify with in some way?”

“I have a great admiration for Iohannes Scottus Ériugena - the 9th century Irish philosopher, for not alone had he the courage to stretch his mind into new areas of thought, but also encouraged others to do likewise. And this was at a time too when such profound speculating and questioning was looked upon as nothing but a waste of time.”

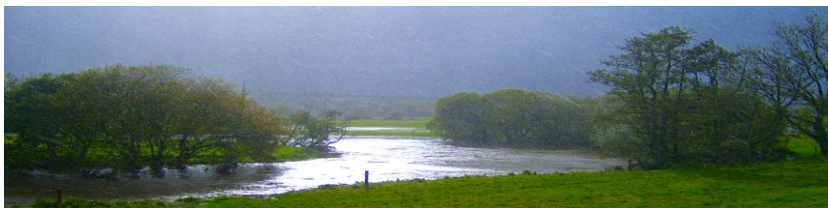
“Then from the 9th century, Richard to the 21st has it been a long time in the coming, so it has.”

“It has, Sophie, so it has. I like your Irish way of saying things.”

“It is in with I chatting away to yourself, Richard that it naturally presents itself to me. And what is next for you in the line of writing?”

“I hope to bring out a short book in the autumn containing a set of narratives I composed back in 2010, and which develops a theme I had





introduced in a previous work. Also in a few weeks, I will start on a new writing project which will be quite different from anything I have hereto attempted. *A Green Desert Father* is my *Chuang-Tzu*.”

“We will be looking forward to all your writings, Richard, and wish you every success with your *Chuang-Tzu*. And all the very best too for tomorrow in giving your paper at the International Conference on Time, Place & Space.”

“Thank you, Sophie. I am looking forward to it.”

“And looking forward will we be too, Richard to catching up with you again sometime down the road. And at that time I will be asking you to sign my copy of *A Green Desert Father*. ”⁹⁰

“Wonderful. I will be very happy to do so. Have a great year here, Sophie covering The Gathering.”

“Thank you, Richard. I will. And, if I may before we end, I would like to remind you of something very prophetic you said in our previous interview, when you spoke,

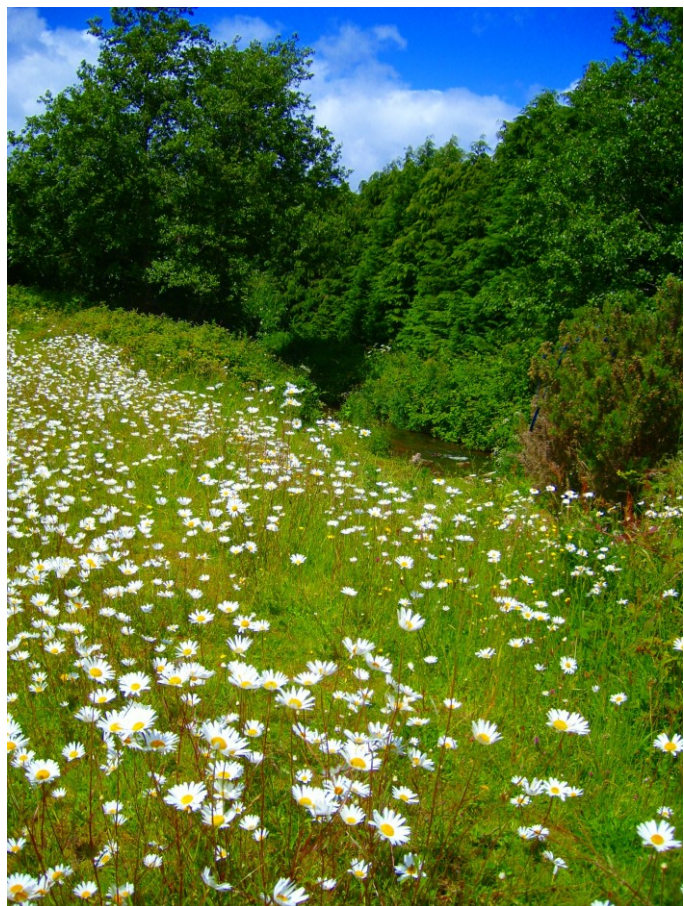
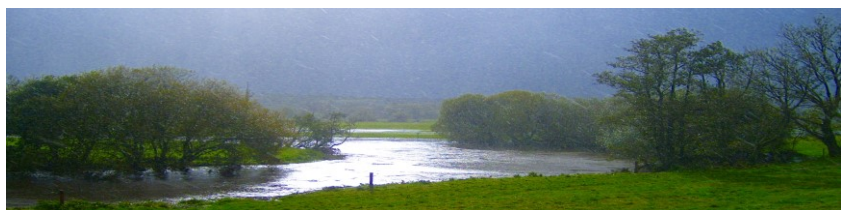
“On several radio stations I have made the point that there is more to the Irish presidency than representing Ireland to Ireland, there is also the responsibility and the challenge of representing Ireland to the world. But it seems to have fallen on deaf ears.”

In many ways, Richard, I am looking at this the Year of the Gathering as proof positive that your words did in fact fall on some listening ears.”

“There are the listening moon phases, Sophie, and then there is the full moon, and the full moon is the one that speaks on what it has heard.”

A GATHERING OF WORDS FROM IRELAND is reprinted here
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Notes

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- ¹ Éire is the name of the country in Gaeilge, and Ireland in English.
- ² bóithrins - small countryside roads
- ³ Árd Rí - from Gaeilge: ‘Árd’ high, and ‘Rí’ king - High King
- ⁴ Áras an Uachtaráin - The Presidential Mansion located in Phoenix Park, Dublin
- ⁵ Toirdhealbhaich Seosamh Mac Suibhne (Terence Joseph Mc Sweeney/Swiney) was born on the 28th March 1879 in Kilmurry, County Cork. He was a poet, playwright, and author of booklets on Irish history, and who on the 20th March 1920 was elected unanimously by Cork City Council to be the next Lord Mayor of Cork following the murder of his friend, Lord Mayor Tomás Mac Curtain. He died on the 25th October 1920 at the age of forty-one after a 74-day long hunger strike in Brixton Prison, in England. His wife was Muriel Murphy, and they had one child - a daughter named Máire. “How many noble things there are in our philosophies, and how little practised.” (*Principles of Freedom*, by Terence MacSwiney, Chapter 13 Intellectual Freedom)
- ⁶ “...there never was a horse (at least that I have seen) so well entitled to get racers as the Godolphin Arabian; for whoever has seen this horse, must remember that his shoulders were deeper, and lay farther into his back, than any horse’s ever yet seen ...” (*A Dissertation on Horses* by William Osmer, London, 1756, page 50)
- ⁷ Her Majesty here is purely a queen I met in my mind. The dialogue was composed at my leisure over two days in mid-January 2012 whereas all of the following dialogues were composed within specific ‘write as I heard in my mind’ sessions.
- ⁸ Héléna Compper
- ⁹ Mark Sean Orr’s photograph: “Santuario”
- ¹⁰ While viewi-listening to a youthful photograph of Edgar Cayce.
- ¹¹ Thomas Mc Sweeney
- ¹² Oileán na mBeo - Isle of the (ever) Living. (Herein meaning the Isle of Éire)
- ¹³ Go raibh míle maith agat agus slán go fóill. Thank you so much (for listening to me). (And) be in good health until (we converse again).
- ¹⁴ Her Royal Highness Crown Princess Mary of Denmark
- ¹⁵ Ubertas et Fidelitas. “Fertility and Faithfulness” the motto of the island of Tasmania.
- ¹⁶ Matthias Stormberger





¹⁷ Michel de Nostredame

¹⁸ Baktun - according to the Maya Long Count Calendar, a period of 144,000 days, equal to 394.26 tropical/solar years.

¹⁹ Jabal al-Sheikh - Mount Hermon located for the most part on the Lebanese-Syrian border.

²⁰ San Sebastián de Garabandal - a village in the Peña Sagra mountain range of Northern Spain.

²¹ Natasha Romanov

²² La Concepción - The Botanical and Historical Garden of La Concepcion in Malaga, Spain.

²³ Her Royal Highness Crown Princess Mette-Marit of Norway

²⁴ Führer und Reichskanzler Adolf Hitler

²⁵ Holy Qur'an

²⁶ Greta Garbo

²⁷ Saint Peter's Basilica centers around the Papal Altar where only the Pope celebrates Mass. Rising above the altar is the baldacchino (95ft/29m canopy), Giovanni Lorenzo Bernini's masterpiece and first work in St. Peter's. The ancient tomb of St. Peter lies directly below the altar.

²⁸ R2P - Responsibility to Protect

²⁹ Bijan of Artafilms

³⁰ Vincent van Gogh

³¹ Joannes Chrysostomus Wolfgangus Theophilus Mozart

³² 'Richard ein Licht' - Richard a light

³³ Ich bin Ihnen sehr dankbar - I am very grateful to you.

³⁴ Sophie Friederike Auguste von Anhalt-Zerbst-Dornburg: Empress Catherine the Great of Russia (b. 2nd May - Old Style 21st April - 1729, d. 17th November - Old Style 6th November - 1796)

³⁵ His Royal Highness Prince Al-Waleed bin Talal bin Abdul Aziz al-Saud

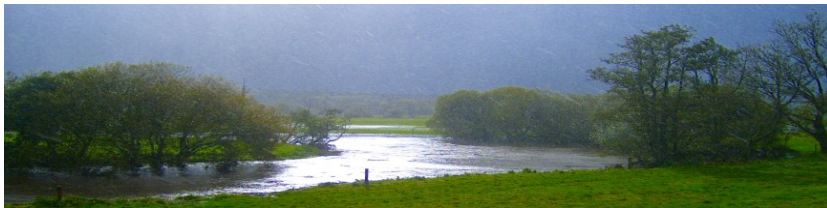
³⁶ Ruben Perez

³⁷ Kathleen Bailey

³⁸ Chancellor Angela Dorothea Merkel

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³⁹ Came to me in a single forty-four minute sitting while listening to Ludwig van Beethoven's 6th Symphony 'Pastoral' I. Happy Arrival, II. By the Brook, III. Merrymaking, IV. Thunderstorm, V. Shepherd's Song

⁴⁰ Mount St. Helens is an active stratovolcano located in Skamania County, Washington, in the Pacific Northwest region of the United States of America. It last erupted on the morning of the 18th May 1980.

⁴¹ Saint Marie-Bernarde Soubirous

⁴² Sir Patrick Stewart

⁴³ Sylvie Motte

⁴⁴ Antonio Manlio Nieto

⁴⁵ Sister Ruth O'Kelly

⁴⁶ Président Michel Soyer du Club des Leaders France

⁴⁷ A horse named 'Synchronized' in the Aintree Grand National staged near Liverpool, England on Saturday, 14th April 2012.

⁴⁸ Anne Sinclair (born Anne-Élise Schwartz on the 15th July 1948) She separated from Dominique Strauss-Kahn in August 2012. Since then she has been living with the French historian Pierre Nora.

⁴⁹ Mrs. Mary Mulcahy has since passed away.

⁵⁰ André Léon Marie Nicolas Rieu (b. 1st October 1949) is a Dutch violinist, conductor, and composer. He is best known for creating the waltz-playing Johann Strauss Orchestra.

⁵¹ Ab urbe condita - "from the founding of the City (Rome)" traditionally dated to the 21st April 753 BC.

⁵² Mare Internum - "the internal sea" the Mediterranean Sea.

⁵³ Caesarea - the "administrative capital" of the Province of Iudaea. The city was constructed between 22-9 BC by Herod the Great, and named in honour of his patron Emperor Gaius Julius Caesar Augustus.

⁵⁴ Pontius Pilatus: Pontius Pilate serving under Emperor Tiberius Julius Caesar Augustus was the fifth Prefect of the Roman province of Judaea, from 26-36 Anno Domini.

⁵⁵ Mare Nostrum - "Our Sea" a Roman name for the Mediterranean Sea.

⁵⁶ Homayra Sellier

⁵⁷ Anne Boleyn (b. c. 1501, d. 19th May 1536) was Queen of England from 1533 to 1536. She was the second wife of King Henry VIII.





⁵⁸ Le Camp du Drap d'Or - The Field of Cloth of Gold - the name given to a place near Calais in France. It was here that a lavish meeting took place from the 7th to the 24th June 1520 between King Henry VIII of England, and King Francis I of France.

⁵⁹ Père, je remets mon esprit entre vos mains. - Father, I commend my spirit into your hands. (The Gospel of Luke 23:46)

⁶⁰ Aahlan wa sahlam: an Arabic expression of great happiness at seeing someone.

⁶¹ Mariam M. Hourani

⁶² Alhamdulillah: Arabic - Praise be to God (in this context for the previous words spoken).

⁶³ Shukran habibi: Arabic - Thank you (dear) friend.

⁶⁴ His Holiness Dalai Lama

⁶⁵ Meera Teresa Gandhi

⁶⁶ Ronald Antonio "Ronnie" O'Sullivan is the reigning World Snooker Champion. He was also World Champion in 2001, 2004, and 2008.

⁶⁷ Eleonora Genieve d'Gray

⁶⁸ Saint Martin de Porres of Lima, Peru

⁶⁹ Aer Lingus (Aer Loingeas: air shipping) is the flag carrier of Ireland.

⁷⁰ Trilobite fossil

⁷¹ James Augustine Aloysius Joyce

⁷² Monsignor Georg Gänswein, Private secretary to Pope Benedict XVI

⁷³ Ambar Vilma Montes

⁷⁴ A stone artefact found in Bolivia. Reference: Project Avalon

⁷⁵ This session had a slow start due to the air pressure followed by a heavy shower of rain, but found its own drive after taking a break out back in the lovely rose garden.

⁷⁶ Yesterday I worked all day on taking up the hallway floor. It had left me pretty sore and tired so I didn't know how this dialogue was going to turn out.

⁷⁷ Steven Frayne aka 'Dynamo'

⁷⁸ Edward Leedskalnin (Latvian: Edvards Liedskalniņš)

⁷⁹ Sister Ruth O'Kelly passed away on the evening of Friday, 21st December 2012.

⁸⁰ Alan Shore - a character in the television series {Boston Legal}

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⁸¹ Clinton Richard Dawkins - Emeritus Fellow of New College, Oxford

⁸² On Sunday, the 10th February 2013, Pope Benedict XVI declared in a Consistory that he was renouncing the ministry of Bishop of Rome, Successor of Saint Peter, effective as of 8PM CET on Thursday, the 28th February 2013.

On Wednesday, the 13th March 2013, Cardinal Jorge Mario Bergoglio, S.J., Archbishop of Buenos Aires, Argentina was elected the 266th pope. He took the papal name Franciscum in honour of an Italian saint: Saint Francis of Assisi (1181/1182-1226). Saint Francis who was born in Assisi was baptised Giovanni (God is gracious). He was a prosperous son of silk merchants Pietro di Bernardone and Pica de Bourlemont, who changed his life about completely to follow a spiritual calling. One day, and it being in the year of 1205, he happened in the countryside of Assisi upon a little church which was very much falling into ruin. While meditating therein he heard a voice from a crucifix on the wall speak to him, saying: “Francesco, vai e ripara la mia chiesa, che come vedi è in rovina”. (Francis, go and repair my church, which as you can see is in ruins.).

A word on Saint Malachy of Ireland’s prophecy. As the *Prophetia Sancte Malachiae Archiepiscopi, de Summis Pontificibus* does not go beyond the “Gloria oliuæ” pope (Pope Benedict XVI) there is no reference to a Pope Francis. In other words, it was not given to him to see who will come after the ‘glory of the olive’. Only he concludes by saying that a time will come, after how so long he does not know to be able to mention, when eventually, and in keeping with the same prophetic theme as found in chapter 24 of the Gospel according to St. Matthew, there will be a final pope; or more accurately a final Bishop of Rome: Petrus Romanus. Such were the confines and reach of St. Malachy’s vision. With Pope Francis the papacy may now be said to have entered a new era, that of post the St. Malachy’s prophecy. Whether his prophecy is entirely true; partly true or not true at all is not really the issue, but rather the enduring fascination that peoples of all cultures, beliefs, and studies have with recondite writings and their enigmatic composers. All true prophesying is golden remembering.

⁸³ Nigella Lucy Lawson

⁸⁴ Reichspropagandaminister Dr.Paul Joseph Goebbels

⁸⁵ With reflecting on Pádraic Colum’s poems: “A Poor Scholar Of The 'Forties”, “A Drover”. Pádraic Colum (1881-1972) was an Irish poet, novelist, dramatist, biographer, playwright, children’s author and collector of folklore. He was one of the leading figures of the Irish Literary Revival.

⁸⁶ Cnoc Mhaoldomhnaigh - the highest peak of the Knockmealdown Range of mountains located on the border between counties Tipperary and Waterford.

⁸⁷ Cnoc Mór na nGaibhlte: Galtee More - the highest peak in the Galtee Range, and located on the border between counties Limerick and Tipperary.





⁸⁸ It is coming up on 9:30, Friday morning, the 4th January 2013, and I have just come up from Tallow Bridge where the historic, and much beloved by the people of Tallow, Tavern has been destroyed by fire! As I was coming away the fire brigade was still trying to quench it. Thankfully nobody was hurt. The beautiful Tavern by the bridge was on one of my favourite walking routes. I feel so sad. Hopefully, someday it will be rebuilt, and be better than ever. In the meantime, the heron, and my lady and I will continue to enjoy the many beauties in its surround.

⁸⁹ *Diaspóra na nGael*: The Irish Diaspora refers to Irish emigrants and their descendants who live in countries outside of Ireland, and for which “the Irish nation cherishes its special affinity with people of Irish ancestry living abroad who share its cultural identity and heritage.” (*Bunreacht na hÉireann - Constitution of Ireland, Article 2.*) It is estimated that some 80 million people worldwide have Irish ancestry.

⁹⁰ Today, Thursday, the 21st March 2013 I am uploading the manuscript for publication - being as satisfied as I can reasonably hope to be that I have composed and prepared it with all integrity, and to the best of my ability. Is fada liom uaim thú. It is far with me you are from me (I am feeling you to be already). I am missing you even as I write these words. Ó mo chroí, slán agus beannacht leat.



Bibliography & Biography

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Unto Lineage Royal (504 pages) p. 2009
Innkeeper's Fire (vols. 1&2), (496, 608 pages) p. 2008
Hearing in the Write (500 pages) p. 2007
Generations Reaching (504 pages) p. 2007
A Jesus of Nazareth (320 pages) p. 2007
Myriam of Lebanon (112 pages) p. 2007

Risteárd Seosamh Mac Suibhne - Richard Joseph Mc Sweeney is a self-originating lyrical philosopher of Éire. He is happily married, and has a son and daughter.

He lived in the Republic of Korea for thirteen years; in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia for three, and a further three in the United Arab Emirates. Since 2001 he has been living and writing back home in Ireland.

In his twenties he spent six years studying to be a Catholic missionary priest but didn't put himself forward for ordination as he felt his role in life to be elsewhere.

While concurrently working as a fulltime lecturer in the Department of English Language & Literature in the University of Seoul, Republic of Korea he gained a BA in Korean Language & Literature from Kyunggi University, and a MA in Classical Chinese Philosophy from Seoul National University, both of which he accomplished through the mediums of Korean and Classical Chinese.

His Masters thesis on the philosophical Taoist, Chuang-Tzu: {A Re-illumination on the General Understanding of Chuang-Tzu's Tao} was written entirely in Korean and Classical Chinese having both Gaeilge and English abstracts.

He was also enrolled in the PhD programme in the same department at SNU but discontinued after two years in order that he and his family could move to Ireland for the sake of their children's education; a life-changing move that quite unbeknownst even to himself at the time would eventually afford him the ideal setting in which to develop and explore his gift for writing.

From Sunday, the 8th May 2011 to Tuesday, the 27th September 2011, Richard made history by courageously putting himself forward as a possible independent candidate for the 9th President of Ireland.

A Green Desert Father is a chronologically compiled anthology of his original narratives, and fictional dialogues dating from Tuesday, the 25th January 2011 to Monday, the 4th February 2013.



In conversation simply be a rhythmic vitality;
a charm of fragrancy, n' an air of delicacy.

Richard of Éire

